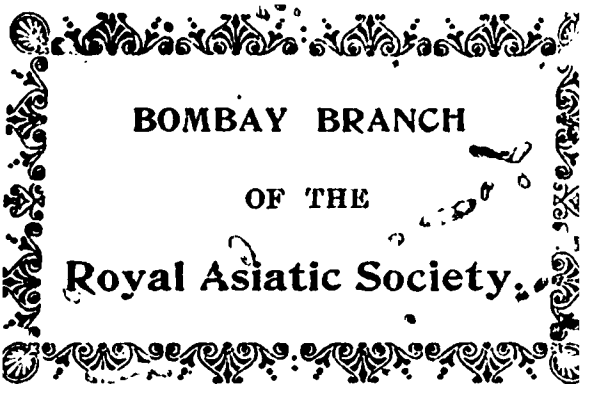

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'He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over man
He made not lord.'

MILTON.

'Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp, dank and lone;
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them,
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their backs with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.'

WHITTIER.

'LA CURIOSIDAD NUNCA SE ENFADA DE SABER.'

ANTONIO PEREZ.

LANDS OF THE SLAVE AND THE FREE:

OR,

CUBA, THE UNITED STATES, AND CANADA.

BY THE HON. HENRY A. MURRAY.

38264



Croton Aqueduct across Harlem River.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.
1855.


00038264

TO

NIF, NASUS, AND CO.,

THESE VOLUMES

Are Dedicated

AS

A TOKEN OF THE SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE REGARD

OF

THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

HENRY A. MURRAY.

LONDON, *June 1st*, 1855.

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VIGNETTE OF CROTON AQUEDUCT ACROSS HARLEM RIVER . . . . . *On the Title Page.*

RAILWAY CARRIAGE 47

LOCOMOTIVE 49

CUTTER YACHT MARIA 108

The following are the dimensions referred to in the text as being on the original engraving:—

Tonnage by displacement	137 tons	Length of gaff	50 feet
Length on deck	110 feet	Length of jibboom	70 ,,
Breadth of beam	26½ ,,	Length of bowsprit on board	27 ,,
Depth of hold	8¼ ,,	Diameter of bowsprit	24 in.
Length of mast	91 ,,	Diameter of boom	26 in.
Length of boom	95 ,,		

MAP OF CROTON AQUEDUCT 116

This map is accurately copied from Mr. Schramke's scientific work, but the reader is requested to understand that the lines drawn at right angles over the whole of Manhattan Island represent what the city of New York is intended to be. At present its limits scarcely pass *No.* 1. *Distributing Reservoir.*

STEWARDESS OF THE LADY FRANKLIN 164

This print may possibly be a little exaggerated.

A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER . 212

This print is raised out of all proportion, for the purpose of giving a better idea of the scenes on board, than the limits of the sheet would otherwise have permitted. If the cabin on the deck of the Hudson River steamer (p. 330, vol. ii.) were raised upon pillars about 15 or 20 feet high, it would convey a tolerably accurate impression of the proper proportions.

THE NEW ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS . . . 252

EL CASERO, OR THE PARISH HAWKER IN CUBA . . 291

THE GERARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA 366

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES . . . . *At end of Vol. I.*

As yet Nebraska, Utah, and New Mexico, have scarcely any slaves. The chief object has been to give an impression of the extent of the Republic, and to enable the reader to accompany the author in his travels, and to understand his references, if desirous of doing so.

A CHAPTER,

Gratis and Explanatory.

WHAT is the use of a preface? Who wants preface? Nay, more—what is a preface? Who can define it? That which it is most unlike is the mathematical myth called a point, which may be said to have neither length nor breadth, and consequently no existence; whereas a preface generally has extreme length, all the breadth the printer can give it, and an universal existence.

But if prefaces cannot be described with mathematical accuracy, they admit of classification with most unmathematical inaccuracy. First, you have a large class which may be called CLAIMERS. Ex.: One claims a certain degree of consideration, upon the ground that it is the author's first effort; a second claims indulgence, upon the ground of haste; a third claims attention, upon the ground of the magnitude and importance of the subject, &c. &c. Another large class may be termed MAKERS. Ex.:

One makes an excuse for tediousness; a second makes an apology for delay; a third makes his endeavours plead for favourable reception, &c. Then again you have the INTERROGATOR, wherein a reader is found before the work is printed, convenient questions are put into his mouth, and ready replies are given, to which no rejoinder is permitted. This is very astute practice.—Then again there is the PUFFER AND CONDENSER, wherein, if matter be wanting in the work, a prefacial waggon is put before the chapteral pony, the former acting the part of pemican, or concentrated essence, the latter representing the liquid necessary for cooking it; the whole forming a *potage au lecteur*, known among professional men as 'soldier's broth.'

My own opinion on this important point is, that a book is nothing more nor less than a traveller; he is born in Fact or Fancy; he travels along a goose-quill; then takes a cruise to a printer's. On his return thence his health is discovered to be very bad; strong drastics are applied; he is gradually cooked up; and when convalescent, he puts on his Sunday clothes, and struts before the public. At this critical juncture up comes the typish master of the ceremonies, Mr. Preface, and commences introducing him to them; but knowing that both man

and woman are essentially inquisitive, he follows the example of that ancient and shrewd traveller who, by way of saving time and trouble, opened his address to every stranger he accosted, in some such manner as the following:—'Sir, I am Mr. ——, the son of Mr. ——, by ——, his wife and my mother. I left —— two days ago. I have got —— in my carpet-bag. I am going to —— to see Mr. ——, and to try and purchase some ——.' Then followed the simple question for which an answer was wanted, 'Will you lend me half-a-crown?' 'Tell me the road;' 'Give me a pinch of snuff;' or, 'Buy my book,' as the case might be. The stranger, gratified with his candour, became immediately prepossessed in his favour. I will endeavour to follow the example of that 'cute traveller, and forestall those questions which I imagine the reader—if there be one—might wish to ask.

1. Why do I select a subject on which so many abler pens have been frequently and lately employed? —Because it involves so many important questions, both socially and politically, in a field where the changes are scarcely less rapid than the ever-varying hues on the dying dolphin; and because the eyes of mankind, whether mental or visual, are as different as their physiognomies; and thus those who are in-

terested in the subject are enabled to survey it from different points of view.

2. Do I belong to any of those homœopathic communities called political parties?—I belong to none of them; I look upon all of them as so many drugs in a national apothecary's shop. All have their useful qualities, even the most poisonous; but they are frequently combined so injudiciously as to injure John Bull's health materially, especially as all have a strong phlebotomizing tendency, so much so, that I often see poor John in his prostration ready to cry out, 'Throw Governments to the dogs—I'll none of them!' If in my writings I appear to show on some points a political bias, it is only an expression of those sentiments which my own common sense[a] and observation have led me to entertain on the subject under discussion, and for which I offer neither defence nor apology.

3. Am I an artist?—No; I am an author and a plagiarist. Every sketch in my book is taken from some other work, except the 'Screecher,' which is from the artistic pen of Lady G. M.; and the lovely form and features of the coloured sylph, for which I

[a] Perhaps 'human instinct' might be a more modest expression.

am indebted to my friend Mr. J. F. C.—You must not be too curious.—I consider myself justified in plagiarizing anything from any body, if I conceive it will help to elucidate my subject or amuse my reader, provided always I have a reasonable ground for believing the source is one with which the general reader is not likely to be acquainted. But when I do steal I have the honesty to confess it.

4. What is my book about?—It treats of an island, a confederacy, and a colony; and contains events of travel, facts and thoughts concerning people, telegraph, railroads, canals, steam, rivers, commercial prosperity, education, the Press, low literature, slavery, government, &c. &c.

5. What security can I offer for the pretensions advanced being made good?—None whatever. Who takes me, must take me, like a wife, 'for better for worse,' only he is requested to remember I possess three distinct advantages over that lady.—First, you can look inside me as well as out: Secondly, you can get me more easily and keep me more cheaply: Thirdly, if you quarrel with me, you can get a divorce in the fireplace or at the trunkmaker's, without going to the House of Lords.

I trust I have now satisfied all the legitimate demands of curiosity.

I will only further remark that in some of my observations upon the United States, such as travelling and tables-d'hôte, the reader must bear in mind that in a land of so-called equality, whenever that principle is carried out, no comparison can be drawn accurately between similar subjects in the Republic and in England.

The society conveyed in one carriage in the States embraces the first, second, and third-class passengers of Great Britain; and the society fed at their tables-d'hôte contains all the varieties found in this country, from the pavilion to the pot-house. If we strike a mean between the extremes as the measure of comfort thus obtained, it is obvious, that in proportion as the traveller is accustomed to superior comforts in this country, so will he write disparagingly of their want in the States, whereas people of the opposite extreme will with equal truth laud their superior comforts. The middle man is never found, for every traveller either praises or censures. However unreasonable it might be to expect the same refinements in a Republic of 'Equal rights,' as those which exist in some of the countries of the Old World under a system more favourable to their development, it is not the less a traveller's duty to record his impressions faithfully, leaving it to the reader to draw his own conclusions.

It was suggested to me to read several works lately published, and treating of the United States; but as I was most anxious to avoid any of that bias which such reading would most probably have produced, I have strictly avoided so doing, even at the risk of repeating what others may have said before.

I have nothing further to add in explanation.—The horses are to.—The coach is at the door.—Chapter one is getting in.—To all who are disposed to accompany me in my journey I say—Welcome!

H. A. M.

D 4, ALBANY, LONDON,
1st June, 1855.

CHAPTER I.

'Make ready . . . . Fire!' The Departure.

THE preparations for the start of a traveller on a long journey are doubtless of every variety in quality and quantity, from the poor Arab, whose wife carries his house as well as all his goods—or perhaps I should rather say, from Sir Charles Napier of Scinde with his one flannel waistcoat and his piece of brown soap—up to the owners of the Dover waggon-looking '*fourgon*,' who carry with them for a week's trip enough to last a century. My weakness, reader, is, I believe, a very common one, *i.e.*, a desire to have everything, and yet carry scarce anything.

The difficulties of this arrangement are very perplexing to your servant, if you have one, as in my case. First you put out every conceivable article on the bed or floor, and then with an air of self-denial you say, 'There, that will be enough;' and when you find an additional portmanteau lugged out, you ask with an air of astonishment (which may well astonish

the servant), 'What on earth are you going to do with that?' 'To put your things into it, sir,' is the very natural reply; so, after a good deal of 'Confound it, what a bore,' &c., it ends in everything being again unpacked, a fresh lot thrown aside, and a new packing commenced; and believe me, reader, the oftener you repeat this discarding operation, the more pleasantly you will travel. I speak from experience, having, during my wanderings, lost everything by shipwreck, and thus been forced to pass through all the stages of quantity, till I once more burdened myself as unnecessarily as at starting.

It was a lovely September morning when, having put my traps through the purging process twice, and still having enough for half-a-dozen people, I took my place in the early train from Euston-square for Liverpool, where I was soon housed in the Adelphi. A young American friend, who was going out in the same steamer on the following morning, proposed a little walk before the shades of evening closed in, as he had seen nothing of the city. Off we started, full of intentions never to be realized: I stepped into a cutler's shop to buy a knife; a nice-looking girl, in the middle of her teens, placed one or two before me; I felt a nudge behind, and a voice whispered in my ear, 'By George, what a pretty hand!' It was per-

fectly true; and so convinced was my friend of the fact, that he kept repeating it in my ear. When my purchase was completed, and the pretty hand retired, my friend exhibited symptoms of a strong internal struggle: it was too much for him. At last he burst out with, 'Have you any scissors?'—Aside to me, 'What a pretty little hand!'—Then came a demand for bodkins, then for needles, then for knives, lastly for thimbles, which my friend observed were too large, and begged might be tried on her taper fingers. He had become so enthusiastic, and his asides to me were so rapid, that I believe he would have bought anything which those dear little hands had touched.

Paterfamilias, who, while poring over his ledger, had evidently had his ears open, now became alarmed at the reduction that was going on in his stock, and consequently came forward to scrutinize the mysterious purchaser. I heard a voice muttering 'Confound that old fellow!' as the dutiful daughter modestly gave place to papa; a Bank of England tenner passed from my friend's smallclothes to the cutler's small till, and a half-crown *vice versâ*. When we got to the door it was pitch dark; and thus ended our lionizing of the public buildings of Liverpool.

On the way back to the hotel, as my companion

was thinking aloud) I heard him alternately muttering in soft tones, 'What a pretty hand,' and then, in harsh and hasty tones, 'Confound,' . . . 'crusty old fellow;' and reflecting thereon, I came to the conclusion that if the expressions indicated weakness, they indicated that pardonable civilizing weakness, susceptibility to the charms of beauty; and I consequently thought more kindly of my future fellow-traveller. In the evening we were joined by my brother and a young officer of the Household Brigade, who were to be fellow-passengers in our trip across the Atlantic.

Early morning witnessed a procession of hackney coaches, laden as though we were bent on permanent emigration. Arrived at the quay, a small, wretched-looking steamer was lying alongside, to receive us and our goods for transport to the leviathan lying in mid-channel, with her steam up ready for a start.

The operation of disposing of the passengers' luggage in this wretched little tea-kettle was amusing enough in its way: everybody wanted everybody else's traps to be put down below, and their own little this, and little that, kept up; one group, a man, wife, and child, particularly engaged my attention; the age of the child, independent of the dialogue, showed that the honeymoon was passed.

WIFE.—'Now, William, my dear, *do* keep that little box up!'

HUSBAND.—'Hi! there; keep that hat-box of mine up!' (*Aside,*) 'Never mind your box, my dear, *it* wont hurt.'

WIFE.—'Oh, William, there's my little cap-box going down! it will be broken in pieces.'

HUSBAND.—'Oh! don't be afraid, my dear, they'll take care of it. Stop, my man, that's my desk; give it me, here,' &c. &c.

The dialogue was brought to a sudden stop by the frantic yell of the juvenile pledge of their affections, whose years had not yet reached two figures; a compact little iron-bound box had fallen on his toe, and the poor little urchin's pilliloo, pilliloo, was pitiful. Mamma began hugging and kissing, while papa offered that handy consolation of, 'Never mind, that's a good boy; don't cry.' In the meantime, the Jacks had profited by the squall, and, when it ceased, the happy couple had the satisfaction of seeing all their precious boxes buried deep in the hold.

The stream of luggage having stopped, and the human cargo being all on board, we speedily cast off our lashings, and started: fortunately, it was fine weather, for, had there been rain, our ricketty tea-kettle would have afforded us no protection whatever.

On reaching the leviathan, the passengers rushed up hastily, and, armed with walking-sticks or umbrellas, planted themselves like sentries on the deck. As the Jacks came tumbling up with the luggage, shouts of 'Hi! that's mine,' rent the air; and if Jack, in the hurry and confusion, did not attend to the cry, out would dart one or other with umbrella or stick, as the case might be, and harpoon him under the fifth rib; for, with a heavy burden on his head and shoulders, necessarily supported by both hands, defence was impossible. I must say, Jack took it all in good humour, and filing a bill, 'STOMACH *v.* RIBS,' left it to Old Neptune to obtain restitution for injuries inflicted on his sons. I believe those who have once settled their accounts with that sea deity are not more anxious to be brought into his court again, than those who have enjoyed the prolonged luxury of a suit in Chancery.

Everything must have an end; so, the mail agent arriving with his postal cargo, on goes the steam, and off goes the 'Africa,' Captain Harrison.

> 'Some wave the hand, and some begin to cry,
> Some take a weed, and nodding, say good-bye.'

I am now fairly off for New York, with a brother and two friends; we have each pinned our card to the red table-cover in the saloon, to indicate our perma-

nent positions at the festive board during the voyage. Unless there is some peculiarity in arrangement or circumstance, all voyages resemble each other so much, that I may well spare you the dulness of repetition. Stewards will occasionally upset a soup-plate, and it will sometimes fall inside the waistcoat of a 'swell,' who, travelling for the first time, thinks it requisite to 'get himself up' as if going to the Opera. People, under the influence of some internal and irresistible agency, will occasionally spring from the table with an energy that is but too soon painfully exhausted, upsetting a few side dishes as their feet catch the corner of the cloth. Others will rise, and try to look dignified and composed, the hypocrisy whereof is unpleasantly revealed ere they reach the door of the saloon; others eat and drink with an ever-increasing vigour, which proves irresistibly the truth of the saying, '*L'appétit vient en mangeant.*' Heads that walked erect, puffing cigars like human chimneys in the Mersey, hang listless and 'baccoless in the Channel (Mem., 'Pride goes before a fall'). Ladies, whose rosy cheeks and bright eyes, dimmed with the parting tear, had, as they waved the last adieu, told of buoyant health and spirits, gather mysteriously to the sides of the vessel, ready for any emergency, or lie helpless in their berths, resigning

themselves to the ubiquitous stewardess, indifferent even to death itself. Others, again, whose interiors have been casehardened by Old Neptune, patrol the deck, and, if the passengers are numerous, congratulate each other in the most heartless manner by the observation, 'There'll be plenty of room in the saloon, if this jolly breeze continues!'

All these things are familiar to most travellers, suffice it, therefore, to say, that on the present occasion Old Neptune was in a good humour, 'the jolly breeze' did not last long, nor was it ever very jolly. My American friend and the Household Brigademan tried very hard to make out that they felt sick at first, but I believe I succeeded in convincing them that it was all imagination, for they both came steadily to meals, and between them and my brother, who has the appetite of a Pawnee when at sea, I found that a modest man like myself got but 'monkey's allowance' of the champagne which I had prescribed as a medicine, erroneously imagining that those internal qualms usually produced by a sea voyage would have enabled me to enjoy the lion's share.

We saw nothing during the voyage but a few strange sail and a couple of icebergs, the latter very beautiful when seen in the distance, with the sea smooth as a mirror, and the sun's rays striking upon

them. I felt very thankful the picture was not reversed; the idea of running your nose against an iceberg, in the middle of a dark night, with a heavy gale blowing and sea running, was anything but pleasant.

In due time we made Cape Race. I merely mention the fact for the purpose of observing that the captain, and others to whom I have spoken since, unanimously agree in condemning the position of the lighthouse; first, as not being placed on the point a vessel from Europe would make, inasmuch as that point is further north and east; and secondly, because vessels coasting northwards are not clear of danger if they trend away westward after passing the light. There may be some advantages to the immediate neighbourhood, but, for the general purposes of navigation, its position is a mistake, and has, on more than one occasion, been very nearly the cause of the wreck of one of our large steamers.[a]

Early on the morning of the tenth day I heard voices outside my cabin saying, 'Well, they've got the pilot on board,' *ergo*, we must be nearing our haven. In the Channel at home you know a pilot by

[a] I believe another lighthouse is to be erected on the proper headland.

a foul-weather hat, a pea-coat, broad shoulders, and weather-beaten cheeks; here, the captain had told me that I could always know them by a polished beaver and a satin or silk waistcoat. When I got on deck, sure enough there was the beaver hat and the silk vest, but what struck me most, was the wearer, a slim youth, hardly out of his teens. In the distance, the New York pilot-boat, a build rendered famous by the achievements of the 'America,' at Cowes, lay on the water like a duck, with her canvass white as snow, and taut as a deal board. The perfect ease and nonchalance of the young pilot amused me immensely, and all went on smoothly enough till the shades of evening closed in upon us; at which time, entering the Narrows, the satin-vested youth felt himself quite nonplused, despite his taking off his beaver, and trying to scratch for knowledge; in short, had it not been for Captain Harrison, who is a first-rate seaman and navigator, as all who ever sail with him are ready to testify, we might have remained out all night: fortunately, his superior skill got us safe in, and no easy task I assure you is it, either to find the channel, or to thread your way through hosts of shipping, in one of these leviathan steamers."

I confess I formed a very low estimate of New York pilots, which was not heightened by one of the

mates showing me an embossed card, with his address, which our pilot had presented to him, accompanied with an invitation to come to a *soirée*. As the mystery was subsequently solved, I had better give you the solution thereof at once, and not let the corps of New York pilots lie under the ban of condemnation in your minds as long as they did in mine. It turned out that the pert little youth was not an authorized pilot, but merely schooling for it; and that, when the steamer hove in sight, the true pilots were asleep, and he would not allow them to be called, but quietly slipped away in the boat, and came on board of us to try his 'prentice hand; the pilots of New York are, I believe, a most able and efficient body of men.

Here I am, reader, at New York, a new country, a new hemisphere, and pitch dark, save the lights reflected in the water from the town on either side. All of a sudden a single toll of a bell, then another, and from the lights in the windows you discover a large wooden house is adrift. On inquiry, you ascertain it is merely one of their mammoth ferry-boats; that is something to think of, so you go to bed at midnight, and dream what it will really look like in the morning.

CHAPTER II.

The Land of Stars and Stripes.

THE sun had aired the opening day before I appeared on deck. What a scene! There was scarce a zephyr to ripple the noble Hudson, or the glorious bay; the latter, land-locked save where lost in the distant ocean; the former, skirted by the great Babylon of America on one side, and the lovely wooded banks of Hoboken on the other. The lofty western hills formed a sharp yet graceful bend in the stream, round which a fleet of small craft, with rakish hulls and snowy sails, were stealing quietly and softly, like black swans with white wings; the stillness and repose were only broken by the occasional trumpet blast of some giant high-pressure steamer, as she dashed past them with lightning speed. Suddenly a floating island appeared in the bend of the river; closer examination proved it to be a steamer, with from twenty to twenty-five large boats secured alongside, many of them laden at Buffalo, and coming by the Erie Canal to the ocean. Around me was shipping of every kind and clime; enormous ferry-boats radiating in all direc-

tions; forests of masts along the wharves; flags of every colour and nation flying; the dingy old store-houses of the wealthy Wall-street neighbourhood, and the lofty buildings of the newer parts of the town; everything had something novel in its character, but all was stamped with go-aheadism. This glorious panorama, seen through the bright medium of a rosy morn and a cloudless sky, has left an enjoyable impression which time can never efface. But although everything was strange, I could not feel myself abroad, so strong is the power of language.

Taking leave of our worthy and able skipper, we landed on the soil of the giant Republic at Jersey city, where the wharves, &c. of the Cunard line are established, they not having been able to procure sufficient space on the New York side. The first thing we ran our heads against was, of course, the Custom-house; but you must not imagine, gentle reader, that a Custom-house officer in America is that mysterious compound of detective police and high-bred ferret, which you too often meet with in the Old World. He did not consider it requisite to tumble everything out on the floor, and put you to every possible inconvenience, by way of exhibiting his importance; satisfied on that point himself, he impressed you with it by simple courtesy, thus gaining respect where the pompous

inquisitive type of the animal would have excited ill-will and contempt. Thank heaven, the increased intercommunication, consequent upon steam-power, has very much civilized that, until lately, barbarian portion of the European family; nor do I attempt to deny that the contiguity of the nations, and the far greater number of articles paying duty, facilitating and increasing smuggling, render a certain degree of ferretishness a little more requisite on the part of the operator, and a little more patience requisite on the part of the victim.

A very few minutes polished our party off, and found us on board of the ferry-boat; none of your little fiddling things, where a donkey-cart and an organ-boy can hardly find standing room, but a good clear hundred-feet gangway, twelve or fourteen feet broad, on each side of the engine, and a covered cabin outside each gangway, extending half the length of the vessel; a platform, accommodating itself to the rise and fall of the water, enables you to drive on board with perfect ease, while the little kind of basin, into which you run on either side, being formed of strong piles fastened only at the bottom, yields to the vessel as she strikes, and entirely does away with any concussion. I may here add, that during my whole travels in the States, I found nothing more perfect in

construction and arrangement than the ferries and their boats, the charges for which are most moderate, varying according to distances, and ranging from one halfpenny upwards.

It is difficult to say what struck me most forcibly on landing at New York; barring the universality of the Saxon tongue, I should have been puzzled to decide in what part of the world I was. The forest of masts, and bustle on the quays, reminded me of the great sea-port of Liverpool: but scarce had I left the quays, when the placards of business on the different stories reminded me of Edinburgh. A few minutes more, and I passed one of their large streets, justly called 'Avenues,' the rows of trees on each side reminding me of the *Alamedas* in the Spanish towns; but the confusion of my ideas was completed when the hackney coach was brought to a standstill, to allow a huge railway carriage to cross our bows, the said carriage being drawn by four horses, and capable of containing fifty people.

At last, with my brain in a whirl, I alighted at Putnam's hotel, where my kind friend, Mr. W. Duncan, had prepared rooms for our party; nor did his zeal in our behalf stop here, for he claimed the privilege of being the first to offer hospitality, and had already prepared a most excellent spread for us at the far-famed

Café Delmonico, where we found everything of the best: oysters, varying from the 'native' size, up to the large American oyster, the size of a small leg of Welsh mutton—mind, I say a small leg—the latter wonderful to look at, and pleasant to the taste, though far inferior to the sweet little 'native.'

Here I saw for the first time a fish called 'the sheep's head,' which is unknown, I believe, on our side of the Atlantic. It derives its name from having teeth exactly like those of a sheep, and is a most excellent fish wherewith to console themselves for the want of the turbot, which is never seen in the American waters. Reader, I am not going to inflict upon you a bill of fare; I merely mention the giant oyster and the sheep's head, because they are peculiar to the country; and if nearly my first observations on America are gastronomic, it is not because I idolize my little interior, though I confess to having a strong predilection in favour of its being well supplied; but it is because during the whole time I was in the United States,—from my friend D., who thus welcomed me on my arrival, to Mr. R. Phelps, in whose house I lived like a tame cat previous to re-embarking for old England,—wherever I went I found hospitality a prominent feature in the American character.

Having enjoyed a very pleasant evening, and

employed the night in sleeping off the fumes of sociability, I awoke, for the first time, in one of the splendid American hotels; and here, perhaps, it may be as well to say a few words about them, as their enormous size makes them almost a national peculiarity.

The largest hotel in New York, when I arrived, was the Metropolitan, in the centre of which is a theatre; since then, the St. Nicholas has been built, which is about a hundred yards square, five stories high, and will accommodate, when completed, about a thousand people. Generally speaking, a large hotel has a ladies' entrance on one side, which is quite indispensable, as the hall entrance is invariably filled with smokers; all the ground-floor front, except this hall and a reading-room, is let out as shops: there are two dining-saloons, one of which is set apart for ladies and their friends, and to this the vagrant bachelor is not admitted, except he be acquainted with some of the ladies, or receive permission from the master of the house. The great entrance is liberally supplied with an abundance of chairs, benches, &c., and decorated with capacious spittoons, and a stove which glows red-hot in the winter. Newspapers, of the thinnest substance and the most microscopic type, and from every part of the Union, are scattered about in profusion; the human species of every kind may be

seen variously occupied—groups talking, others roasting over the stove, many cracking peanuts, many more smoking, and making the pavement, by their united labours, an uncouth mosaic of expectoration and nut-shells, varied occasionally with cigar ashes and discarded stumps. Here and there you see a pair of Wellington-booted legs dangling over the back of one chair, while the owner thereof is supporting his centre of gravity on another. One feature is common to them all—busy-ness; whether they are talking, or reading, or cracking nuts, a peculiar energy shows the mind is working. Further inside is the counter for the clerks who appoint the rooms to the travellers, as they enter their names in the book; on long stools close by is the corps of servants, while in full sight of all stands the 'Annunciator,' that invaluable specimen of American mechanical ingenuity, by which, if any bell is pulled in any room, one loud stroke is heard, and the number of the room disclosed, in which state it remains until replaced; so that if everybody had left the hall, the first person returning would see at once what bells had been rung during his absence, and the numbers of the rooms they belonged to. Why this admirable contrivance has not been introduced into this country, I cannot conceive.

The bar is one of the most—if not the most—

important departments in the hotel; comparatively nothing is drunk at dinner, but the moment the meal is over, the bar becomes assailed by applicants; moreover, from morning till midnight, there is a continuous succession of customers; not merely the lodgers and their friends, but any parties passing along the street, who feel disposed, walk in to the bar of any hotel, and get 'a drink.' The money taken at a popular bar in the course of a day is, I believe, perfectly fabulous.

Scarcely less important than the bar is the barber's shop. Nothing struck me more forcibly than an American under the razor or brush: in any and every other circumstance of life, full of activity and energy, under the razor or brush he is the picture of indolence and helplessness: indifferent usually to luxury, he here exhausts his ingenuity to obtain it; shrinking usually from the touch of a nigger as from the venomed tooth of a serpent, he here is seen resigning his nose to the digital custody of that sable operator, and placing his throat at his mercy, or revelling in titillary ecstasy from his manipulations with the hog's bristles; all this he enjoys in a semi-recumbent position, obtained from an easy chair and a high stool, wherein he lies with a steadiness which courts prolongation—life-like yet immoveable—suggesting the idea of an Egyptian corpse newly embalmed. Never shaving myself more

than once a fortnight, and then requiring no soap and water, and having cut my own hair for nearly twenty years, I never thought of going through the experiment, which I have since regretted; for, many a time and oft, have I stood in wonder, gazing at this strange anomaly of character, and searching in vain for a first cause. The barber's shop at the St. Nicholas is the most luxurious in New York, and I believe every room has its own brush, glass, &c., similarly numbered in the shop.

The crowning peculiarity of the new hotels is 'The Bridal Chamber;' the want of delicacy that suggested the idea is only equalled by the want of taste with which it is carried out. Fancy a modest girl, having said 'Yes,' and sealed the assertion in the solemn services of the Church, retiring to the bridal chamber of the St. Nicholas! In the first place, retiring to an hotel would appear to her a contradiction in terms; but what would be her feelings, when she found the walls of her apartment furnished with fluted white silk and satin, and in the centre of the room a matrimonial couch, hung with white silk curtains, and blazing with a bright jet of gas from each bed-post! The doors of the sleeping-rooms are often fitted with a very ingenious lock, having a separate bolt and key-hole on each side, totally disconnected, and conse-

quently, as they can only be opened from the same side they are fastened, no person, though possessed of a skeleton key, is able to enter. The ominous warning—'Lock your door at night,' which is usually hung up, coupled with the promiscuous society frequently met in large hotels, renders it most advisable to use every precaution.

Many hotels have a Bible in each bed-room, the gift of some religious community in the city; those that I saw during my travels were most frequently from the Presbyterians.

Having given you some details of an American first-class hotel in a large city, you will perhaps be better able to realize the gigantic nature of these establishments, when I tell you that in some of them, during the season, they consume, in one way and another, DAILY, from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds of meats, and from forty-five to fifty pounds of tea, coffee, &c., and ice by the ton, and have a corps of one hundred and fifty servants of all kinds. Washing is done in the hotel with a rapidity little short of marvellous. You can get a shirt well washed, and ready to put on, in nearly the same space of time as an American usually passes under the barber's hands. The living at these hotels is profuse to a degree, but, generally speaking, most disagreeable: first,

because the meal is devoured with a rapidity which a pack of fox-hounds, after a week's fast, might in vain attempt to rival; and secondly, because it is impossible to serve up dinners for hundreds, without nine-tenths thereof being cold. The best of the large hotels I dined at in New York, as regards *cuisine*, &c., was decidedly the New York Hotel, but by far the most comfortable was the one I lived in—Putnam's, Union-square—which was much smaller and quite new, besides being removed from the racket of Broadway.'

The increased intercourse with this country is evidently producing a most improving effect in many of the necessary and unmentionable comforts of this civilized age, which you find to predominate chiefly in those cities that have most direct intercourse with us, but, as you go further west, these comforts are most disagreeably deficient. One point in which the hotels fail universally is attendance: it is their misfortune, not their fault; for the moment a little money is realized by a servant, he sets up n some business, or migrates westward: the consequence is, that the field of service is left almost entirely to the Irish and the negro, and between the two—after nearly a year's experience thereof—I am puzzled to say in whose favour the balance is.

I remember poor Paddy, one morning, having answered the Household Brigade man's bell, was told to get some warm water. He went away, and forgot all about it. Of course, the bell rang again; and, on Paddy answering it, he was asked:

'Did I not tell you to get me some warm water?'

'You did, your honour.'

'Then, why have you not brought it?'

'Can't tell, your honour.'

'Well, go and get it at once.'

Paddy left the room, and waited outside the door scratching his head. In about a quarter of an hour a knock was heard:—

'Come in!'

Paddy's head appeared, and, with a most inquiring voice, he said,

'Is it warm water to dhrink you want, your honour?'

Ex uno, &c.

Another inconvenience in their hotels is the necessity of either living at the public table, or going to the enormous expense of private rooms; the comfort of a quiet table to yourself in a coffee-room is quite unknown. There is no doubt that a table-d'hôte is a ready way to ascertain the manners, tone of conversation, and, partly, the habits of thought, of a nation, especially when, as in the United States, it is the

habitual resort of everybody; but truth obliges me to confess that, after a very short experience of it, I found the old adage applicable: 'A little of it goes a great way;' and I longed for the cleanliness, noiselessness, and comfort of an English coffee-room, though its table be not loaded with equal variety and profusion.

The American system is doubtless the best for the hotel-keeper, as there are manifest advantages in feeding masses at once, over feeding the same number in detail. A mess of twenty officers, on board a man-of-war, will live better on two pounds each a month, than one individual could on three times that sum. It is the want of giving this difference due consideration, which raises from time to time a crusade against the hotels at home, by instituting comparisons with those of the United States. If people want to have hotels as cheap as they are in America, they must use them as much, and submit to fixed hours and a mixture of every variety of cultivation of mind and cleanliness of person—which change is not likely, I trust, to take place in my day. It is a curious fact, that when the proprietor of the Adelphi, at Liverpool—in consequence of a remonstrance made by some American gentlemen as to his charges—suggested to them that they should name their own hour and dine together, in which case

his charges would be greatly diminished, they would not hear of such a thing, and wanted to know why they should be forced to dine either all together, or at one particular hour. An American gentleman with whom I am acquainted, told me that when he first came over to England, the feeling of solitude, while breakfasting alone, at his table in Morley's coffee-room, was quite overpowering. 'Now,' he added, 'I look forward to my quiet breakfast and the paper every morning with the greatest pleasure, and only wonder how I can have lived so long, and been so utterly ignorant of such simple enjoyment.' I have thought it better to make these observations thus early, although it must be obvious they are the results o my subsequent experience, and I feel I ought to apologize for their lengthiness.

There is comparatively little difficulty in finding your way about New York, or, indeed, most American towns, except it be in the old parts thereof, which are as full of twists, creeks, and names as our own. The newer part of the town is divided into avenues running nearly parallel with the Hudson; the streets cross them at right angles, and both are simply numbered; the masses of buildings which these sections form are very nearly uniform in area, and are termed blocks. The great place for lounging—or loafing,

as they term it—is Broadway, which may be said to bisect New York longitudinally; the shops are very good, but, generally speaking, painfully alike, wearying the eye with sameness, when the novelty has worn off: the rivalry which exists as to the *luxe* of fitting up some of these shops is inconceivable.

I remember going into an ice-saloon, just before I embarked for England; the room on the ground-floor was one hundred and fifty feet long by forty broad; rows of pillars on each side were loaded to the most outrageous extent with carving and gilding, and the ceiling was to match; below that was another room, a little smaller, and rather less gaudy; both were crowded with the most tag-rag and bob-tail mixture of people.

The houses are built of brick, and generally have steps up to them, by which arrangement the area receives much more light; and many people with very fine large houses live almost exclusively in these basements, only using the other apartments for some swell party: the better class of houses, large hotels, and some of the shops, have their fronts faced with stone of a reddish brown, which has a warm and pleasant appearance. The famous 'Astor House' is faced with granite, and the basement is of solid granite. The most remarkable among the new buildings is the

magnificent store of Mr. Stewart—one of the largest, I believe, in the world: it has upwards of one hundred and fifty feet frontage on Broadway, and runs back nearly the same distance; is five stories high, besides the basement; its front is faced with white marble, and it contains nearly every marketable commodity except eatables. If you want anything, in New York, except a dinner, go to Stewart's, and it is ten to one you find it, and always of the newest kind and pattern; for this huge establishment clears out every year, and refills with everything of the newest and best. Goods are annually sold here to the amount of upwards of a million sterling—a sum which I should imagine was hardly exceeded by any establishment of a similar nature except Morison's in London, which I believe, averages one and a half million. Some idea of the size of this store may be formed, from the fact that four hundred gas burners are required to light it up. Mr. Stewart, I was informed, was educated for a more intellectual career than the keeper of a store, on however grand a scale; but circumstances induced him to change his pursuits, and, as he started with scarce any capital, the success which has attended him in business cannot but make one regret that the world has lost the benefit which might have been anticipated from the same energy

and ability, if it had been applied to subjects of a higher class.

I will now offer a few observations on the state of the streets. The assertion has been made by some writer—I really know not who—that New York is one of the dirtiest places in the world. To this I must give a most unqualified denial. No person conversant with many of the large provincial towns in England and Scotland, can conscientiously 'throw a very large stone' at New York; for though much is doing among us to improve and sweeten—chiefly, thanks to the scourge of epidemics—I fear that in too many places we are still on this point 'living in glass houses.' Doubtless, New York is infinitely dirtier than London, as London at present is far less clean than Paris has become under the rule of the Third Napoleon. I fully admit that it is not so clean as it should be, considering that the sum nominally spent on cleansing the streets amounts to very nearly sixty thousand pounds a year, a sum equal to one pound for every ten inhabitants; but the solution of this problem must be looked for in the system of election to the corporation offices, on which topic I propose to make a few observations in some future portion of these pages. While on the subject of streets, I cannot help remarking that it always struck me as very

curious that so intelligent a people as the Americans never adopted the simple plan of using sweeping carts, which many of their countrymen must have seen working in London. If not thoroughly efficient, their ingenuity might have made them so; and, at all events, they are a great saving of human labour. But there is a nuisance in the streets of New York, especially in the lower and business part of the town, which must be palpable to every visitor—I mean the obstructions on the pavement; and that, be it observed, in spite of laws passed for the prevention thereof, but rendered nugatory from maladministration. In many places, you will see a man occupying the whole pavement opposite his store with leviathan boxes and bales, for apparently an indefinite period, inasmuch as I have seen the same things occupying the same place day after day and forcing every passer-by off the pavement. This information may console some of our own communities who are labouring under the gnawing and painful disease of a similar corrupt and inefficient administration.

Amid the variety of shops, the stranger cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful number of oyster-saloons stuck down in the basement, and daguerreotypists perched in the sky-line: their name is legion; everybody eats oysters, and everybody seems to take

everybody else's portrait. To such an extent is this mania for delineating the "human face divine" carried, that a hatter in Chatham-street has made no small profit by advertising that, in addition to supplying hats at the same price as his rivals, he will take the portrait of the purchaser, and fix it inside thereof gratis. This was too irresistible; so off I went, and, selecting my two dollar beaver on the ground-floor, walked up to a six foot square garret room, where the sun did its work as quick as light, after which the liberal artist, with that flattering propensity which belongs to the profession, threw in the roseate hues of youth by the aid of a little brick-dust. I handed him my dust in return, and walked away with myself on my head, where myself may still be daily seen, a travelled and travelling advertisement of Chatham-street enterprise.

Our American friends deal largely in newspaper puffs, and as some of them are amusing enough, I select the following as specimens of their 'Moses and Son' style:

☞ ANOTHER DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—Oh, Ma! I met with a Dreadful Accident!—The other night, while dancing with cousin Frank, I dropped my Breastpin and Ear-Ring on the floor and broke them all to pieces—Never mind my dear. Just take them to —— —— Jewelry Store. You can get them made as good as new again!

GRATIFYING NEWS. — We have just learned, with real pleasure, that the *seedy* young man who sprained his back whilst trying to 'raise the wind' is fast recovering, in consequence of judiciously applying the Mustang Liniment. It is to be hoped he will soon be entirely cured, and that the next time he undertakes it, he will take an *upright* position, and not adopt the *stooping* posture. This precaution, we have no doubt, will ensure success.

This Liniment can be had of —— ——.

Even marriage and death are not exempt from the fantastic advertising style.

On Friday, June 10, by the Rev. Mr. ——, after a severe and long-protracted courtship, which they bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, solely sustained and comforted, under all misgivings, by their sincere and confiding belief in the promise of a rich and living inheritance in another state, Mr. —— to Miss ——, all of this city.

On April 4, of congestion of the brain, F—— E——, son of J—— and M—— C. D——, aged fourteen months.

His remains were taken to G—— for interment yesterday.

List! heard you that angel say,
As he waved his little wing,
'Come, Freddy, come away,
Learn of me a song to sing?'

The most gigantic advertiser—if the *New York Daily Sun* is to be trusted for information—is Professor Holloway, so well known in this country. According to that paper, he advertises in thirteen hundred papers in the United States, and has expended, in different parts of the world, the enormous sum of nearly half a million sterling, solely for that purpose.

But, reader, there are more interesting objects to dwell upon than these. If you will only 'loaf' up and down Broadway on a fine afternoon, you will see some of the neatest feet, some of the prettiest hands, some of the brightest eyes, and some of the sweetest smiles the wildest beauty-dreamer ever beheld in his most rapturous visions; had they but good figures, they would excite envy on the Alamedas of Andalusia; in short, they are the veriest little ducks in the world, and dress with Parisian perfection. No wonder, then, reader, when I tell you that 'loafing' up and down Broadway is a favourite occupation with the young men who have leisure hours to spare. So attractive did my young friend of the Household Brigade find it, that it was with difficulty he was ever induced to forego his daily pilgrimage. Alas! poor fellow, those days are gone—he has since been 'caught,' and another now claims his undivided adoration.

The reader will be able to obtain a general idea of New York by a reference to the sketch of the Croten aqueduct which is given in the second volume.

CHAPTER III.

Sights and Amusements.

THERE is a very pleasant yacht club at New York, the festive assembly whereof is held at Hoboken. Having received a hospitable invite, I gladly availed myself of it, and, crossing the Hudson, a short walk brought me and my chaperon to the club-house—no palatial edifice, but a rustic cottage, with one large room and a kitchen attached, and beautifully situated a few yards from the water's edge, on the woody bank of Hoboken, and on one of the most graceful bends of the river. It commands a splendid view, while perfectly cozy in itself, and is, 'par excellence,' the place for a pic-nic. The property belongs to Commodore Stevens, who is well known to English yachting gentlemen, not only from his having 'taken the shine out of them' at Cowes, but also for his amiability and hospitality.

On my arrival, I found a host of bachelors, and wedded men *en garçon*, ready to greet me with a hearty welcome. The room was very comfortable, but as unfurnished as those who like to smoke could

desire; in fact, barring the table and its burden, the chairs and their occupiers, the remainder of the furniture consisted of models of all the yachts of the club. The only exception was that of the Commodore's triumphant 'Black Maria,' of which extraordinary vessel I purpose speaking more fully hereafter. One of the peculiar customs of the club is, that two members, whose capabilities are beyond dispute, are appointed, one to make the soup, called 'chowder,' the other the punch—or 'toddy,' as it is here termed, —both of these being excellent in their way, and different in many respects from any similar article at home. The proper recipe for the same shall be forthcoming when I give details of the 'Black Maria.'

Our party was a very jovial one, as I think parties generally are when composed of those who are much *on* the water. Such people naturally look upon a leak as very lubberly and unprofessional, and therefore scrupulously avoid letting *in* any water, supplying its place with something more cheery, under the enlivening influence whereof, those who would be puzzled to decide whether a hand-organ was playing 'Hail, Columbia!' or 'Pop goes the Weasel,' lose all false modesty as to their musical powers, and become royally (I beg majesty's pardon) vocal. Choruses receive the additional charm of variety from each vocalist giving his tongue 'universal suffrage' as to

power, matter, and melody; everybody evinces a happy independence, and if, as the chorus is beginning, an unlucky wight finds his cigar just going out, he takes a few puffs to save the precious fire, and then starts off Derby pace to catch up his vocal colleagues, blending ten notes into one in his frantic chase.

To any one who delights in the opera, this description might suggest a slight idea of discord, but to one who has enjoyed a midshipman's berth it recals some of the cheeriest days of his life; as I heard the joyous shouts, I felt my grey lank hairs getting black and curly again (?). Do not imagine this merry scene was the produce of any excess; we were as sober as judges, though we felt their gravity would have been out of place; but when some choice spirit—and there was more than one such—with the soul of melody in him, took the field, we left him to make all the running himself, and smoked our cigars with increased vigour, shrouding him in the curling cloud to prevent any nervous hesitation.

Everything, however, must have an end, and as the hour for the last ferry-boat was fast approaching, the voice of melody was hushed in the hall, to echo through the groves of Hoboken and o'er the waters of the Hudson, as we strolled from the club-house to the ferry, and thence to bed.

Among other 'lions' to be seen, my curiosity was excited by the news of a trotting match, to come off at Long Island: some friend was ever ready, so off we started for Brooklyn Ferry, whence we went by railway. In the olden time these races were as fashionable at New York as Ascot or Epsom are in England; all the *élite* of both sexes filled the stand, and the whole scene was lively and gay. Various circumstances, which all who know the turf are aware it is liable to, rendered gentlemen so disgusted with it at Long Island, that they discontinued sending horses to run, and gradually gave up going themselves, and it is now left all but entirely to the 'rowdies,'—*alias* mob.

The railway carriage into which we got contained about forty of these worthies, all with cigars in their mouths, and exhibiting many strange varieties of features and costume. In the passage up and down the middle of the carriage, ragged juvenile vendors of lollipops and peanuts kept patrolling and crying out their respective goods, for which they found already market; suddenly, another youth entered, and, dispensing a fly-leaf right and left as he passed along to each passenger, disappeared at the other door. At first, I took him for an itinerant advertiser of some Yankee 'Moses and Son,' or of some of those medicinal quacks who strive to rob youth by lies calculated to excite their

fears. Judge my astonishment, then, when on looking at the paper, I found it was hymns he was distributing. A short ride brought us close to the course, and, as I alighted, there was the active distributor freely dispensing on every side, everybody accepting, many reading, but all hurrying on to the ground.

Having paid a good round sum as entrance to the stand, I was rather disappointed at nearly breaking my neck, when endeavouring to take advantage of my privilege, for my foot well-nigh went through a hole in the flooring. Never was anything more wretched-looking in this world. It was difficult to believe, that a few years back, this stand had been filled with magnates of the 'upper ten thousand' and stars of beauty: there it was before me, with its broken benches, scarce a whole plank in the floor, and wherever there was one, it was covered with old cigar stumps, shells of peanuts, orange-peel, &c. When, however, I found that seven people constituted the number of spectators in the stand, its dilapidation was more easily explained, especially when I discovered that access, with a little activity, was easily obtainable at the sides *gratis*—a fact soon proved by the inroad of a few 'rowdies,' and the ubiquitous vendors of lollipops and peanuts, headed by the persevering distributor of hymns.

Let us turn now from the dreary stand to the scene below. The race-course is a two-mile distance, perfectly level, on a smooth and stoneless road, and forming a complete circle—light trotting waggons are driving about in the centre, taking it easy at sixteen miles an hour; outside are groups of 'rowdies,' making their books and looking out for greenhorns—an article not so readily found at Long Island as at Epsom. The race is to be 'under the saddle,' and the long list of competitors which had been announced has dwindled down to the old and far-famed Lady Suffolk and the young and unfamed Tacony.

A stir among the 'rowdies' is seen, followed by the appearance 'on the boards' of Lady Suffolk. I gazed in wonder as I saw her—a small pony-looking animal—moving her legs as though they were in splints, and as if six miles an hour was far beyond her powers; soon after, Tacony came forward, the picture of a good bony post-horse, destitute of any beauty, but looking full of good stuff. The riders have no distinctive dress; a pair of Wellington boots are pulled on outside the trousers, sharp spurs are on the heels—rough and ready looking birds these. The winning-post is opposite the stand, the umpire is there with a deal board in his hand, a whack on the side of the stand 'summons to horse,' and another summons to 'start.'

The start is from the distance-post, so as to let the horses get into the full swing of their pace by the time they reach the winning-post, when, if they are fairly up together, the cry 'Off' is given; if it be not given, they try again. When speaking of the time in which the mile is completed, the fact of its commencing at full speed should always be borne in mind: sometimes false starts are made by one party, on purpose to try and irritate the temper of the adversary's horse; and in the same way, if a man feels he has full command of his own horse, he will yell like a wild Indian, as he nears his adversary, to make him 'break up'—or go into a gallop; and, as they are all trained to speed more by voice than by spur, he very often succeeds, and of course the adversary loses much ground by pulling up into a trot again.

On the present occasion there was no false start; the echo of the second whack was still in the ear as they reached the winning-post neck and neck. 'Off' was the word, and away they went. It certainly was marvellous to see how dear old Lady Suffolk and her stiff legs flew round the course; one might have fancied she had been fed on lightning, so quick did she move them, but with wonderfully short steps. Tack, on the contrary, looked as if he had been dieted on India-rubber balls: every time he raised a hind leg

it seemed to shoot his own length a-head of himself; if he could have made his steps as quick as the old lady, he might have done a mile in a minute nearly. Presently, Tacony breaks up, and, ere he pulls into a trot, a long gap is left. Shouts of 'Lady Suffolk, Lady Suffolk wins!' rend the air; a few seconds more, and the giant strides of Tacony lessen the gap at every step: they reach the distance-post neck and neck; 'Tacony wins!' is the cry, and true enough it is—by a length. Young blood beats old blood —India-rubber balls 'whip' lightning. Time, five minutes.

The usual excitement and disputing follow, the usual time elapses—whack number one is heard, already—whack number two, on they come, snaffle bridles, pulling at their horses' mouths as though they would pull the bit right through to the tips of their tails. 'Off' is the cry: away they go again; Tacony breaks up—again a gap, which huge strides speedily close up—again Tacony wins. Time, five minutes five seconds. All is over, rush to the cars, &c. Remarks:—first, the pace is at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour; second, the dear old lady, who was only beaten by a length, is long out of her teens; is it not wonderful, and is she not glorious in her defeat? Fancy Dowager Lady L—— taking a pedestrian fit,

and running a race along Rotten Row with some 'fast young man;' what would you say, if she clutched his coat-tail as he touched the winning-post? Truly, that dear old Lady Suffolk is a marvellous quadruped. Reader, as you do not care to go back again with the Rowdies and Co., we will suppose ourselves returned to New York, and I can only hope you have not been bored with your day's amusement.

Among the extraordinary fancies of this extraordinary race—who are ever panting for something new, even if it be a new territory—the most strange is the metallic coffin: the grave is no protection against their mania for novelty. In the windows of a shop in Broadway, this strange, and to my mind revolting, article may be seen, shaped like a mummy; fitting hermetically tight, and with a plate of glass to reveal the features of the inanimate inmate. I have certainly read of the disconsolate lover who, on the death of her who ungratefully refused to reciprocate his affection, disinterred her body by stealth, supplied himself with scanty provision, and, embarking in a small boat, launched forth upon the wide waters, to watch her gradual decomposition till starvation found them one common grave. I also knew an officer, who, having stuffed an old and faithful dog, and placed him on the mantel-piece, when his only

child died soon after, earnestly entreated a surgeon to stuff the child, that he might place it beside the faithful dog. Nevertheless, I cannot believe that such aberrations of human intellect are sufficiently frequent to make the Patent Metallic Coffin Company a popular or profitable affair.

An important feature in a populous town is the means of conveyance, which here, in addition to hack cabs and omnibuses, includes railway carriages. I would observe, once for all, that the horses of America, as a whole, may be classed as enduring, wiry, and active hacks. You do not see anything to compare with some of the beautiful nags that 'Rotten Row' or Melton exhibits; but, on the other hand, you rarely see the lumbering, lolloping, heavy brutes so common in this country. Then, again, a horse in this country is groomed and turned out in a style which I never saw in America, and therefore shows to much greater advantage, in spite of the Yankee sometimes ornamenting his head with hairs from his tail; while on the other hand, though an Englishman considers a pair of nags that will go a mile in five minutes a great prize, no man in America who is a horse fancier, would look at a pair that could not do the same distance in four; nor would he think them worth speaking about, if they could not do

the distance in a very few seconds over three minutes. On one side of the water, pace is almost the only object; on the other side, shape and appearance are weighty matters.

The habits of the Americans being essentially gregarious, and business teaching the truism that a cent saved is a cent gained, hackney coaches are comparatively little used by the men; for it must be remembered that idlers in this country are an invisible minority of the community! The natural consequence is, that they are clean and expensive. The drivers are charmingly independent and undeniably free-and-easy birds, but not meaning to be uncivil. One of them showed his independence by asking two dollars one night for a three-mile drive home to the hotel. I inquired of the master, and found the proper charge was a dollar and a half; but, on my sending out the same, Jarvey was too proud to confess he was wrong, and, refusing the money, drove off —nor did I ever hear more of him.

Their free-and-easiness can never be better exemplified than in the old anecdote told of so many people, from an ex-prince of France, downward; viz., the prince, having ordered a hack cab, was standing at the door of the hotel, smoking his cigar, and waiting for its arrival. When Cabby drove up, judging from

the appearance of the prince that he was 'the fare,' he said, 'Are you the chap that sent for a cab?' And, being answered with an affirmative smile, he said, 'Well, get in; I guess I'm the gentleman that's to drive you.'

The next means of conveyance to be spoken of is the omnibus. I was told by a friend who had made inquiries on the subject, that there were upwards of a thousand, and that they pay twenty-two per cent. They are infinitely better than ours, simply because they are broader: the most rotund embodiment of an alderman after a turtle-soup dinner, even if he had —to use the emphatic language of Mr. Weller—been 'swellin' wisibly,' could pass up the centre without inconvenience to the passengers on either side; and as a good dividend is a thing not to be despised, they do not employ a 'cad' behind. The door shuts by a strap running along the roof, with a noose in the end, which Jehu puts on his foot. Any one wishing to alight pulls the strap; Jehu stops; and, poking his nose to a pigeon-hole place in the roof, takes the silver fare; and, slipping the noose, the door is open to the human 'fare.' Doubtless, this effects a very great saving, and dispensing with a cad in this country might enable the fares to be lowered; but I question if there be not very many objections to our adopting

the plan; and I should miss very much that personification of pertness and civility, with his inquisitive eye, and the eccentric and perpetual gyrations of his forefinger, which ever and anon stiffens in a skyward point, as though under the magic influence of some unseen electro-biologist whose decree had gone forth,—'You can't move your finger, sir, you can't; no, you can't.' I have only one grudge against the omnibuses in New York—and that is, their monopoly of Broadway, which would really have a very fine and imposing appearance were it not for them: they destroy all the effect, and you gradually begin to think it is the Strand grown wider, despite of the magnificent palaces, hotels, &c., which adorn it on each side.

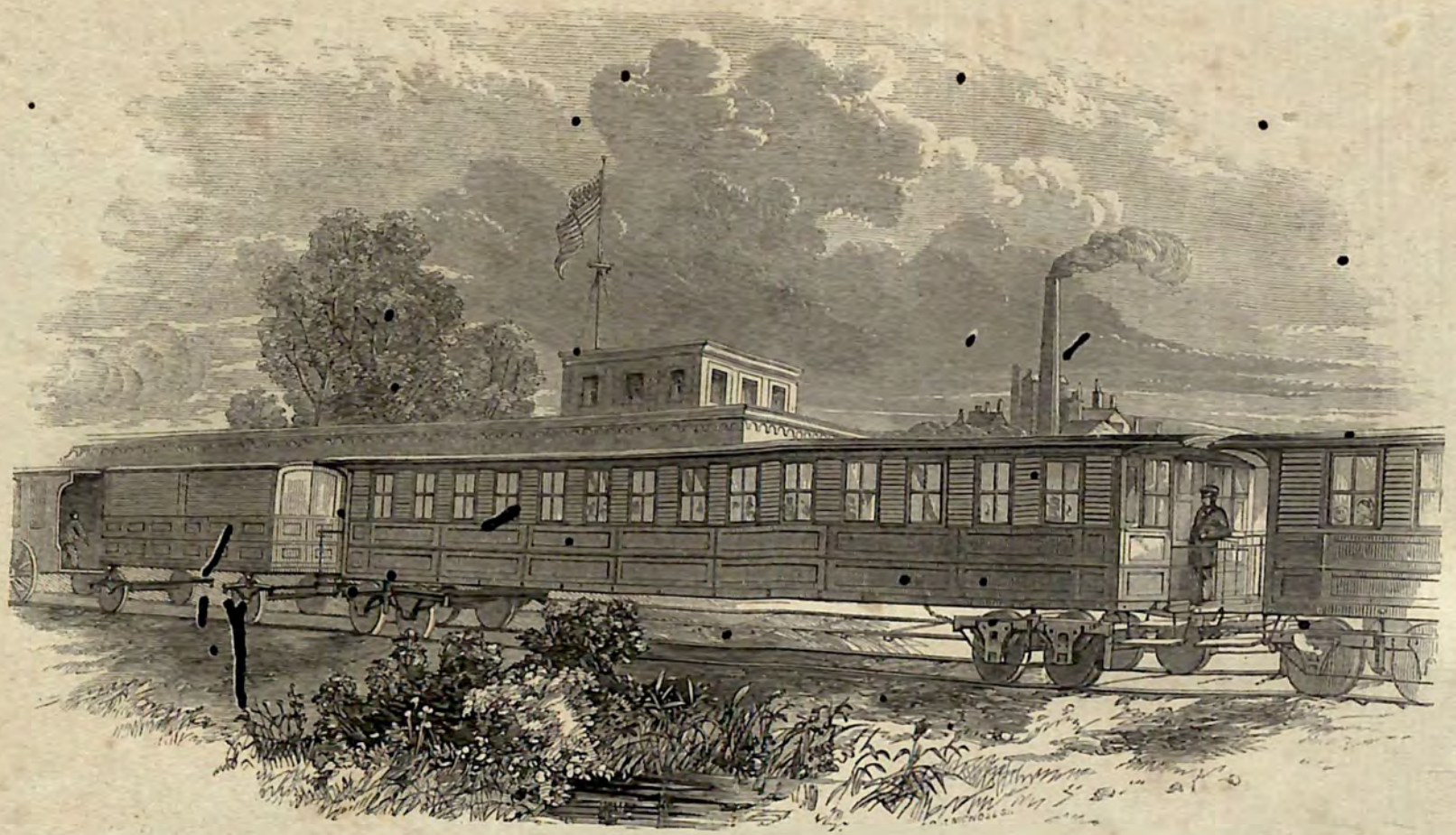
The last means of conveyance to be mentioned is the railway carriage, which—the city being built on a perfect flat—is admirably adapted for locomotion. The rails are laid down in a broad avenue on each side of Broadway, and the cars are drawn by horses, some two, some four. Those that are used for the simple town business have only two horses, and will hold about twenty-four passengers; the others run from the lower end of the town to a place where the engine is waiting for them outside. The town railway-car may be called a long omnibus, low on the wheels, broad, airy, and clean inside, and excessively conve-

nient for getting in and out. There is a break at both ends, one under the charge of Jehu, the other under the charge of the guard; so that, though trotting along at a good pace, they are very easily stopped. When they get to the end of the journey, the horses change ends, thus avoiding the necessity of any turning, the space required for which would have made a great difference in the expense. For a busy, bustling city, on a flat, it is unquestionably by far the best conveyance, on account of carrying so many, and being so handy for ingress and egress.

There was a strong push made to get one laid down in Broadway, and corporation jobbery had nearly succeeded. For my own part, did I live in Broadway, if they would lay down a single line of rail, with shunters at intervals, to enable the cars to pass one another, and fix regular hours for running, I should infinitely prefer it to the unlimited army of omnibuses that now block up the street; but I fancy the interests of the latter are too deeply involved to be readily resigned.

Before leaving the subject of railway carriages, I may as well give you a description of the travelling cars in ordinary use.

They are forty-two feet long, nine and a half wide, from six to six and a half feet high, and carry from



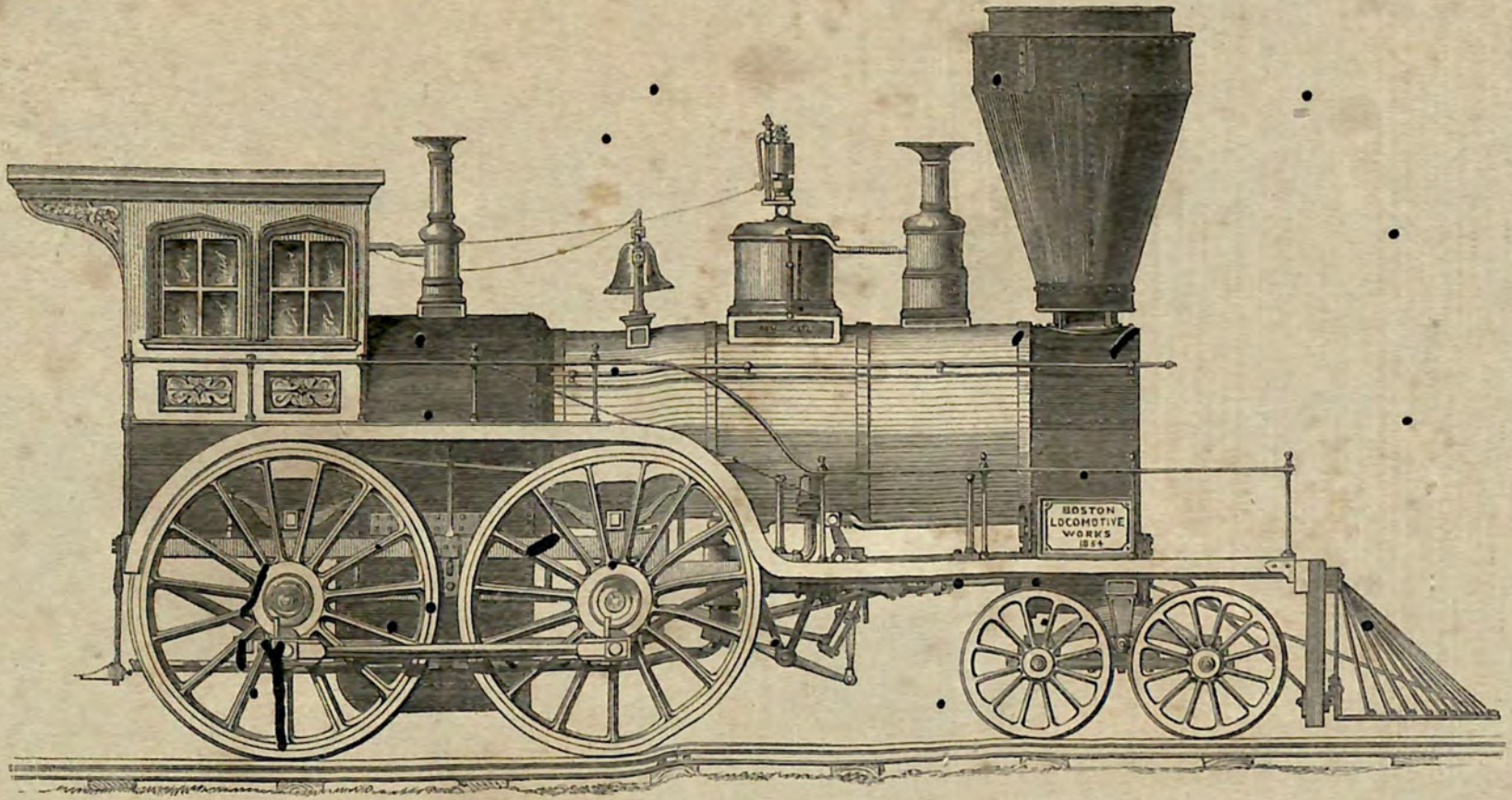
A Railway Carriage.

fifty to sixty passengers. Each seat is three feet four inches long, placed at right angles to a window, and has a reversible back. There is a passage through the centre of the car, between the rows of seats. In winter, a stove is always burning in each carriage; and in one of them there is generally a small room partitioned off, containing a water-closet, &c. A door is placed at each extremity, outside which there is a platform whereon the break is fixed. These carriages are supported at each end by four wheels, of thirty-three inches diameter, fitted together in a frame-work, and moving on a pivot, whereby to enable them to take more easily any sharp bend in the road. Their weight is from ten to twelve tons, and their cost from 400*l.* to 450*l.* sterling. The system of coupling adopted is alike rude and uncomfortable; instead of screwing the carriage tightly up against the buffers, as is the practice in England, they are simply hooked together, thus subjecting the passengers to a succession of jerks when starting, and consequently producing an equal number of concussions when the train stops.

From the foregoing sketch, it will be seen that the narrowness of the seats is such as to prevent its two occupants—if of ordinary dimensions—from sitting together without perpetually rubbing shoulders. It

will also be observed, that the passage through the centre of the carriages enables any one to pass with ease throughout the whole length of the train. This is a privilege of which the mercurial blood and inquisitive mind of the American take unlimited advantage, rendering the journey one continued slamming of doors, which, if the homœopathic principle be correct, would prove an infallible cure for headache, could the sound only be triturated, and passed through the finest sieve, so as to reach the tympanum in infinitesimal doses. But, alas! it is administered wholesale, and with such power, that almost before the ear catches the sound, it is vibrating in the tendon Achilles. It is said by some, that salmon get accustomed to crimping; and I suppose that, in like manner, the American tympanum gets accustomed to this abominable clatter and noise.

The luggage-van is generally placed between the carriages and the engine. And here it is essential I should make some observations with reference to the ticket system which is universally adopted in America. Every passenger is furnished with brass tickets numbered, and a duplicate is attached to each article of luggage. No luggage is delivered without the passenger producing the ticket corresponding to that on the article claimed, the Company being responsible for



The Locomotive.

any loss. This system is peculiarly suited to the habits of the American people, inasmuch as nine-tenths of them, if not more, upon arriving at the end of their journey, invariably go to some hotel; and as each establishment, besides providing an omnibus for the convenience of its customers, has an agent ready to look after luggage, the traveller has merely to give his tickets to that functionary, thus saving himself all further trouble.

The last, but not the least important, object connected with railways, remains yet to be mentioned—viz., the locomotive. Its driving-wheels are generally six feet and a half in diameter, the cylinder is sixteen inches in diameter, and has a stroke of twenty-two inches. But the point to which I wish to call especial attention, is the very sensible provision made for the comfort of the engineer and stokers, who are thoroughly protected by a weather-proof compartment, the sides whereof, being made of glass, enable them to exercise more effective vigilance than they possibly could do if they were exposed in the heartless manner prevalent in this country.

From my subsequent experience in the railway travelling of the United States, I am induced to offer the following suggestions for the consideration of our legislature. First, for the protection of the old, the

helpless, or the desirous, an act should be passed, compelling every railway company to supply tickets for luggage to each passenger applying for them, provided that the said application be made within a given period previous to the departure of the train; this ticket to insure the delivery of the luggage at the proper station, and to the proper owner.

Secondly, an act compelling railway companies to afford efficient protection from the weather to the engineer and stokers of every train, holding the chairman and board of directors responsible in the heaviest penalties, for every accident that may occur where this simple and humane provision is neglected.

Thirdly, an act requiring some system of communication between guard, passengers, and engineer. The following rude method strikes me as so obvious, that I wonder it has not been tried, until some better substitute be found. Let the guard's seat project in all trains—as it now does in some—beyond the carriages, thus enabling him to see the whole length of one side of the train; carry the foot-board and the hand-rail half way across the space between the carriages, by which simple means the guard could walk outside from one end of a train to the other, thus supervising everything, and gathering in the tickets *en route*, instead of inconveniencing the public, as at present,

by detaining the train many minutes for that purpose.[a]

Next, fit every carriage with two strong metal pipes, running just over the doors, and projecting a foot or so beyond the length of the carriage, the end of the pipe to have a raised collar, by which means, an elastic gutta percha tube could connect the pipes while the carriages were being attached; a branch tube of gutta percha should then be led from the pipe on one side into each compartment, so that any passenger, by blowing through it, would sound a whistle in the place appropriated to the guard. On the opposite side, the pipes would be solely for communication between the guard and engine-driver. Should the length of any train be found too great for such communication, surely it were better to sacrifice an extra guard's salary, than trifle with human life in the way we have hitherto done. Each engine should have a second whistle, with a trumpet tone, similar to that employed in America, to be used in case of *danger*,

[a] This power of supervision, on the part of the guard, might also act as an effective check upon the operations of those swindling gamblers who infest many of our railroads—especially the express trains of the Edinburgh and Glasgow—in which, owing to no stoppage taking place, they exercise their villanous calling with comparative impunity.

the ordinary one being employed, as at present, only to give warning of approach.

With these sagacious hints for the consideration of my countrymen, I postpone for the present the subject of railways, and, in excuse for the length of my remarks, have only to plead a desire to make railway travelling in England more safe, and my future wanderings more intelligible.[a] I have much more to say with regard to New York and its neighbourhood; but not wishing to overdose the reader at once, I shall return to the subject in these pages, as I did to the place in my subsequent travels.

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[a] For further observations on railways, the reader is referred to the general discussion of the subject, in the chapter of the second volume on Metallic Intercourse.

CHAPTER IV.

A Day on the North River.

EARLY one fine morning in October, a four-seated fly might have been seen at the door of Putnam's hotel, on the roof of which was being piled a Babel of luggage, the inside being already full. Into another vehicle, our party—*i. e.*, three of us—entered, and ere long both the carriages were on the banks of the river, where the steamer was puffing away, impatient for a start. The hawsers were soon cast off, and we launched forth on the bosom of the glorious Hudson, whose unruffled surface blazed like liquid fire beneath the rays of the rising sun. I purposely abstain from saying anything of the vessel, as she was an old one, and a very bad specimen. The newer and better class of vessel, I shall have to describe hereafter.

On leaving New York, the northern banks of the river are dotted in every direction with neat little villas, the great want being turf, to which the American climate is an inveterate foe. Abreast of one of these villas, all around me is now smiling with peace

and gladness; alas! how different was the scene but a few months previous; then, struggling bodies strewed the noble stream, and the hills and groves resounded with the bitterest cries of human agony, as one of the leviathan steamers, wrapped in a fierce and fiery mantle, hurried her living cargo to a burning or a watery grave.

We had a motley collection of passengers, but were not overcrowded. Of course, there was a Paddy on board. Where can one go without meeting one of that migratory portion of our race! There he was, with his 'shocking bad hat,' his freckled face, his bright eye, and his shrewd expression, smoking his old 'dudeen,' and gazing at the new world around him. But who shall say his thoughts were not in some wretched hovel in the land of his birth, and his heart beating with the noble determination, that when his industry met its reward, those who had shared his sorrows in the crowded land of his fathers, should partake of his success in the thinly tenanted home of his adoption. Good luck to you, Paddy, with all my heart!

I was rather amused by a story I heard, of a newly-arrived Paddy emigrant, who, having got a little money, of course wanted a little whisky. On going to the bar to ask the price, he was told three-halfpence.

'For how much?' quoth Paddy. The bottle was handed to him, and he was told to take as much as he liked. Paddy's joy knew no bounds at this liberality, and, unable to contain his ecstasy, he rushed to the door to communicate the good news to his companions, which he did in the following racy sentence: 'Mike! Mike, my sowl! com' an' haf a dhrink—only thruppence for both of us, an' the botthel in yer own fisht!'

One unfortunate fellow on board had lost a letter of recommendation, and was in great distress in consequence. I hope he succeeded in replacing it better than a servant-girl is said to have done, under similar circumstances, who—as the old story goes—having applied to the captain of the vessel, received the following doubtful recommendation at the hand of that functionary: 'This is to certify that Kate Flannagan had a good character when she embarked at New York, but she lost it on board the steamer coming up. Jeremiah Peascod, Captain.'

The scenery of the Hudson has been so well described, and so justly eulogized, that I need say little on that score. In short, no words can convey an adequate impression of the gorgeousness of the forest tints in North America during the autumn. The foliage is inconceivably beautiful and varied, from

the broad and brightly dark purple leaf of the maple, to the delicate and pale sere leaf of the poplar, all blending harmoniously with the deep green of their brethren in whom the vital sap still flows in full vigour. I have heard people compare the Hudson and the Rhine. I cannot conceive two things more incomparable than these two rivers—the distinctive features of one being wild forest scenery, glowing with ever-changing hues, and suggestive of a new world; and those of the other, the wild and craggy cliff capped with beetling fortresses, and banks fringed with picturesque villages and towns, all telling of feudal times and an old world. I should as soon think of comparing the castle of Heidelberg, on its lofty hill, with Buckingham Palace, in its metropolitan hole.—But to return to the Hudson.

In various places you will see tramways from the top of the banks down to the water; these are for the purpose of shooting down the ice, from the lakes and ponds above, to supply the New York market. The ice-houses are made on a slope, and fronting as much north as possible. They are built of wood, and doubled, the space between which—about a foot and a half—is filled with bark tanned. In a bend of the river, I saw the indications of something like the forming of a dock, or basin; and, on inquiry, was

told it was the work of a Company who imagined they had discovered where the famous pirate Kidd had buried his treasure. The Company found to their cost, that it was they who were burying their treasure, instead of Captain Kidd who had buried his; so, having realized their mare's-nest, they gave it up. One of the most beautiful 'bits' on the Hudson is West Point; but, as I purpose visiting it at my leisure, hereafter, I pass it by at present without further comment.

There are every now and then, especially on the southern bank, large plots, which, at a distance, look exactly like Turkish cemeteries. On nearing them, you find that the old destroyer, Time, has expended all the soil sufficiently to allow the bare rock to peep through, and the disconsolate forest has retired in consequence, leaving only the funereal cypress to give silent expression to its affliction. Hark! what sound is that? Dinner! A look at the company was not as *appétissant* as a glass of bitters, but a peep at the *tout ensemble* was fatal; so, patience to the journey's end. Accordingly, I consoled myself with a cigar and the surrounding scenery; no hard task either, with two good friends to help you. On we went, passing little villages busy as bees, and some looking as fresh as if they had been built over-night. At last, a little before dusk, Albany hove in sight. As we

neared the wharf, it became alive with Paddy cabmen and porters of every age: the former, brandishing their whips, made such a rush on board when we got within jumping distance, that one would have thought they had come to storm the vessel. We took it coolly, allowing the rush of passengers to land first; and then, having engaged two 'broths of boys' with hackney coaches, we drove up to the Congress Hall Hotel, where, thanks to our young American cicerone, we were very soon comfortably lodged, and a jolly good dinner before us. I may as well explain why it was thanks to our friend, that we were comfortably lodged.

Throughout the whole length and breadth of the Republic, the people are gregarious, and go everywhere in flocks; consequently, on the arrival of railway train or steamer, 'buses from the various hotels are always in waiting, and speedily filled. No sooner does the 'bus pull up, than a rush is made by each one to the book lying on the counter, that he may inscribe his name as soon as possible, and secure a bedroom. The duty of allotting the apartments generally devolves upon the head clerk, or chief assistant; but as, from the locomotive propensities of the population, he has a very extensive acquaintance, and knows not how soon some of them may

be arriving, he billets the unknown in the most out-of-the-way rooms; for the run upon all the decent hotels is so great, that courtesy is scarce needed to insure custom. Not that they are uncivil; but the confusion caused by an arrival is so great, and the mass of travellers are so indifferent to the comfort or the attention which one meets with in a decent hotel in this country, that, acting from habit, they begin by roosting their guests, like crows, at the top of the tree.

To obviate this inconvenience, I would suggest, for the benefit of future travellers, the plan I found on many occasions so successful myself, in my subsequent journeys; which is, whenever you are comfortably lodged in any hotel, to take a letter from the proprietor to the next you wish to stop at. They give it you most readily, and on many occasions I found the advantage of it. They all know one another; and in this way you might travel all through the Union.

Dinner is over—the events of the day have been discussed 'mid fragrant clouds, and we are asleep in the capital of the State of New York.

We were obliged to be astir early in the morning, so as to be in time for the railway; consequently, our lionizing of the city consisted chiefly in smoking

a cigar at the front-door. The town is prettily situated on the banks of the Hudson, and at its confluence with the Erie canal. It is one of the few towns in the Republic which enjoys a royalist name, having been called after the Duke of York and Albany, and is a very thriving place, with a steadily increasing population, already amounting to sixty thousand; and some idea of its prosperity may be formed from the fact of its receiving, by the Erie canal, annually, goods to the value of near six millions sterling. Some years ago it was scourged by an awful fire; but it has risen, like a phœnix, from its ashes, and profited materially by the chastisement. The chief objection I had to the town was the paving of the streets, which was abominable, and full of holes, any one of them large enough to bury a hippopotamus, and threatening dislocation of some joint at every step; thus clearly proving that the contract for the paving was in the hands of the surgeons. On similar grounds, it has often occurred to me that the proprietors of the London cabs must be chiefly hatters.

Our descent from the hotel to the railway station was as lively as that of a parched pea on a red-hot frying-pan, but it was effected without any injury requiring the assistance of the paving-surgeons, and by the time our luggage was ticketed the train had

arrived: some tumbled out, others tumbled in; the kettle hissed, and off we went, the first few hundred yards of our journey being along the street. Not being accustomed to see a train going in full cry through the streets, I expected every minute to hear a dying squeak, as some of the little urchins came out, jumping and playing close to the cars; but they seem to be protected by a kind of instinct; and I believe it would be as easy to drive a train over a cock-sparrow, as over a Yankee boy. At last, we emerged from the town, and went steaming away merrily over the country. Our companions inside were a motley group of all classes. By good fortune, we found a spare seat on which to put our cloaks, &c., which was a luxury rarely enjoyed in my future travels, being generally obliged to carry them on my knee, as the American cars are usually so full that there is seldom a vacant place on which to lay them.

Our route lay partly along the line of the Mohawk, on the banks of which is situated the lovely village of Rockton, or Little Falls, where the gushing stream is compressed between two beautifully wooded cliffs, affording a water-power which has been turned to good account by the establishment of mills. At this point, the Erie canal is cut for two miles through the solid rock, and its unruffled waters, contrasting

with the boiling river struggling through the narrow gorge, look like streams of Peace and Passion flowing and struggling side by side. As the 'iron horse' hurries us onward, the ears are assailed, amid the wild majesty of Nature, with the puny cockneyisms of 'Rome,' 'Syracuse,' &c. Such absurdities are ridiculous enough in our suburban villas; but to find them substituted for the glorious old Indian names, is positively painful.

Among other passengers in the train, was a man conspicuous among his fellows for clean hide and clean dimity; on inquiry, I was told he was a Professor. He looked rather young for a professorial chair, and further investigation confused me still more, for I found he was a *Professor of Soap*. At last, I ascertained that he had earned his title by going about the country lecturing upon, and exhibiting in his person, the valuable qualities of his detergent treasures, through which peripatetic advertisement he had succeeded in realizing dollars and honours. The oratory of some of these Professors is, I am told, of an order before which the eloquence of a Demosthenes would shrink abashed, if success is admitted as the test: for, only put them at the corner of a street in any town, and I have no fears of binding myself to eat every cake they do not sell before they quit their

oratorical platform. The soapy orator quitted the train at Auburn, and soon after, the vandalism of 'Rome' and 'Syracuse' was atoned for by the more appropriate and euphonical old Indian names of 'Cayuga' and 'Canandaigua.'

On reaching the station of the latter, an old and kind friend to my brother, when he first visited America, was waiting to welcome us to his house, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, and a most comfortable establishment it proved, in every way. Our worthy host was a Scotchman by birth, and though he had passed nearly half a century in the United States, he was as thoroughly Scotch in all his ways as if he had just arrived from his native land; and while enjoying his hospitalities, you might have fancied yourself in a Highland laird's old family mansion. In all his kind attentions, he was most ably assisted by his amiable lady. Everything I had seen hitherto was invested with an air of newness, looking as if of yesterday: here, the old furniture and the fashion thereof, even its very arrangement, all told of days long bygone, and seemed to say, 'We are heir-looms.' When you went upstairs, the old Bible on your bedroom table, with its worn cover, well thumbed leaves, and its large paper mark, browned by the hand of Time, again proclaimed, 'I am an heir-

loom,' and challenged your respect; and worthy companions they all were to mine host and his lady, who, while they warmed your heart with their cheerful and unostentatious hospitality, also commanded your respect by the way they dispensed it.

The following day our route lay across country, out of the line of stage or rail; so a vehicle had to be got, which my young American cicerone, under the guidance of mine host, very soon arranged; and in due time, a long, slight, open cart, with the seats slung to the sides, drove to the door, with four neat greys, that might have made 'Tommy Onslow's' mouth water.

While they are putting in the luggage, I may as well give you a sketch of how the young idea is sometimes taught to shoot in this country. Time—early morning. Paterfamilias at the door, smoking a cigar —a lad of ten years of age appears.

'I say, father, can I have Two-forty?[a] I want to go down to the farm, to see my cattle fed!"

Scarce had leave been obtained, before a cry was

[a] As a similar expression occurs frequently in these volumes, the reader is requested to remember that it is a common custom in America to name a horse according to the time in which he can trot a mile. The boy evidently had a visionary idea in his mind that the little hack he was asking permission to ride, had accomplished the feat of trotting a mile in two minutes and forty seconds.

heard in another quarter. 'Hallo, Jemmy! what's the matter now? Wont Shelty go?'

The youth so addressed was about six, and sitting in a little low four-wheeled carriage, whacking away at a Shetland-looking pony, with a coat every hair of which was long enough for a horse's tail. The difficulty was soon discovered, for it was an old trick of Shelty to lift one leg outside the shaft, and strike for wages, if he wasn't pleased.

'Get out, Jemmy, I'll set him right;' and accordingly Shelty's leg was lifted inside, and Paterfamilias commenced lunging him round and round before the door. After a few circles he said, 'Now then, Jemmy, get in again; he's all right now.'

The infant Jehu mounts, and of course commences pitching into Shelty, alike vigorously and harmlessly; off they go at score.

'Where are you going, Jemmy?'

'What—say—father?' No words are lost.

'Where are you going, Jemmy?'

'Going to get some turnips for my pigs;' and Jemmy disappeared in a bend of the road.

On inquiry, I found Jemmy used often to go miles from home in this way, and was as well known in the neighbourhood as his father.

On another occasion, I remember seeing three lads,

the eldest about twelve, starting off in a four-wheel cart, armed with an old gun.

'Where are you going, there?'

'To shoot pigeons.'

'What's that sticking out of your pocket?'

'A loaded pistol;' and off they went at full swing.

Thinks I to myself, if those lads don't break their necks, or blow their brains out, they will learn to take care of themselves; and I began to reflect whether this was the way they were taught to love independence.

Now for a sketch of the other sex. Two horses come to the door side-saddled. Out rush, and on jump, two girls under twelve. Young Ten, upon his Two-forty, is the chaperon. 'Take care!' says an anxious parent. 'Oh, I'm not afraid, mother;' and away they go, galloping about the park as if they were Persians. My mind turned involuntarily homewards, and I drew a picture from life. A faithful nurse stands at the door; a young lady above twelve is mounting; a groom is on another horse, with a leading-rein strong enough to hold a line-of-battle ship in a gale of wind. The old nurse takes as long packing the young lady as if she were about to make a tour of the globe; sundry whispers are going on all the time, the purport of which is easily guessed. At last all excuses are

exhausted, and off they go. The lady's nag jog-trots a little; the nurse's voice is heard—'Walk, walk, that's a dear! walk till you're comfortable in the saddle. William, mind you don't let go the rein; is it strong enough?' William smothers a laugh; the procession moves funereally, the faithful nurse watching it with an expression betokening intense anxiety. 'Take care, that's a dear!' and then, as the object of her solicitude disappears among the trees, she draws a long sigh; a mutter is heard—'some accident' are the only words distinguishable; a bang of the door follows, and the affectionate nurse is—what?—probably wiping her eyes in the passage.

Here are two systems which may be said to vary a little, and might require my consideration, were it not that I have no daughters, partly owing, doubtless, to the primary deficiency of a wife. At all events, I have at present no time for further reflections, for the waggon is waiting at the door, the traps are all in, and there stand mine host and his lady, as ready to speed the parting, as they were to welcome the coming guest. A hearty shake of the hand, and farewell to Hospitality Hall. May no cloud ever shade the happiness of its worthy inmates!

As we drive on, I may as well tell you that Canandaigua is a beautiful little village, situated on a

slope descending towards a lake of the same name, and therefore commanding a lovely view—for when is a sheet of water not lovely? There are some very pretty little villas in the upper part of the village, which is a long broad street, with trees on either side, and is peopled by a cozy little community of about four thousand. Here we are in the open country. What is the first novelty that strikes the eye?—the snake fences; and a tickler they would prove to any hot-headed Melton gentleman who might try to sky over them; they are from six to seven feet high, sometimes higher, and are formed by laying long split logs one over another diagonally, by which simple process the necessity of nails or uprights is avoided; and as wood is dirt cheap, the additional length caused by their diagonal construction, is of no importance; but being all loose, they are as awkward to leap as a swing-bar, which those who have got a cropper at once, are not anxious to try again.

It is at all times a cheery thing to go bowling along behind a spicy team, but especially so when traversing a wild and half-cultivated country, where everything around you is strange to the eye, and where the vastness of space conveys a feeling of grandeur; nor is it the less enjoyable when the scenery is decked in the rich attire of autumn, and seen through the medium

of a clear and cloudless sky. Then, again, there is something peculiarly pleasing while gazing at the great extent of rich timbered land, in reflecting that it is crying aloud for the stalwart arm of man, and pointing to the girdle of waving fields which surround it, to assure that stalwart arm that industry will meet a sure reward. Poverty may well hide her head in shame amid such scenes as these, for it can only be the fruit of wilful indolence.

The farm cottages are all built of wood, painted white, and look as clean and fresh as so many new-built model dairies. The neat little churches, too, appeared as bright as though the painters had left them the evening before. And here, I must remark a convenience attached to them, which it might be well to imitate in those of our own churches which are situated in out-of-the-way districts, such as the Highlands of Scotland, where many of the congregation have to come from a considerable distance. The convenience I allude to is simply a long broad shed, open all one side of its length, and fitted with rings, &c., for tethering the horses of those who, from fancy, distance, age, or sickness, are unwilling or unable to come on foot. The expense would be but small, and the advantage great. Onward speed our dapper greys, fresh as four-year-olds; and the further

we go, the better they seem to like it. The only bait they get, is five minutes' breathing time, and a great bucket of water, which they seem to relish as much as if it were a magnum of iced champagne. The avenue before us leads into Geneseo, the place of our destination, where my kind friend, Mr. Wadsworth, was waiting to welcome us to his charming little country-place, situated just outside the village. And what a beautiful place is this same Geneseo! But, for the present, we must discharge our faithful greys—see our new friends—old and young—enjoy a better bait than our nags did at the half-way house, indulge in the fragrant Havana, and retire to roost. To-morrow we will talk of the scenery.

CHAPTER V.

Geneseo.

IT is a lovely bright autumn morning, with a pure blue sky, and a pearly atmosphere through which scarce a zephyr is stealing; the boughs of the trees hang motionless; my window is open; but, how strange the perfect stillness!—no warbling note comes from the feathered tribe to greet the rising sun, and sing, with untaught voice, their Maker's praise; even the ubiquitous house-sparrow is neither seen nor heard. How strange this comparative absence of animal life in a country which, having been so recently intruded upon by the destroyer—man—one would expect to find superabundantly populated with those animals, against which he does not make war either for his use or amusement. Nevertheless, so it is; and I have often strolled about for hours in the woods, in perfect solitude, with no sound to meet the ear, no life to catch the eye; but I am wandering from the house too soon;—a jolly scream in the nursery reminds me that, at all events, there is animal life within, and that the possessor thereof has no disease of the lungs.

Let us now speed to breakfast, for folk are early in the new world, and do not lie a-bed all the forenoon, thinking how to waste the afternoon; and then, when the afternoon comes, try and relieve the tedium thereof by cooking up some project to get over the ennui of the evening. Whatever else you may deny the American, this one virtue you must allow him. He is emphatically an early riser, as much so as our own most gracious sovereign, whose example, if followed by her subjects—especially some in the metropolis—would do more to destroy London hells, and improve London health, than the legislature, or Sir B. Hall and all the College of Surgeons, can ever hope to effect among the post-meridian drones.

Breakfast was speedily despatched, and Señor Cabaños y Carvajal followed as a matter of course; while reducing him to ashes, and luxuriating in the clouds which proclaim his certain though lingering death, we went out upon the terrace before the house, to wish good speed to my two companions who were just starting, and to enjoy a view of the far-famed vale of Genesee. Far as the eye could see, with no bounds save the power of its vision, was one wide expanse of varied beauty. The dark forest hues were relieved by the rich tints of the waving corn; neat little cottages peeped out in every direction. Here and there, a vil-

lage, with its taper steeples, recalled the bounteous Hand 'that giveth us all things richly to enjoy.' Below my feet was beautifully undulating park ground magnificently timbered, through which peeped the river, bright as silver beneath the rays of an unclouded sun, whose beams, streaming at the same time on a field of the rich-coloured pumpkin, burnished each like a ball of molten gold. All around was richness, beauty, and abundance.

The descendant of a Wellington or a Washington, while contemplating the glorious deeds of an illustrious ancestor, and recalling the adoration of a grateful country, may justly feel his breast swelling with pride and emulation; but, while I was enjoying this scene, there stood one at my side within whom also such emotions might be as fully and justly stirred; for there are great men to be found in less conspicuous, though not less useful spheres of life. A son who knew its history enjoyed with me this goodly scene. His father was the first bold pioneer. The rut made by the wheel of his rude cart, drawn by two oxen, was the first impress made by civilization in the whole of this rich and far-famed valley. A brother shared with him his early toils and privations; their own hands raised the log-hut—their new home in the wilderness. Ere

they broke ground, the boundless forest howled around a stray party of Indians, come to hunt, or to pasture their flocks on the few open plots skirting the river: all else was waste and solitude. One brother died comparatively early; but the father of mine host lived long to enjoy the fruit of his labours. He lived to see industry and self-denial metamorphose that forest and its straggling Indian band, into a land bursting with the rich fruits of the soil, and buzzing with a busy hive of human energy and intelligence. Yes; and he lived to see temple after temple, raised for the pure worship of the True God, supplant the ignorance and idolatry which reigned undisturbed at his first coming. Say, then, reader, has not the son of such a father just cause for pride, a solemn call to emulation? The patriarchal founder of his family and their fortunes has left an imperishable monument of his greatness in the prosperity of this rich vale; and Providence has blessed his individual energies and forethought with an unusual amount of this world's good things. 'Honour and fame, industry and wealth,' are inscribed on the banner of his life, and the son is worthily fighting under the paternal standard. The park grounds below the house bear evidence of his appreciation of the beauties of scenery, in the taste

with which he has performed that difficult task of selecting the groups of trees requisite for landscape, while cutting down a forest; and the most cursory view of his library can leave no doubt that his was a highly cultivated mind. I will add no more, lest I be led, insensibly, to trench upon the privacy of domestic life.

I now propose to give a slight sketch of his farm, so as to convey, to those interested, an idea of the general system of agriculture adopted in the Northern States; and if the reader think the subject dull, a turn of the leaf will prove a simple remedy.

The extent farmed is 2000 acres, of which 400 are in wood, 400 in meadow, 400 under plough, and 800 in pasture. On the wheat lands, summer fallow, wheat, and clover pasture, form the three years' rotation. In summer fallow, the clover is sometimes ploughed in, and sometimes fed off, according to the wants of the soil and the farm. Alluvial lands are cultivated in Indian corn from five to ten years successively, and then laid down in grass indeterminately from three to forty years. Wheat—sometimes broadcast, sometimes drilled—is put in as near as possible the 1st of September, and cut from the 10th to the 20th of July. Clover-seed is sown during March in wheat, and left till the following year. Wheat stubble

is pastured slightly; the clover, if mowed, is cut in the middle of June; if pastured, the cattle are turned in about the 1st of May.

Pumpkins are raised with the Indian corn, and hogs fattened on them; during the summer they are turned into clover pasture. Indian corn and pumpkins are planted in May, and harvested in October; the leaf and stalk of the Indian corn are cut up for fodder, and very much liked. Oats and barley are not extensively cultivated.

The average crop of Indian corn is from fifty to sixty bushels, and of wheat, from twenty-five to thirty per acre. The pasture land supports one head to one and one-third acre. Grass-fattened cattle go to market from September to November, fetching $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ per lb. live weight, or $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. for beef alone. Cattle are kept upon hay and straw from the middle of November to 1st of May, if intended for fattening upon grass; but, if intended for spring market, they are fed on Indian corn-meal in addition. Sheep are kept on hay exclusively, from the middle of November to the 1st of April. A good specimen of Durham ox, three and a half years old, weighs 1500 lbs. live weight. The farm is provided with large scales for weighing hay, cattle, &c., and so arranged, that one hundred head can easily be weighed in two hours.

No manure is used, except farm-pen and gypsum; the former is generally applied to Indian corn and meadow land. The gypsum is thrown, a bushel to the acre, on each crop of wheat and clover—cost of gypsum, ten shillings for twenty bushels. A mowing machine, with two or three horses and one man, can cut, in one day, twelve acres of heavy meadow land, if it stand up; but if laid at all, from six to ten. The number of men employed on the farm is, six for six months, twelve for three months, and twenty-five for three months. Ten horses and five yoke of oxen are kept for farm purposes. The common waggon used weighs eight hundredweight, and holds fifty bushels. Sometimes they are ten hundredweight, and hold one hundred and five bushels.

The wages of the farm-servants are:—For those engaged by the year, 2*l.* 10*s.* a month; for six months, 2*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* a month; for three months, 3*l.* 11*s.* a month—besides board and lodging, on the former of which they are not likely to find their bones peeping through their skin. They have meat three times a day—pork five days, and mutton two days in the week—a capital pie at dinner; tea and sugar twice a day; milk *ad libitum*; vegetables twice a day; butter usually three times a day; no spirits nor beer are allowed. The meals are all cooked at the farm, and

the overseer eats with the men, and receives from 75*l.* to 125*l.* a year, besides board and lodging for his family, who keep the farm-house. When every expense is paid, mine host netts a clear six per cent. on his farm, and I think you will allow that he may go to bed at night with little fear of the nightmare of a starving labourer disturbing his slumbers. Not that he troubles sleep much, for he is the nearest thing to perpetual motion I ever saw, not excepting even the Armadillo at the Zoological Gardens, and he has more 'irons in the fire' than there are bayonet-points before Sevastopol.

I must now change my ground, or, if some policeman be my reader, he will be crying out, 'Move on, move on.'

The village contains a population of two thousand inhabitants, and consists of a few streets, the principal of which runs along a terrace, which, being a continuation of the one on which we were lately standing, commands the same lovely view. But, small as is the village, it has four churches, an academy, two banks, two newspaper offices, and a telegraph office. What a slow coach you are, John Bull!

One day I was taking a drive with an amiable couple, who, having been married sixteen or seventeen years, had got well over the mysterious influences of

honeymoonism. The husband was acting Jarvey, and I was inside with madame. The roads being in some places very bad, and neither the lady nor myself being feather-weight, the springs were frequently brought down upon one another with a very disagreeable jerk. The lady remonstrated:

'John, I declare these springs are worn-out, and the carriage itself is little better.'

'Now, Susan, what's the good of your talking that way; you know they are perfectly good, my dear.'

'Oh, John! you know what I say is true, and that the carriage has never been touched since we married.'

'My dear, if I prove to you one of your assertions is wrong, I suppose you will be ready to grant the others may be equally incorrect.'

'Well, what then?' said the unsuspecting wife.

'Why, my dear, I'll prove to you the springs are in perfectly good order,' said the malicious husband, who descried a most abominable bit of road ready for his purpose; and, suiting the action to the word, he put his spicy nags into a hand-canter. Bang went the springs together; and, despite of all the laws of gravitation, madame and I kept bobbing up and down; and into one another's laps.

'Oh, John, stop! stop!'

'No, no, my dear, I shall go on till you're perfectly satisfied with the goodness of the springs and the soundness of the carriage.'

Resistance was useless; John was determined, and the horses would not have tired in a week; so the victim had nothing for it but to cry *peccavi*, upon which John moderated his pace gradually, and our elastic bounds ceased correspondingly, until we settled once more firmly on our respective cushions; then John turned round, and, with a mixed expression of malice and generosity, said, 'Well, my dear, I do think the carriage wants a new lining, but you must admit they are really good springs.' And the curtain fell on this little scene in the drama of 'Sixteen Years after Marriage.' May the happy couple live to re-enact the same sixty years after marriage!

Our drive brought us to the shore of Lake Canesus, and a lovely scene it was; the banks were in many places timbered to the water's edge by the virgin forest, now radiant with the rich autumnal tints; the afternoon sun shone forth in all its glory from a cloudless sky, on a ripp'less lake, which, like a burnished mirror, reflected with all the truthfulness of nature the gorgeous scene above; and as you gazed on the azure abyss below, it kept receding and receding till the wearied sight of the creature was lost in

the fathomless depths of the work of his Almighty Creator. Who has not for the moment imagined that he could realize the infinity of space, as, when gazing at some bright star, he strives to measure the distance of the blue curtain spread behind, which ever receding, so mocks the effort of the ambitious eye, that its powers become bewildered in the unfathomable depths of immensity; but I am not sure whether such feelings do not come home to one more powerfully, when the eye gazes on the same object through the medium of reflection;—for, as with the bounties of the Creator, so with the wonders of His creation—man is too prone to undervalue them in proportion to the frequency with which they are spread before him; and thus the deep azure vault, so often seen in the firmament above, is less likely to attract his attention and engage his meditations, than when the same glorious scene lies mirrored beneath his feet.

This charming lake has comparatively little cultivation on its borders; two or three cottages, and a few cattle grazing, are the only signs that man is asserting his dominion over the wilderness. One of these cottages belongs to a member of the Wadsworth family, who owns some extent of land in the neighbourhood, and who has built a nice little boat for sailing about in the summer season. I may

as well mention in this place, that the roofing generally used for cottages is a wooden tile, called shingle, which is very cheap—12*s.* 6*d.* purchasing enough to cover a thousand feet.

While driving about in this neighbourhood, I saw, for the first time, what is termed a 'plank-road,' a system which has been introduced into the United States from Canada. The method of construction is very simple, consisting of two stringers of oak, two inches square, across which are laid three-inch planks, eight feet long, and generally of hemlock or pine. No spiking of the planks into the stringers is required, and a thin layer of sand or soil being laid over all, the road is made; and as the material for construction is carried along as the work progresses, the rapidity of execution is astonishing: when completed, it is as smooth as a bowling-green. The only objection I ever heard to these roads, is, that the jarring sensation produced by them is very injurious to the horses' legs; but it can hardly be thought that, if the cart were up to the axle and the horse up to the belly-band in a good clay soil, any advantage would be derived from such a primitive state of things. Taking an average, the roads may be said to last from eight to ten years, and cost about 330*l.* a mile. Those in Canada are often made much broader, so as to enable two vehicles to

pass abreast, and their cost is a little above 400*l.* a mile. The toll here is about three-farthings a mile per horse. They have had the good sense to avoid the ridiculous wheel-tollage to which we adhere at home with a tenacity only equalled by its folly, as if a two-wheeled cart, with a ton weight of cargo, drawn by a Barclay and Perkinser, did not cut up a road much more than the little four-wheel carriage of the clergyman's wife, drawn by a cob pony and laden with a tin of soup or a piece of flannel for some suffering parishioner. But as our ancestors adopted this system 'in the year dot, before one was invented,' I suppose we shall bequeath the precious legacy to our latest posterity, unless some 'Rebecca League,' similar to Taffy's a few years since, be got up on a grand national scale, in which case tolls may perhaps be included in the tariff of free-trade. Until that auspicious event take place,—for I confess to an ever-increasing antipathy to paying any gate—we might profit in some of our bleak and dreary districts, by copying the simple arrangement adopted at many American tolls, which consists of throwing a covered archway over the road, so that if you have to unbutton half-a-dozen coats in a snow-storm to find a sixpence, you are not necessitated to button-in a bucketful of snow, which, though it may

cool the body, has a very opposite effect on the temper.

It is bad enough in England; but any one who wishes to enjoy it to perfection had better take a drive from Stirling, crossing the Forth, when, if he select his road happily, he may have the satisfaction of paying half-a-dozen tolls in nearly as many minutes, on the plea that this piece of ground, the size of a cocked-hat-box, and that piece, the size of a cabbage-garden, and so on, belong to different counties; and his amusement may derive additional zest if he be fortunate enough to find the same tollman there whom I met some years ago. When passing his toll in a driving snow-storm that penetrated even to the very marrow, I pulled up a few yards beyond the gate, upon which he came out very sulkily, took the half-crown I tendered him, and walking deliberately back, placed the change on the post of the gate, and said, 'If ye want 'ut, ye may take 'ut; it's no my place to walk half a mile o' the road to gie folk their change;' after which courteous address he disappeared, banging his door to with a sound that fell on the ear very like 'Put that in your pipe and smoke it.' Precious work I had, with a heavy dog-cart, no servant, and a hack whose mouth was case-hardened. I would willingly have given it up; but I knew the brute (the

man, not the horse) would very soon have got drunk upon it; so I persevered until I succeeded, and then went on my road full of thoughts which are, I fear, totally unfit to be committed to paper.

Reader, I must ask you to forgive my wanderings on the banks of the Forth. I hasten back to Geneseo, and pack up ready for to-morrow's start, for the days I had spent with my kind host and his merry family had slipped by so pleasantly I had quite lost count of them. There was but one cloud to our enjoyment, one sad blank in the family group: my sister-in-law, in whose charming society I had fondly hoped to make my first visit to the scenes of her early youth, had been recently summoned to a better world, and the void her absence made in that family circle, of which she was both the radiating and the centering point of affection, was too deeply felt for aught but time ever to eradicate.

CHAPTER VI.

Stirring Scenes and Strange Sights.

MY host having kindly lent me his carriage and a pair of wiry nags, I started for Batavia to meet the railway. The distance was about thirty miles, and the road in many places execrable—in one part so bad that we had to go through a quarter of a mile of wood, as it was absolutely impassable: yet, despite all these hindrances, and without pressing the horses in the least, we completed the distance in the three hours, including from five to ten minutes at a half-way house, where we gave them the usual American bait of a bucket of cold water; and, when we arrived, they were as fresh as four-year-olds, and quite ready to return if need had been. I saw nothing worth remarking during the drive: there was plenty of cultivated land; and plenty of waste, waiting to reward the labourer: all the little villages had their daguerreotype shops, except one, and there the deficiency was supplied by a perambulating artist in a tented cart.

When a railway crosses the road, you are expected

to see it,—the only warning being a large painted board inscribed, 'Look out for the Train.' If it be dark, I suppose you are expected to guess it; but it must be remembered that this is the country of all countries where every person is expected to look after himself. The train coming up soon after my arrival, I went on to Buffalo, amid a railway mixture of tag-rag and bob-tail, squalling infancy and expectorating manhood. On arriving at the terminus, I engaged a cab, and, after waiting half-an-hour, I found that Jarvey was trying to pick up some other 'fare,' not thinking myself and my servant a sufficient cargo to pay well. I tried to find a railway official; but I might almost as well have looked for a flea in a flower-garden—no badges, no distinctive marks, the station full of all the riff-raff of the town:—it was hopeless; at last, by a lucky accident, I saw a man step into a small office, so I bolted after him like terrier after a badger, but I could not draw him: he knew nothing about the cabs, he was busy—nay, in short, he would not be bothered. Having experienced this beautiful specimen of Buffalo railway management, I returned to the open air and lit my cigar. After some time, Cabby, having found that no other 'fare' was to be had, condescended to tell me he was ready; so in I got, and drove to the hotel, on entering which I nearly broke my neck over

a pyramid of boxes, all looking of one family. They turned out to be the property of Mr. G. V. Brooke, the actor, who had just arrived 'to star it' at Buffalo. Supper being ready, as it always is on the arrival of the evening train, I repaired thither, and found the usual wondrous medley which the American tables-d'hôte exhibit, the usual deafening clatter, the usual profusion of eatables, the usual rapidity of action, and the usual disagreeable odour which is consequent upon such a mass of humanity and food combined. Being tolerably tired, I very soon retired to roost.

What a wondrous place is this Buffalo! What a type of American activity and enterprise! I had visited it in the year 1826, and then it had only three thousand inhabitants. The theatre, I remember, amused me immensely: the stage and accommodation for spectators barely occupying an area of twenty-five feet square. Mr. G. V. Brooke's boxes, at that time, would have filled the whole house; and here they are in 1852, drawing our metropolitan stars to their boards. Their population has increased twenty-fold, and now exceeds sixty thousand: a splendid harbour, a light-house, piers, breakwater, &c., have been constructed, and are daily increasing. Churches rear their spiry steeples in every direction. Banks and insurance offices are scattered broadcast. Educational, literary,

and benevolent establishments abound, and upwards of a dozen newspapers are published. Land which, during my visit in 1826, you might almost have had for the asking, is now selling at two hundred guineas the foot of frontage for building: even during the last ten years, the duties collected at the port have increased from 1000*l.* to nearly 14,000*l.* In the year 1852 upwards of four thousand vessels, representing a million and a half of tonnage, cleared at the harbour, and goods to the value of nearly seven millions sterling arrived from the lakes—the greater portion of the cargoes being grain. The value of goods annually delivered by Erie Canal is eight millions. Never was a more energetic hive of humanity than these 'Buffalo lads;' and they are going a-head, every day, racing pace.

Now, John Bull, come with me to the cliff outside the town, and overhanging the Niagara river. Look across the stream, to the Canada shore, and you will see a few houses and a few people. There they have been, for aught I know, since the creation. The town (!) is called Waterloo, and the couple of dozen inhabitants, despite the rich fruits of industry on which they may gaze daily, seem to regard industry as a frightful scourge to be studiously avoided. Their soil is as rich as, if not richer than, that on the opposite shore: the same lake is spread before them, and

the same river runs by their doors. It does, indeed, look hopeless, where such an example, constantly under their eyes, fails to stir them up to action. But, perhaps, you will say, you think you see a movement among the 'dry bones.' True, my dear Bull, there is now a movement; but, if you inquire, you will find it is a Buffalo movement. It is their energy, activity, and enterprise which is making a railway to run across Canada to Goderich, by which means they will save, for traffic, the whole length of Lake Erie, and half that of Lake Huron, for all produce coming from the North of Michigan, Wisconsin, &c. So thoroughly is it American enterprise, that, although the terminus of the railway is at Waterloo, the name is ignored; and Buffalo enterprise having carried forward the work, it is styled the 'Buffalo, Brentford, and Goderich Line.' Truly, John Bull, your colony shows very badly by the side of this same Buffalo. Let us hope increasing intercourse may infuse a little vitality into them.

The train is starting for Niagara, and I am in it, endeavouring to recal the impressions of 1826, which, being but very dim, my anticipations partake of the charm of novelty. While in the middle of a seventh heaven of picturative fancy, the screeching of the break announces the journey's end. As I emerge from the motley group of fellow-passengers, a sound, as of very

distant thunder heard through ears stuffed with cotton, is all that announces the neighbourhood of the giant cataract. A fly is speedily obtained, and off I start for the hotel on the Canadian side. Our drive took us along the eastern bank till we reached the suspension bridge which spans the cliffs of the river. Across this gossamer causeway, vehicles are required to walk, under a heavy penalty for any breach of this rule. The vibration when walking is not very great; but, going at a quick pace, it would undoubtedly be considerable, and might eventually loosen those fastenings on which the aërial pathway depends. Arrived at the other side, I was quite taken aback on being stopped by an official. I found he was merely a *pro formâ* custom-house officer. Not having been schooled in the Old World, he showed none of the ferret, and in a few seconds I was again trotting southwards along the western bank to the Clifton House Hotel. The dull work of life is done, the cab is paid, my room is engaged, and there I am, on the balcony, alone, with the roaring of the cataract in my ears and the mighty cataract itself before my eyes.

What were my first impressions?—That is a difficult question. Certainly, I did not share that feeling of disappointment which some people take pains to express. Such people, if they had dreamt that an unknown friend had left them 100,000*l.*, would feel

disappointed if they awoke and found a legacy of 90,000*l.* lying on their table; or, perhaps, they give expression to their feelings, by way of inducing the public to suppose that their fertile imaginations conceived something far grander than this most glorious work of Nature. If a man propose to go to Niagara for mere beauty, he had better stay at home and look at a lily through a microscope; if to hear a mighty noise, he had better go where the anchors are forged in Portsmouth dockyard; if to see a mighty struggle of waters, he had better take a cruise, on board a pilot-boat, in the Bay of Biscay, during an equinoctial gale; but, if he be content to see the most glorious cataract his Maker has placed upon our globe; if, in a stupendous work of Nature, he have a soul to recognise the Almighty Workman; and, if while gazing thereon, he can travel from Nature up to Nature's God; then, let him go to Niagara, in full assurance of enjoying one of the grandest and most solemnizing scenes that this earth affords. It wants but one qualification to be perfect and complete; that, it had originally when fresh from the hands of its Divine Maker; and of that, man has rifled it,—I mean solitude.—Palace hotels are very convenient things; energy and enterprise are very valuable qualities, and natural features of American character which I admire; but, seeing how universally everything is

sacrificed to the useful and dollar-making, I dread to contemplate the future: for visions rise before me of the woodman's axe levelling the forest timber on Goat Island, which at present shrouds the town; and fancy pictures a line of villas, shops, and mills, ending in a huge hotel, at the edge of the cataract. I trust my vision may never be realized. But my hopes are small; for I invariably observed that, in clearing ground, scarce any attention had been paid to aught else but the best method of getting the best return for the labour bestowed.

Now reader, I have not told you as yet what my impressions were, as I stood on the balcony gazing at Niagara; and, I pray you take not offence, when I add that I have not the slightest intention of trying to record them. Writing frankly as I feel, I have said enough for you to glean something of the turn they took, and to see that they were impressions which a pen is too feeble an agent adequately to express. I shall not tax your patience with Table Rock and Goat Island points of view, American and Canadian falls, the respective beauties of the Straight line and the Horse-shoe; I do not purpose clothing you in Macintosh, and dragging you with trembling steps along the slimy pathway between the Falls and the rock, to gaze on the sun through the roaring and rolling flood; nor will I

draw upon your nerves by a detail of the hair-breadth escapes of Mr. Bumptious and Mrs. Positive, who, when they got half-way along the said path, were seized with panic, and only escaped a header into the boiling caldron by lying flat on their little stomachs until the rest of the party had lionized the whole distance, when the guide returned and hauled them out by the heels, like drowned rats out of a sink-hole; nor will I ask you to walk five miles with me, to see the wooden hut, built over a sulphur spring within ten feet of the river, and which is lit by the sulphuretted hydrogen gas thereof, led through a simple tube.

All these, and the rapids above, and the whirlpool below, and the four-and-a-half million horse-power of the Falls, have been so often described by abler pens and more fertile imaginations, that the effort would be a failure, and the result a bore.

I have in my possession a collection from the various albums at Niagara; it opens with the following lines, by Lord Morpeth—now Earl of Carlisle—

'Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recal
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap
The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
The tread of armies thickening as they come,

The boom of cannon and the beat of drum,
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race,
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisted sweep of human power,
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty!
Oh! may the waves that madden in thy deep,
There spend their rage nor climb the encircling steep,—
And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!'

There are other effusions equally creditable to their authors; but, there is also a mass of rubbish, from which I will only inflict two specimens. One, evidently from the pen of a Cockney; and the other, the poetical inspiration of a free and enlightened.

Cockney poet—

'Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
Is that of seeing Niagara.'

Free and enlightened—

'Of all the roaring, pouring,
Spraying streams that dash,
Niagara is Number One,
All to immortal smash!'

Not desiring to appear to as great disadvantage as either of the two last-quoted writers, I decline the attempt; and, while saving myself, spare the public.

I think reader, that I have a claim upon your

gratitude for not expatiating at greater length upon a theme from which it were easy to fill chapter upon chapter; for, if you are generous, you will throw a veil over the selfish reasons that have produced so happy a result.' I will only add one piece of advice, which is, if the pleasure of visiting Niagara would be enhanced by a full larder and a ruck of people, go there 'during the season;' but if your pleasure would be greater in visiting it when the hotel is empty, even though the larder be nearly in the same state, follow my example and go later in the year, by which means you will partially obtain that quiet, without which, I freely confess I never care to look upon 'The Falls' again.

My traps are all in the ferry-boat: I have crossed the river, been wound up the opposite bank, paid my fare, and am hissing away for Rochester. What thoughts does Rochester give rise to? If you are a commercial man, you will conjure up visions of activity and enterprise; if you are an inquirer into mysteries and manners, your dreams will be of 'spirit-rapping and Bloomers.' Coming fresh from Buffalo, I confess I was rather interested in the latter. But here I am at the place itself, and lodged in an hotel wonderfully handy to the station; and before the front door thereof railways are interlaced like the meshes of

a fisherman's net. Having no conversable companion, I take to my ever faithful and silent friend, the fragrant cigar, and start for a stroll. There is a bookseller's shop at the corner; I almost invariably feel tempted to stop when passing a depôt for literature, especially in a strange place; but on the present occasion a Brobdignagian notice caught my eye, and gave me a queer sensation inside my waistcoat—'Awful Smash among the Banks!' Below, in more Lilliputian characters, followed a list of names. I had just obtained notes of different banks for my travelling expenses, and I knew not how many thereof might belong to the bankrupt list before me; a short examination sufficed, and, with a quieted mind, I continued my stroll and my cigar.

The progress of Rochester has not been so rapid as that of Buffalo; in 1826 they made a pretty fair start, and at present Rochester has only a little above forty thousand, while, as we said a few pages back, Buffalo has sixty thousand. Rochester has the disadvantage of not being built quite on the lake, as Buffalo may be said to be; moreover, the carrying on Lake Ontario is not so great as on Lake Erie. Both towns enjoy the rich advantages of the Erie canal, and Rochester is benefited by water-power in a way Buffalo is not. The Genesee river, in a distance of three miles, falls

nearly two hundred and thirty feet and has three cascades, the greatest of which is upwards of one hundred feet; this power has not been overlooked by the Rochesterians, who have established enormous flour-mills in consequence, using up annually three million bushels of wheat. As one of the Genesee falls was close to the town, I bent my steps thither; the roads were more than ancle deep in mud, and I had some difficulty in getting to the spot; when there, the dreary nakedness of the banks and the matter-of-factism of a huge mill, chased even the very thought of beauty from my mind: whether man stripped the banks, or Nature, I cannot say—but I should rather 'guess' it was man.

I was puddling back full of disappointment, and had just got upon the wooden pavement, which is a trottoir upon the plank-road system, when I saw a strange sail ahead, with rather a novel rig; could it be? —no! yes!—no! yes!—yes, by George! a real, living Rochester Bloomer was steering straight for me. She was walking arm-in-arm with a man who looked at a distance awfully dirty; upon closer examination, I found the effect was produced by his wearing all his face-hair close clipped, like a hunter's coat in the season: but I had little time to spare upon *him*—the Bloomer was the star of attraction: on she came with

a pretty face, dark hair, eyes to match, and a good figure; she wore a black beaver hat, low crown, and broad brim; round the hat was tied, in a large bow, a bright red ribbon: under a black silk polka, which fitted to perfection, she had a pair of chocolate coloured pantaloons, hanging loosely and gathered in above the ancles, and a neat pair of little feet were cased in a sensible pair of boots, light, but at the same time substantial. A gap occurring in the trottoir, and the roads being shockingly muddy, I was curious to see how Bloomer faced the difficulty: it never seemed to give her a moment's thought: she went straight at it and reached the opposite side with just as much ease as her companion.

Now, reader, let us change the scene and bring before you one with which you are probably not unfamiliar. Place—A muddy crossing near a parish school. Time—Play hours. *Dramatis personæ*—An old lady and twenty school-boys. Scene—The old lady comes sailing along the footway, doing for nothing that for which sweepers are paid; arrived at the crossing, a cold shudder comes over her as she gazes in despair at the sea of mud she must traverse; behold now the frantic efforts she is making to gather up the endless mass of gown, petticoats, and auxiliaries with which custom and fashion have smothered her;

hands can scarcely grasp the puckers and the folds; at last she makes a start, exhibiting a beautifully filled pair of snow-white stockings; on she goes, the journey is half over; suddenly a score of urchin voices are heard in chorus, 'Twig her legs, twig her legs.' The irate dame turns round to reprove them by words, or wither them with a glance; but alas! in her indignation she raises a threatening hand, forgetful of the important duties it was fulfilling, and down go gown, petticoats, and auxiliaries in the filthy mire; the boys of course roar with delight—it's the jolliest fun they have had for many a day; the old lady gathers up her bundle in haste, and reaches the opposite side with a filthy dress and a furious temper. Let any mind, unwarped by prejudice and untrammeled by custom, decide whether the costume of the Rochester Bloomer or of the old lady be the more sensible.

I grant that I have placed before you the two extremes, and I should be as sorry to see my fair friends in 'cut o' knee' kilts, as I now am to see them in 'sweep the ground gowns,' &c. 'But,' cries one, 'You will aim a blow at female delicacy!' A blow, indeed! when all that female delicacy has to depend upon, is the issue of a struggle between pants and petticoats, it will need no further blow; it is pure

matter of fashion and custom. Do not girls wear a Bloomer constantly, till they are fourteen or fifteen, then generally commence the longer dress? And what reason can be given but custom, which, in so many articles of dress, is ever changing? How long is it since the dressing of ladies' hair for Court was a work of such absurd labour and nicety, that but few artists were equal to the task, and, consequently, having to attend so many customers, ladies were often obliged to have their hair dressed the day before, and sit up all night that the coiffure might remain perfect? Or how long is it since ladies at Court used to move about like human balloons, with gowns hooped out to such an extent that it was a work of labour and dexterity to get in and out of a carriage; trains, &c., to match? Hundreds of people, now living, can not only remember these things, but can remember also the outcry with which the proposal of change was received. Delicacy, indeed! I should be glad to know what our worthy grandmammas would think of the delicacy of the present generation of ladies, could they but see them going about with nothing but an oyster-shell bonnet stuck at the back of their heads! Take another remnant of barbarism, handed down to us in the shape of powder. Masters have taken care of themselves, and got rid of the abomination; so have upper servants;

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but so wedded are some people to the habit, that they still continue to pay a poll-tax of 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* for the pleasure of powdering and plastering their footmen's heads, as if they had just escaped from a flour-mill and passed a greasy hand over their hair: will any one deny, that the money spent in the tax. would promote 'John's' comfort and cleanliness much more, if expended in good baths, brown Windsor, and small-tooth combs.

Pardon me, reader, I feel that there is no analogy between a Bloomer and a small-tooth comb; it is from following out the principle of recording the reflections which what I saw gave rise to, that I have thus wandered back to the old country; with your permission, we are again at Rochester, and the Bloomer has gone out of sight round the corner.

The shades of evening having closed in upon me, I retired to roost. My head was snugly bedded in my pillow; I was in that charmingly doubtful state in which thoughts and droams have become imperceptibly blended. Suddenly there was a trumpet-blast, loud as a thunder-clap, followed by bells ringing as rapidly as those of the churches at Malta; as, these died away, the hum of human voices and the tread of human feet along the passages followed, and then all was once more hushed in silence. I turned over, gave

the clothes an extra jerk, and again sought the land of dreams. Vain and delusive hope!—trains seemed starting or arriving every half-hour, and the whole night was passed 'mid the soothing varieties of mineral trumpets and bells, and animal hoofs and tongues, till from sheer exhaustion, about five A.M. I dropped off into a snooze, which an early start rendered it necessary to cut short soon after seven.

Mem: What a nice thing it is to put up at an hotel quite handy to a railway station.

Reader, you are doubtless aware that Rochester is on Lake Ontario, and a considerable distance from New York; but I must nevertheless beg you to transport yourself to the latter place, without going through the humdrum travelling routine of—stopped here, stopped there, ate here, ate there, which constituted the main features of my hasty journey thither, undertaken for the purpose of seeing my brother off, on his return to Europe, which duty bringing me within the yachting waters of New York, I think this a legitimate place for a chapter on the 'Black Maria.'

CHAPTER VII.

Construction and Destruction.

THE 'Black Maria' is a vessel so unique in every respect, that the most detailed description of her cannot but be most interesting to all yachting men; and so far from apologizing for the length of my observations, I would rather crave indulgence for the scanty information which this chapter will afford; but as it must prove pre-eminently dull to those who are ignorant of such matters, I would entreat them to pass it over, lest, getting through the first page, their ideas become bewildered, and, voting me a bore, they throw down the book, subjoining a malediction upon my poor innocent head.

The following notes were furnished me by Commodore Stevens and his brother, who were the designers and builders of this extraordinary yacht, and I therefore can vouch for their accuracy.

In case the term 'centre-board' should be unknown to my reader, it may be as well to explain that it means a board passing longitudinally through the keel, above which a strong water-tight case is fixed

for its reception; it is raised and lowered by hand or by machinery, according to its weight. The advantages proposed by the centre-board are—the stability it gives to the vessel on a wind when let down; the resistance it removes if, when running before the wind, it be raised; the small draught of water which the vessel requires, thereby enabling her to keep close in shore out of the influence of strong tides, &c.; and, lastly, the facility for getting afloat again, by merely raising the centre-board, should she take the ground. To proceed with the notes:—

THE CUTTER YACHT 'BLACK MARIA.'

Displacement, 145 tons.

Draught of water on straight keel, 5 feet 2 inches.

Length of straight keel, 60 feet, then running away in a curving line upwards till at the bow it draws 10 inches.

Length of centre-board, 24 feet.

Total depth of ditto, 15 feet; weight, 7 tons.

Foremost end of ditto, about 8 feet abaft the foremost end of straight keel.

When let down it descends 10 feet at the after end, and 8 feet at the foremost. It is made of oak, with sufficient lead let in to make it sink. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance one man is enabled to raise and lower it with perfect facility.

There is another centre-board abaft, about 10 feet from the stern, which is 8 feet long, with a total depth of 9 feet, and, when down, extending 5 feet below the keel.

Length over all, 113 feet.

The extreme beam is 26½ feet at 40 feet from the rudder-post, running aft to about 19 feet at taffrail; forward, it decreases about 20 inches when abreast of mast, thence runs away sharp to about 4 feet at the bow.

The mainmast is placed about 5 feet abaft the end of straight keel; it is 92 feet long, housing 8 feet: the diameter in the partners is 32 inches, tapering off to 23 inches at the hounds. The mast is made of white pine, the centre of it is bored out, for the lowest twenty feet about 12 inches diameter—the next, 20 feet 10 inches diameter—the next, 20 feet 8 inches, and the remainder 7 inches. This was done to make the mast lighter, and, by the circulation of air, enable it to season itself.

The main boom is 95 feet long[a] and made like a cask. The staves are 31 in number, of white pine,

[a] The largest boom in the Navy is 72 feet long, and 16½ inches in diameter; the largest mast is 127 feet 3 inches long, and 42 inches diameter; the largest yard is 111 feet long, and 26½ inches diameter.

2¼ inches thick; the staves are of different lengths, so as to vary the points at which they respectively abut. The extreme length of boom is obtained by two lengths of the staves; small cogs of wood are let in at intervals, half in one stave and half in its neighbour, so as to keep them from drawing, the whole bound together with strong hoops fitted with screws. The extreme diameter of the boom is 26 inches where the sheets are fixed, tapering off at the jaws, and 13 inches at the boom end. To give additional support to the boom, an iron outrigger, extending about 3 feet on each side thereof, is fixed where the boom sheets are placed, and a strong iron brace extends from the jaws through the outrigger to the boom end. The gaff is of spruce, 61 feet long and 9 inches diameter.

The bowsprit is of white pine, 38 feet long, 18 of which is outboard, the remainder comes under the deck, is let in to each beam and abuts against the bitts; it is 24 inches diameter, and bored out like the mast, from 10 inches diameter at the heel to 7 at the end. The jibboom is made of two pieces of yellow pine, grooved out and hooped together; it is about 70 feet long and about 8 inches in diameter; the foot of the jib is laced to this spar on hooks (when required).

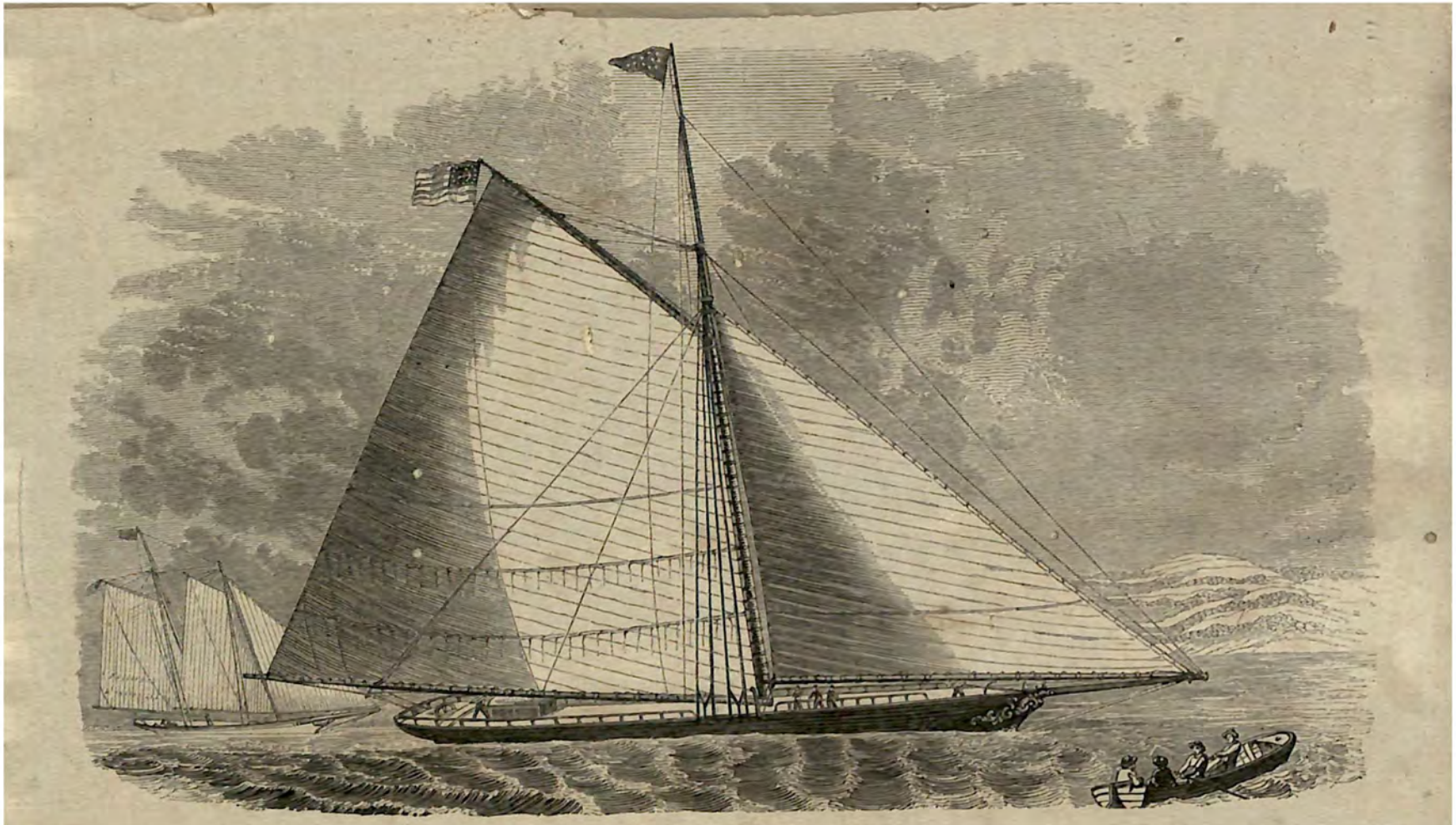
The mainsail is made with the seams horizontal, to avoid the resistance perpendicular seams in so large a

sail would offer to the wind. It has been calculated that the resistance of perpendicular seams, in a sail of this size, is equal to that of a plank 10 inches broad and 60 feet long, placed on end broadside to the wind; the luff of the sail is 66 feet; the foot, 93; the head, 50; the head and foot of the sail are laced to battens under gaff and on boom; the luff is brought to the mast by a contrivance as original as it is perfect; two battens are fixed on afterpart of the mast, about an inch and a half apart, the inner parts shod with iron, and rather broader than the exterior opening. To each eyelet-hole of the sail a strong brass-plate is fixed, having 4 rollers traversing fore and aft, and 2 transversely; these plates, as the sail goes up, are slipped into the grooves of the battens, the rollers preventing friction, and the battens keeping the luff fixed to the after centre line of the mast—without this ingenious arrangement the huge mast would, if on a wind, becalm at least 3 feet of the sail—three lazy-jacks are fitted to support the huge mass of canvas when lowering the sail.

The jib is 69 feet in the hoist, and 70 in the foot.

The bobstays are of solid iron, running 8 feet on each side of the keel, and going through a strong iron cap over the bowsprit end, where, a strong iron washer being put on, they are securely fixed with a nut.

It will be seen that there is a slight discrepancy



The Black Maria.—(Vide List of Plates.)

between some of the measurements which I have given, and those which are marked on the print; I place confidence in those I have received direct from the fountain-head; the difference is, however, so trifling, as scarce to need any notice. I regret omitting to obtain the length of the after-leech of the mainsail, and of the head of the jib; but I think the print, which I believe to be very accurate, would justify me in concluding that the former is about 110 feet, and the latter about 120 feet.

Assuming these calculations to be correct—and they cannot be very far wrong—the mainsail would contain about 5790 square feet, and the jib about 2100 square feet. When it is remembered that the largest sail in the British Navy only contains 5480 square feet, some conception may be formed of their gigantic proportions.

The gallant commodore was kind enough to trip his anchor and give me a short cruise. Unfortunately, there was scarcely a breath of wind; but even under the influence of such scanty propelling power, the way she shot through the water, like a dolphin in full cry, was perfectly marvellous; and the ease with which she came round, and the incredible distance she shot ahead in stays, was, if possible, more astonishing still; she steered as easy as a jolly-boat; or if, when

running, a puff made her refractory, by dropping the after centre-board she became as docile as a lamb. My only regret was that I could not see her under the high pressure of a good snorter. Of course, any salt-water fish will have long since discovered that this wonderful yacht is a leviathan plaything, and totally unfit to withstand the most moderate gale, especially if any sea were running. What she might do if she were sparred, as other vessels of her tonnage usually are, I cannot pretend to say; but my yachting friends need never expect to see her, with her present rig, re-enacting the 'America,' hurling friendly defiance at the R.Y.C., and carrying off the crown of victory in their own waters.

But if any of my Cowes friends are anxious to test the powers of the 'Maria,' the gallant commodore will be happy to accommodate them, and—as he expressed it to me—will further rejoice at having an opportunity of returning some of the many hospitalities which made his short stay in England so agreeable to him. The only complaint I heard him make of the rules of the yachting at Cowes, was the want of some restriction as to vessels entering shallow water, by which omission a yacht with a light draught of water is enabled sometimes to draw ahead of her competitors by simply hugging the land out of the full swing of the tide,

while others are forced, from their deeper draught of water, to struggle against its full force. As, in my humble opinion, the observation is a perfectly just one, I insert it here for the consideration of those whom it may concern.

The accommodation on board is not nearly so great as in an English yacht, partly owing to the little height between decks, consequent upon her very small draught of water, and partly owing to the great space taken up by the case for the centre-board; besides which, it should be remembered that a yacht is not used as a home in America in the same way as in England. The great, and, I might almost say, the only quality, transatlantic yachtsmen care about, is speed; and I think my yachting friends at Cowes must admit that they have proved that they know how to attain their end, and that Mr. Steers, the builder of the 'America,' is second to none in his craft; unless the 'Black Maria' some future day assume a practicable rig, and, crossing the Atlantic, earn the victor's laurels, in which case Steers will have to yield the palm to the worthy fraternity, who are at one and the same time the owners, builders, and sailers of the subject of this chapter.

I believe it is very generally considered that the wind-up of a day's sport is by no means the least

enjoyable portion of the twenty-four hours, when it comes in the shape of good fellowship and good cheer; and upon the present occasion we had both alike undeniable of their kind. The commodore's cellar is as rich a rarity in its way as the Bernal collection, and, from the movement of the corks, I should imagine it was upon an equally large scale. I do not purpose inflicting a bill of fare upon you; but having, in the foregoing pages, made a promise to furnish the proper recipe for Toddy and Chowder, I consider this the proper place to redeem that promise, under the guidance of my hospitable host, who initiated me fully into the mysteries of mixture, proportion, &c., by making both before me.

Whether it is of great importance to adhere exactly to the recipes, I cannot pretend to say; the soup was pronounced on all hands to be most excellent, and some of the knowing ones declared it was unusually good. We afterwards found out a good reason for its superior excellence. It appears that the commodore had given some instructions to the steward, which he evidently had not understood, for, upon asking that functionary towards the end of dinner for a bottle of fine old Madeira which had been kept back as a bonnebouche, he gave a wild stare of astonishment, and said he had put it all into the chowder. This

little addition, I can testify, most certainly did not spoil it. The toddy was not subject to any such unwarrantable addition; and, if I may judge from the quantity taken by my neighbours, they all found it as delicious a drink as I did myself.

Recipes.

TODDY.—4 tumblers of water: 1 ditto, sugar: peel of 5 lemons, and dessert spoon of the juice: add a few pieces of peach and pine-apple, and some strawberries. Quarter of an hour before use, throw in 2 tumblers of old rum and a lump or two of block ice.

CHOWDER.—Saucepan ready, frizzle pork and onions till quite brown; put a layer at bottom of the saucepan—saucerful;—on that, a layer of mashed potatoes—soup-plateful;—on that, raw sea-bass,[a] cut in lumps, 4 lbs.;—on that, pork and onions as before;—add half a nutmeg, spoonful of mace, spoonful of cloves, and double that quantity of thyme and summer savory; another layer of mashed potatoes, 3 or 4 Crackers,[b] half a bottle of ketchup, half a bottle of claret, a liberal pinch of black, and a small pinch of red pepper. Just cover this with boiling water, and put it on the fire till the fish is cooked.

[a] Turbot is a good substitute for sea-bass.

[b] A small American biscuit made of best flour.

The gallant commodore and his brother are now employed in building an iron bomb-proof floating battery, four hundred feet long, intended as a harbour defence. What guns she is destined to mount is a question which has not been definitively settled.

In so large a community as that of New York, the supply of water forms a subject of the highest importance, especially when the rapid increase of the population is taken into account. Some conception of this extraordinary increase may be formed from the statistical fact that the city, which in the year of Independence contained only 35,000 inhabitants, has now 850,000, if the suburbs are included; nearly 4000 vessels enter the port annually, bearing merchandise valued at £25,500,000, and bringing 300,000 emigrants, of whom one-third are Irish and one-third German. The tonnage of New York is upwards of a million, or equal to one-fourth of that of the whole Union: the business of the city gives employment to upwards of fifty banks. Religion is represented by 250 churches, of which 46 are Presbyterian, and 45 are Episcopalian. The Press sends forth 155 papers, of which 14 are published daily and 58 weekly.

This short sketch will suffice to show that the city required a supply of water upon a gigantic scale. The difficulties were increased by the situation of the town,

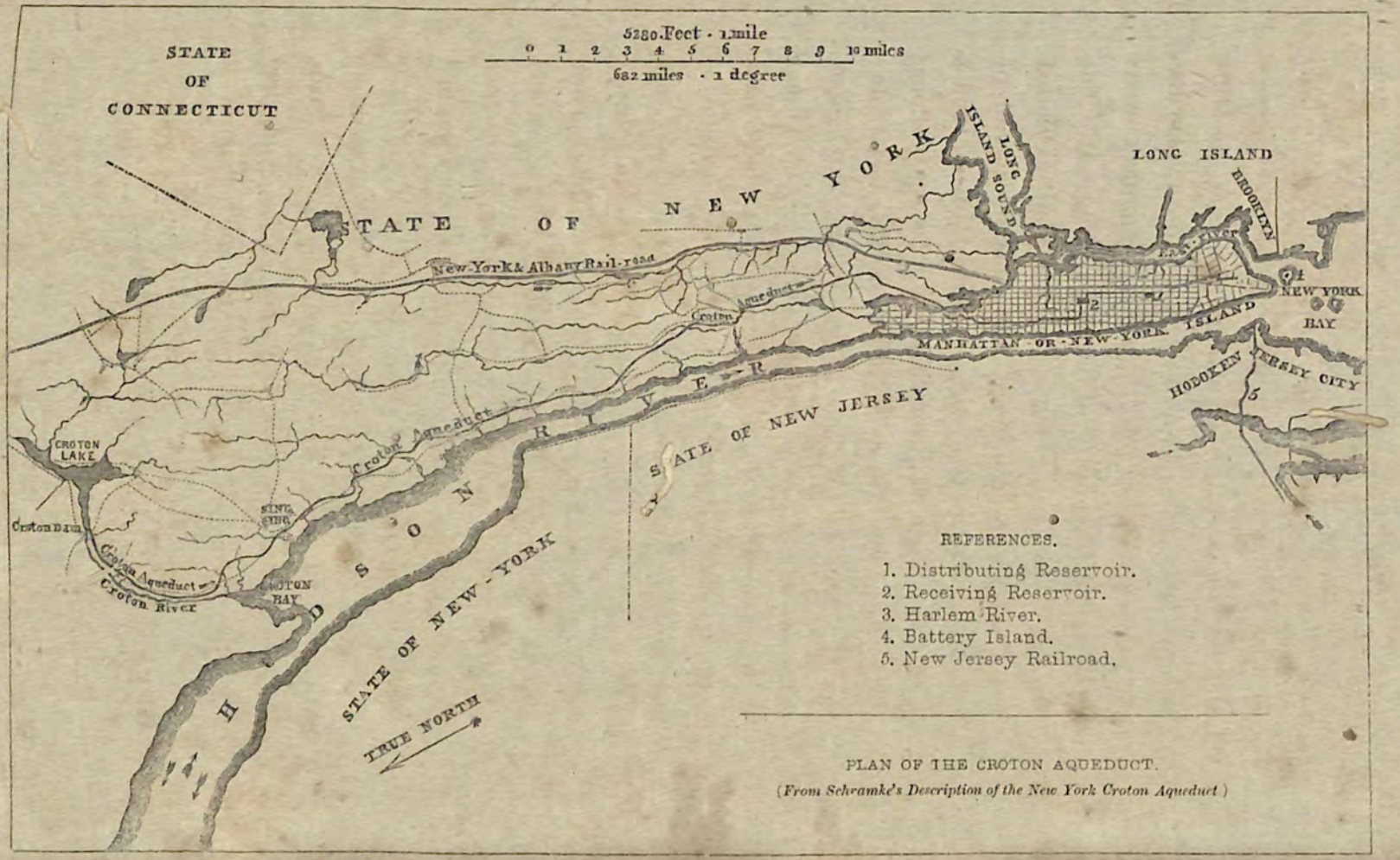
which is built upon the eastern extremity of an island —Manhattan—fourteen miles long and two broad, the highest point of which is but two hundred and thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea. Various plans for supplying water had been attempted without success, and the health of the population was suffering so much in consequence, that at last American energy, which here had been long dormant, rose like a giant refreshed, and commenced that imperishable monument, the Croton aqueduct.*

It is impossible to convey any idea of this stupendous work without figures; but I will endeavour to draw upon your patience as little as possible. My authority is a work published by Mr. Schramke, in English, French, and German, and full of explanatory details and plans, &c. Mr. Schramke being one of the corps of engineers employed upon the work, I conclude his statements are peculiarly accurate. Long discussions, patient investigations, and careful surveys, combined to fix the position for commencing operations upon the Croton river, forty and a half miles from New York, and five miles below a small lake of the same name. All the preliminaries had been hitherto carried on under the superintendence of

* *Vide* sketch of Aqueduct.

Major Douglas, professor of engineering at the Military Academy at West Point; but, owing to some disagreements, Mr. J. B. Jervis was the engineer eventually selected to carry out the undertaking. It is but just to mention his name, as the skill exhibited entitles him to lasting fame. By the construction of a substantial dam, the water was raised 40 feet, and a collecting reservoir formed, of 500,000,000 gallons, above the level that would allow the aqueduct to discharge 35,000,000 gallons a day. This stupendous work consists of a covered way seven feet broad and eight feet and a half high; in its course it has to pass through sixteen tunnellings, forming an aggregate of nearly 7000 feet, to cross the river Harlem[a] by a bridge 1450 feet long and 114 feet above tide water, and to span various valleys. The receiving reservoir outside the town gives a water surface of 31 acres, and contains 150,000,000 gallons; it is divided into two separate compartments, so that either may be emptied for cleansing or repair. From this point the water is carried on, by three 36-inch pipes, to the distributing reservoir, which is 386 feet square and 42 feet deep, but filled generally to the depth of 38 feet, and then holding 21,000,000 gallons. From this point it

[a] *Vide* vignette of Harlem Bridge.



PLAN OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

(From Schramke's Description of the New York Croton Aqueduct.)

radiates throughout the city by means of 134 miles of pipes, varying in size from 4 to 36 inches There is an average fall of 14 inches in the mile; and the supply, if required, can be increased to 60,000,000 gallons daily. The total cost was £2,500,000; the revenue derived from it is £100,000 a year, moderate-sized houses paying £2, and others in proportion.

In conclusion, I would observe that this grand work is entitled to notice from the skill displayed by the engineers, the quantity of the supply, and the quality of the article, which latter is nearly as good as sherry cobbler—not quite. If my reader has been inveigled into reading the foregoing details, and has got bored thereby, a gallon of Croton water is an admirable antidote; but, as that may not be available, I would suggest a cobbler, and another page or two; the latter upon the principle adopted by indiscreet drinkers, of 'taking a hair of the dog that bit them.'

The concluding passage of the last paragraph reminds me of a practice which, I have no doubt, the intense heat of a New York summer renders very advisable, if not absolutely necessary—viz., the canine *auto-da-fé*, which takes place in July. The heart sickens at the thought of the wholesale murder

of 'man's most faithful companion,' and the feeling increases when you read that sometimes more than a thousand dogs fall victims to the law in one season; but that very fact is the strongest point which can be urged in its justification: for the dry hot atmosphere of the summer affords a ready stepping-stone to hydrophobia, and the larger the canine family, the greater the danger of that fearful and incurable disease.

Upon a certain day, the mayor of New York offers the usual reward of 2s. for every dog, which, having been found unmuzzled in the streets, is brought to the canine pound. However judicious this municipal regulation may be, it cannot fail to strike the reader as offering one most objectionable feature, in the golden harvest which it enables those astute rogues, the dog-stealers, to reap. Any one conversant with the irresistible nostrums possessed by those rascals, can readily understand what an extensive field is hereby opened up to them; and, if one can form a just opinion by comparing the number of dogs one habitually meets in the streets with the multitude that are reputed to fall victims under the official mandate, they certainly make the most of their opportunity.

To any admirer of the race, the inside of the pound must be a most painful and revolting spectacle:

there may be seen, lying side by side, 'dignity and impudence,' the fearless bull and the timid spaniel, the bloated pug and the friendly Newfoundland, the woolly lap-dog and the whining cur; some growling in defiance, some whimpering in misery, some looking imploringly—their intelligent eyes challenging present sympathy on the ground of past fidelity—all, all in vain: the hour that summons the Mussulman to prayer, equally silently tolls their death-knell; yon glorious sun, setting in a flood of fire, lights them to their untimely grave; one ruthless hand holds the unconscious head, another with deadly aim smashes the skull and scatters the brain—man's faithful friend is a corpse.

Owners are allowed to reclaim their property before sunset, on payment of the 2*s*. reward; the best-looking dogs are sometimes kept for two or three days, as purchasers are frequently found. The price, after the first day, is, the killer's fee and the food given, in addition to the original reward; altogether, it rarely exceeds 8*s*. The owner has to purchase like any other person. The bodies are all taken away to be boiled down for their fat, and the skins go to the tanners. Let us now turn from this disgusting subject to something more agreeable.

I have already alluded to the great fancy Americans

have for trotters. The best place to see 'turns out' is the Bloomingdale road, which runs out of New York, nearly parallel with the Hudson, and separated from it only by the country villas, &c., built on the banks of that noble stream. This drive may be called a purely democratic 'Rotten-row,' as regards its being the favourite resort; but there the similarity ceases. To the one, people go to lounge, meet friends, and breathe fresh air on horseback; to the other, people go with a fixed determination to pass everybody, and on wheels. To the one, people go before dinner; to the other, after.

A friend of mine having offered me a feed, and a seat behind a pair of three-minuters, the offer was too good to be refused. The operation of getting into one of these four-wheel wagons, looks perplexing enough, as the only rest for the feet, which appears, is the cap of the axle; but, upon pulling the horses' heads into the middle of the street, and thus locking the fore-wheels, a step is discovered, which renders the process easy. It is difficult to say which is the more remarkable, the lightness of the wagon, or the lightness of the harness; either is sufficient to give a nervous feeling of insufficiency to a stranger who trusts himself to them for the first time; but experience proves both their sufficiency and their advantage.

In due time, we reached the outer limits of the town; struggling competitors soon appeared, and, in spite of dust as plentiful as a plague of locusts, every challenge was accepted; a fair pass once made, the victor was satisfied, and resumed a more moderate pace. We had already given one or two the go-by, when we heard a clattering of hoofs close behind us, and the well-known cry, 'G'lang.' My friend let out his three-minuters, but ere they reached their speed, the foe was well on our bow, and there he kept, bidding us defiance. It is, doubtless, very exciting to drive at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and though the horses' hoofs throw more gravel down your throat in five minutes than would suffice a poultry-yard for a week, one does not think of it at the time.

On we flew; our foe on two wheels and single harness every now and then letting us get abreast of him, and then shooting ahead like an arrow from a bow. A few trials showed us the struggle was useless: we had to deal with a regular 'pacer,' and—as I have elsewhere remarked—their speed is greater than that of any fair trotter, although so fatiguing that they are unable to keep it up for any great distance; but as we had already turned the bottom of the car into a gravel-pit, we did not think it worth

while to continue the amusement. The reason may be asked why these wagons have such low splash-boards as to admit all the gravel? The reason is simple. Go-ahead is the great desideratum, and they are kept low to enable you to watch the horses' hind legs; by doing which, a knowing Jehu can discover when they are about to break into a gallop, and can handle 'the ribands' accordingly.

A tremendous storm brewing to windward, cut short our intended drive; and, putting the nags to their best pace, we barely succeeded in obtaining shelter ere it burst upon us; and such a pelter as it came down, who ever saw? It seemed as though the countless hosts of heaven had been mustered with barrels, not buckets, of water, and as they upset them on the poor devoted earth, a regular hurricane came to the rescue, and swept them eastward to the ocean. The sky, from time to time, was one blaze of sheet lightning, and during the intervals, forked flashes shot through the darkness like fiery serpents striking their prey. This storm, if short, was at all events magnificently grand, and we subsequently found it had been terribly destructive also; boats on the Hudson had been capsized and driven ashore, houses had been unroofed, and forest trees split like penny canes.

The inn where we had taken shelter was fortunately not touched, nor were any of the trees which surrounded it. Beautifully situated on a high bank, sloping down to the Hudson, full of fine old timber; it had belonged to some English noble—I forget his name—in the old colonial times; now, it was a favourite baiting-place for the frequenters of the Bloomingdale road, and dispensed the most undeniably good republican drinks, cobblers, cock-tails, slings, and hail-storms, with other more substantial and excellent things to match. The storm being over, we unhitched the horses, and returned to town at a more sober pace; nor were we much troubled with dust during the drive home.

Lest the reader should get wearied with so long a stay at New York, I now propose to shift the scene for his amusement, and hope he will accompany me in my wanderings. If, during the operation, he occasionally finds me tedious in any details uninteresting to him, I trust that a judicious skipping of a few leaves will bring us again into agreeable companionship.

CHAPTER VIII.

South and West.

BEING anxious to visit the southern parts of this empire state, and having found an agreeable companion, we fixed upon an early day in November for our start; and although I anticipated much pleasure from the scenery and places of interest which my proposed trip would carry me through, I could not blind myself to the sad fact, that the gorgeous mantle of autumn had fallen from the forest, and left in its stead the dreary nakedness of winter. The time I could allot to the journey was unfortunately so short, that, except of one or two of the leading places, I could not hope to have more than literally a flying sight, and should therefore be insensibly compelled to receive many impressions from the travelling society among which the Fates threw me.

Eight o'clock in the morning found us both at the Jersey ferry, where our tickets for Baltimore —both for man and luggage—were to be obtained. It was a pelting snow-storm, and the luggage-ticketing

had to be performed *al fresco*, which, combined with the total want of order so prevalent in the railway establishments in this country, made it anything but an agreeable operation. Our individual tickets were obtained under shelter, but in an office of such Lilliputian dimensions, that the ordinary press of passengers made it like a theatrical squeeze on a Jenny Lind night; only with this lamentable difference—that the theatrical squeeze was a prelude to all that could charm the senses, whereas the ticket squeeze was, I knew but too well, the precursor of a day of most uncomfortable travelling.

Having our tickets, we crossed the ever-glorious Hudson, and, landing at Jersey City, had the pleasure of 'puddling it up' through the snow to the railway carriages. There they were, with the red-hot stove and poisonous atmosphere, as usual; so my friend and I, selecting a cushionless 'smoking-car,' where the windows would at all events be open, seated ourselves on the hard boards of resignation, lit the tapery weed of consolation, and shrouded ourselves in its fragrant clouds. On we went, hissing through the snow-storm, till the waters of the Delaware brought us to a stand-still; then, changing to a steamer, we crossed the broad stream, on which, to save time, they served dinner, and almost before it was ended we had reached Philadelphia, where 'buses were in waiting

to take us to the railway. I may as well mention here, that one of the various ways in which the glorious liberty of the country shows itself, is the deliberate manner in which 'buses and stages stop in the middle of the muddiest roads, in the worst weather, so that you may get thoroughly well mudded and soaked in effecting your entry. Equality, I suppose, requires that if the coachman is to be wet and uncomfortable, the passengers should be brought as near as possible to the same state.

The 'buses being all ready, off we started, and just reached the train in time; for, being a mail-train, it could not wait, though we had paid our fares all through to Baltimore. Soon after our departure, I heard two neighbours conversing between the intervals of the clouds of Virginia which they puffed assiduously. Says one, 'I guess all the baggage is left behind.' The friend, after a long draw at his weed, threw out a cloud sufficient to cover the rock of Gibraltar, and replied, with the most philosophical composure, 'I guess it aint nurthin' else.' My friend and I puffed vigorously, and looked inquiringly at each other, as much as to say, 'Can our luggage be left behind?' Soon the conductor appeared to *viser* the tickets: he would solve our doubts.—'I say, conductor, is our luggage which came from New York

left behind?' 'Ay, I guess it is, every stick of it; and if you had been ten minutes later, I guess you might have stayed with it; it'll come on to-night, and be at Baltimore to-morrow morning about half-past four; if you'll give me your tickets, and tell me what hotel you are going to, I'll have it sent up.' Upon inquiry, we found this was a very common event, nor did anybody seem to think it a subject worth taking pains to have rectified, though the smallest amount of common sense and common arrangement might easily obviate it. And why this indifference? Because, first, it would cost a few cents; secondly, it doesn't affect the majority, who travel with a small hand-bag only; thirdly, the railway across New Jersey is a monopoly, and therefore people must take that road or none; and lastly, from the observations I elicited in the course of examining my witnesses, it appeared to me that the jealousy and rivalry existing between New Jersey, New York, and Philadelphia, have some little effect; at all events, it is an ignoble affair that it is suffered to remain. I have, however, no doubt that time will remedy this, as I trust it will many of the other inconveniences and wants of arrangement which the whole railway system in this country is at present subject to.—To return from my digression.

On we went, and soon crossed the Campbell-immortalized Susquehana. Whatever beauties there were, the elements effectually concealed; and after a day's journey, which, for aught we saw, might as well have been over the Shrap Falls, half-past six P.M. landed us in Baltimore, where we safely received our luggage the following morning.

A letter of introduction to a friend soon surrounded us with kindness in this hospitable city. My object in stopping here was merely to enjoy a little of the far famed canvas-back duck shooting and eating, as I purposed revisiting these parts early in spring, when I should have more leisure. No sooner were our wishes known than one of our kind friends immediately offered to drive us down to Maxwell Point, which is part of a large property belonging to General Cadwallader, and is situated in one of the endless inlets with which Chesapeake Bay abounds. All being arranged, our friend appeared in a light wagon, with a pair of spicy trotters before it. The road out was dreary and uninteresting enough; but when we left it, and turned into a wagon way through an extensive forest, I could not but feel what a lovely ride or drive it must be in the more genial seasons of the year, when the freshness of spring and summer, or the richness of autumn, clothes the dense wood with its

beauties. A short and pleasant drive brought us to a ferry, by which we crossed over to the famous Point; thereby avoiding the long round which we otherwise must have made. The waters were alive with duck in every direction; it reminded me forcibly of the Lake Menzaleh, near Damietta, the only place where I had ever before seen such a duckery.

The sporting ground is part of a property belonging to General Cadwallader, and is leased to a club of gentlemen; they have built a very snug little shooting-box, where they leave their guns and *matériel* for sport, running down occasionally from Baltimore for a day or two, when opportunity offers, and enjoying themselves in true pic-nic style.[a] The real time for good sport is from the middle of October to the middle of November, and what produces the sport is, the ducks shifting their feeding-ground, in performing which operation they cross over this long point. As the season gets later, the birds do not shift their ground so frequently; and, moreover, getting scared by the eternal cannonade which is kept up, they fly very high when they do cross. The best times are daybreak and just before

[a] Since I was there, General Cadwallader has taken the place into his own hands.

dark; but even then, if the weather is not favourable, they pass but scantily. My friend warned me of this, as the season for good sport was already passed, though only the nineteenth of November, and he did not wish me to be disappointed. We landed on the Point about half-past four P.M., and immediately prepared for mischief, though those who had been there during the day gave us little encouragement.

The *modus operandi* is very simply told. You dress yourself in the most invisible colours, and, armed with a huge duck-gun—double or single, as you like—you proceed to your post, which is termed here a 'blind.' It is a kind of box, about four feet high, with three sides and no top; a bench is fixed inside, on which to sit and place your loading gear. These blinds are fixed in the centre line of the long point, and about fifty yards apart. One side of the point they call 'Bay,' and the other 'River.' The sportsmen look out carefully from side to side, and the moment any ducks are seen in motion, the cry is given 'bay' or 'river,' according to the side from which they are approaching. Each sportsman, the moment he 'views the ducks,' crouches down in his blind as much out of sight as possible, waiting till they are nearly overhead, then, rising with his murderous weapon, lets drive at them the moment they

have passed. As they usually fly very high, their thick downy coating would turn any shots directed against them on their approach. In this way, during a favourable day in the early part of the season, a mixed 'file and platoon' firing of glorious *coups de roi* is kept up incessantly. We were very unfortunate that evening, as but few ducks were in motion, and those few passed at so great a height that, although the large A.A. rattled against them from a ponderous Purdey which a friend had lent me, they declined coming down. I had only succeeded in getting one during my two hours' watching, when darkness forced me to beat a retreat.

But who shall presume to attempt a description of the luscious birds as they come in by pairs, 'hot and hot?' A dozen of the members of the club are assembled; a hearty and hospitable welcome greets the stranger—a welcome so warm, that he cannot feel he is a stranger; every face is radiant with health, every lip moist with appetite; an unmistakeable fragrance reaches the nostrils—no further summons to the festive scene is needed. The first and minor act of soup being over, the 'smoking pair' come in, and are placed before the president. In goes the fork;—gracious! how the juice spouts out. The dry dish swims; one skilful dash with the knife on each side, the victim is

severed in three parts, streaming with richness, and whetting the appetite to absolute greediness. But there is an old adage which says, 'All is not gold that glitters.' Can this be a deception? The first piece you put in your mouth, as it melts away on the palate, dissipates the thought, and you unhesitatingly pronounce it the most delicious morsel you ever tasted. In they come, hot and hot; and, like Oliver, you ask for more, but with better success. Your host, when he sees you flagging, urges 'one' more cut. You hesitate, thinking a couple of ducks a very fair allowance. He replies,—'Pon my word, it's such light food; you can eat a dozen!' A jovial son of Æsculapius, on whom Father Time has set his mark, though he has left his conviviality in all the freshness of youth, is appealed to. He declares, positively, that he knows nothing so easy of digestion as a canvas-back duck; and he eats away jollily up to his assertion. How very catching it is!—each fresh arrival from the kitchen brings a fresn appetite to the party. 'One down, t'other come on,' is the order of the day. Those who read, may say 'Gormandizer!' But many such, believe me, if placed behind three, or even four, of these luscious birds, cooked with the artistic accuracy of the Maxwell Point *cuisine*, would leave a cat but sorry pickings, especially when the bottle passes

freely, and jovial friends cheer you on. Of course, I do not allude to such people as enjoy that 'soaked oakum,' called 'bouilli.' To offer a well-cooked canvas-back duck to them, would, indeed, be casting pearls before——something. Neither would it suit the fastidious taste of those who, not being able to discern the difference between juice and blood, cook all flavour and nourishment out of their meats, and luxuriate on the chippy substance which is left.—But time rolls on; cigars and toddy have followed; and, as we must be at our posts ere dawn, to Bedfordshire we go.

Ere the day had dawned, a hasty cup of coffee prepared us for the morning's sport; and, lighting the friendly weed, we groped our way to our respective blinds, full of hope and thirsting for blood. Alas! the Fates were not propitious; but few birds crossed, and those mostly out of range. However, I managed to bag half a dozen before I was summoned to nine o'clock breakfast, a meal at which, it is needless to say, the 'glorious bird' was plentifully distributed. After breakfast, I amused myself with a telescope, watching the ducks diving and fighting for the wild celery which covers the bottom of these creeks and bays, and which is generally supposed to give the birds their rich and peculiar flavour. They know the powers of a duck-gun to a T; and, keeping beyond

its range, they come as close as possible to feed, the water being, of course, shallower, and the celery more easily obtained. Our time being limited, we were reluctantly constrained to bid adieu to our kind and hospitable entertainers, of whose friendly welcome and good cheer I retain the most lively recollections.

Crossing the bay in a small boat, we re-entered the light carriage, and were soon 'tooling away' merrily to Baltimore. On the road, our friend amused us with accounts of two different methods adopted in these waters for getting ducks for the pot. One method is, to find a bay where the ducks are plentiful, and tolerably near the shore; and then, concealing yourself as near the water's edge as possible, you take a stick, on the end of which you tie a handkerchief, and keep waving it steadily backwards and forwards. The other method is to employ a dog in lieu of the stick and handkerchief. They have a regular breed for the purpose, about the size of a large Skye terrier, and of a sandy colour. You keep throwing pebbles to the water's edge, which the dog follows; and thus he is ever running to and fro. In either case, the ducks, having something of the woman in their composition, gradually swim in, to ascertain the meaning or cause of these mysterious movements; and, once arrived

within range, the sportsman rises suddenly, and, as the scared birds get on the wing, they receive the penalty of their curiosity in a murderous discharge. These two methods they call 'tolling;' and most effectual they prove for supplying the market.

Different nations exhibit different methods of ingenuity for the capture of game, &c. I remember being struck, when in Egypt, with the artful plan employed for catching ducks and flamingos, on Lake Menzaleh; which is, for the huntsman to put a gourd on his head, pierced sufficiently to see through, and by means of which,—the rest of his body being thoroughly immersed in water,—he approaches his game so easily, that the first notice they have thereof is the unpleasant sensation they experience as his hand closes upon their legs in the depths of the water

Of the town, &c., of Baltimore, I hope to tell you something more on my return. We will therefore proceed at once to the railway station, and take our places for Pittsburg. It is a drizzly, snowy morning, a kind of moisture that laughs at so-called waterproofs, and would penetrate an air-pump. As there was no smoking-car, we were constrained to enter another; and off we started. At first, the atmosphere was bearable; but soon, alas! too soon,

every window was closed; the stove glowed red-hot; the tough-hided natives gathered round it, and, deluging it with expectorated showers of real Virginian juice, the hissing and stench became insufferable. I had no resource but to open my window, and let the driving sleet drench one side of me, while the other was baking; thus, one cheek was in an ice-house, and the other in an oven. At noon we came to 'a fix;' the railway bridge across to Harrisburg had broken down. There was nothing for it but patience; and, in due time, it was rewarded by the arrival of three omnibuses and a luggage-van. As there were about eighty people in the train, it became a difficult task to know how to pack, for the same wretched weather continued, and nobody courted an outside place, with drenched clothes wherein to continue the journey. At last, however, it was managed, something on the herrings-in-a-barrel principle. I had one lady in my lap, and a darling unwashed pledge of her affection on each foot. We counted twenty-six heads, in all; and we jolted away, as fast as the snow would let us, to catch the Philadelphia train, which was to pick us up here.

We managed to arrive about an hour and a half after it had passed; and, therefore, no alternative remained but to adjourn to the little inn, and fortify

ourselves for the trial with such good things as mine host of the 'Culverley' could produce. It had now settled down to a regular fall of snow, and we began to feel anxious about the chances of proceeding.

Harrisburg may be very pretty and interesting in fine weather, but it was a desolately dreary place to anticipate being snowed-up at in winter, although situated on the banks of the lovely Susquehana: accordingly, I asked mine host when the next train would pass. He replied, with grammatical accuracy, 'It should pass about four to-morrow morning; but when it will I am puzzled to say.—What's your opinion, Colonel?" he added; and, turning round, I observed the distinguished military authority seated on one chair, and his legs gracefully pendent over the back of another. In his sword hand, he wielded a small clasp-knife, which did the alternate duty of a toothpick and a whittler,[a] for which latter amusement he kept a small stick in his left hand to operate upon; and the floor bore testimony to his untiring zeal. When the important question was propounded to him,

[a] In case the expression is new to the reader, I beg to inform him that, to 'whittle,' is to cut little chips of wood—if, when the fit comes on, no stick is available, the table is sometimes operated on.

he ceased from his whittling labours, and, burying the blade deep between his ivories, looked out of the window with an authoritative air, apparently endeavouring, first, to ascertain what depth of snow was on the ground, and then, by an upward glance, to calculate how much more was likely to follow. Having duly weighed these points, and having perfected the channel between his ivories, he sucked the friendly blade, and replied, with a stoical indifference—which, considering my anxiety, might almost be styled heartless—'I guess, if it goes on snowing like this, you'll have no cars here to-morrow at all.' Then, craning up to the heavens, as if seeking for the confirmation of a more terrible prophecy, he added, 'By the looks of it, I think the gem'men may be fixed here for a week.' Having delivered himself of the foregoing consolatory observation, and duly discharged a shower of Virginia juice on the floor, the military authority resumed his whittling labours with increased vigour. His occupation involuntarily carried my mind across the water to a country-house, where I had so often seen an old blind friend amusing himself by tearing up paper into small pieces, to make pillows for the poor. If the gallant Colonel would only substitute this occupation for whittling, what good might he not do in Harrisburg!

I am happy to say that my Job's comforter turned out a false-prophet; snow soon gave place to sleet, and sleet to rain, and before midnight the muck was complete. Next morning, at three, we got into the 'bus, and soon after four the cars came in, and we found ourselves once more *en route* for Pittsburg. I think this was about the most disagreeable day's journey I ever had. The mixture of human and metallic heat, the chorus of infantine squallers—who kept responding to one another from all parts of the car, like so many dogs in an eastern city—and the intervals filled up by the hissing on the stove of the Virginia juice, were unpleasant enough; but even the elements combined against us. The rain and the snow were fighting together, and producing that slushiness of atmosphere which obscures all scenery; added to which, the unfortunate foreknowledge that we were doomed to fifteen or sixteen hours of these combinations of misery, made it indeed a wretched day. My only resource was to open a window, which the moment I attempted, a hulking fellow, swaddled up in coats and comforters, and bursting with health, begged it might be closed as 'It was so cold:' the thermometer, I am sure, was ranging, within the car, from ninety to a hundred degrees. He then tried to hector and bully, and finding that of no

use, he appealed to the guard. I claimed my right, and further pleaded the necessity of fresh air, not merely for comfort, but for very life. As my friend expressed the same sentiments, the cantankerous Hector was left to sulk; and I must own to a malicious satisfaction, when, soon after, two ladies came in, and seating themselves on the bench abreast of mine, opened their window, and placed Hector in a thorough draught, which, while gall and wormwood to him, was balm of Gilead to me. As I freely criticize American habits, &c., during my travels, it is but just I should state, that Hector was the only one of his countrymen I ever met, who was wilfully offensive and seemed to wish to insult.

The engineering on this road was so contrived, that we had to go through an operation, which to me was quite novel—viz., being dragged by wire ropes up one of the Alleghany hills, and eased down the other side. The extreme height is sixteen hundred feet; and it is accomplished by five different stationary engines, each placed on a separate inclined plane, the highest of which is two thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The want of proper arrangement and sufficient hands made this a most dilatory and tedious operation. Upon asking why so 'cute and go-ahead a people had tolerated such bad engineering originally,

and such dilatory arrangements up to the present hour, I was answered, 'Oh, sir, that's easily explained; it is a government road and a monopoly, but another road is nearly completed, by which all this will be avoided; and, as it is in the hands of a Company, there will be no delay then.'—How curious it is, the way governments mess such things when they undertake them! I could not help thinking of the difference between our own government mails from Marseilles to Malta, &c., and the glorious steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, that carry on the same mails from Malta.—But to return from my digression.

I was astonished to see a thing like a piece of a canal-boat descending one of these inclined planes on a truck; nor was my astonishment diminished when I found that it really was part of a canal-boat, and that the remaining portions were following in the rear. The boats are made, some in three, some in five compartments; and, being merely forelocked together, are easily carried across the hill, from the canal on one side to the continuation thereof on the other.[a]

[a] I believe the plan of making the canal-boats in sections is original; but the idea of dragging them up inclines to avoid expenses of lockage, &c., is of old date, having been practised as far back as 1792, upon a canal in the

A few hours after quitting these planes, we came to the end of the railway, and had to coach it over a ten-mile break in the line. It was one of those wretched wet days which is said to make even an old inhabitant of Argyleshire look despondingly; in which county, it will be remembered, that, after six weeks' incessant wet, an English traveller, on asking a shepherd boy whether it always rained there, received the consoling reply of, 'No, sir, it sometimes snaws.' The ground was from eight to eighteen inches deep in filthy mud; the old nine-inside stages—of which more anon—were waiting ready; and as there were several ladies in the cars, I thought the stages might be induced to draw up close to the scantily-covered platform to take up the passengers; but no such idea entered their heads. I imagine such an indication of civilization would have been at variance with their republican notions of liberty; and the fair ones had no alternative but to pull their garments up to the alti-

neighbourhood of Colebrook Dale, where the boats were raised by stationary engines up two inclines, one of 207 feet, and the other of 126 feet. I believe this is the first instance of the adoption of this plan, and the engineers were Messrs. Reynolds and Williams. The American inclines being so much greater, the dividing the boat into sections appears to me an improvement.

tude of those of a ballet-dancer, and to bury their neat feet and well-turned ancles deep, deep, deep in the filthy mire. But what made this conduct irresistibly ludicrous—though painful to any gentleman to witness—was the mockery of make-believe gallantry exhibited, in seating all the ladies before any gentleman was allowed to enter; the upshot of which was, that they gradually created a comparatively beaten path for the gentlemen to get in by. One pull of the rein and one grain of manners would have enabled everybody to enter clean and dry; yet so habituated do the better classes appear to have become to this phase of democracy, that no one remonstrated on behalf of the ladies or himself.

The packing completed, a jolting ride brought us again to the railway cars; and in a few hours more—amid the cries of famishing babes and sleepy children, the hush-hushes of affectionate mammas, the bustle of gathering packages, and the expiring heat of the poisonous stove—we reached the young Birmingham of America about ten P.M., and soon found rest in a comfortable bed, at a comfortable hotel.

If you wish a good idea of Pittsburg, you should go to Birmingham, and reduce its size, in your imagination, to one-fourth the reality; after which, let the streets of this creation of your fancy be 'top dressed'

about a foot deep with equal proportions of clay and coal-dust; then try to realize in your mind the effect which a week's violent struggle between Messrs. Snow and Sleet would produce; and you will thus be enabled to enjoy some idea of the charming scene which Pittsburg presented on the day of my visit; but if this young Birmingham has so much in common with the elder, there is one grand feature it possesses which the other wants. The Ohio and Monongahela rivers form the delta on which it is built, and on the bosom of the former the fruits of its labour are borne down to New Orleans, *viâ* the Mississippi—a distance of two thousand and twenty-five miles exactly. Coal and iron abound in the neighbourhood; they are as handy, in reality, as the Egyptian geese are in the legend, where they are stated to fly about ready roasted, crying, 'Come and eat me!' Perhaps, then, you will ask, why is the town not larger, and the business not more active? The answer is simple; the price of labour is so high, that they cannot compete with the parent rival; and the *ad valorem* duty on iron, though it may bring in a revenue to the government, is no protection to the home trade. What changes emigration from the Old World may eventually produce, time alone can decide; but it requires no prophetic vision to foresee that the

undeveloped mineral riches of this continent must some day be worked with telling effect upon England's trade. I must not deceive you into a belief that the Ohio is always navigable; so far from that being the case, I understand that, for weeks and months even, it is constantly fordable; as late as the twenty-third of November, the large passage-boats were unable to make regular passages, owing to their so frequently getting aground; and the consequence was, that we were doomed to prosecute our journey to Cincinnati by railroad, to my infinite—but as my friend said, not inexpressible—regret.

Noon found us at the station, taking the last bite of fresh air before we entered the travelling oven. Fortunately, the weather was rather finer than it had been, and more windows were open. There is something solemn and grand in traversing with the speed of the wind, miles and miles of the desolate forest. Sometimes you pass a whole hour without any—the slightest—sign of animal life: not a bird, nor a beast, nor a being. The hissing train rattles along; the trumpet-tongued whistle—or rather horn—booms far away in the breeze, and finds no echo; the giant monarchs of the forest line the road on either side, like a guard of Titans, their nodding heads inquiring, as it were curiously, why their ranks were thinned,

and what strange meteor is that, which with clatter and roar, rushes past, disturbing their peaceful solitude. Patience, my noble friends; patience, I say; a few short years more, and many of you, like your deceased brethren, will bend your proud heads level with the dust, and those giant limbs, which now kiss the summer sun and dare the winter's blast, will feed that insatiate meteor's stomach, or crackle beneath some adventurous pioneer's soup-kettle. But, never mind; like good soldiers in a good cause, you will sacrifice yourselves for the public good; and possibly some of you may be carved into figures of honour, and dance triumphantly on the surge's crest in the advance post of glory on a dashing clipper's bows, girt with a band on which is inscribed in letters of gold the imperishable name of Washington or Franklin.

Being of a generous disposition, I have thrown out these hints in the hopes some needy American author may make his fortune, and immortalize his country, by writing 'The Life and Adventures' of the Forest Monarch;' or, as the public like mystery, he might make a good hit by entitling it, 'The Child of the Woods that danced on the Wave.' Swift has immortalized a tub; other authors have endeavoured to immortalize a shilling, and a halfpenny. Let that

great country which professes to be able to 'whip creation,' take a noble subject worthy of such high pretensions.

Here we are at Cleveland; and, by the powers of Mercury,—this expletive originated, I believe, with a proud barometer,—it is raining cats and dogs and a host of inferior animals. Everybody seems very impatient, for all are getting out; and yet we have not reached the station: no; and they don't mean to get there at present. Possession is nine points of the law, and another train is ensconced there. Wood, of course, is so dear in this country, and railroads give such low interest—varying from six to forty per cent.—that they can't afford to have sufficient shedding. Well, out we get. Touters from the hotels cry out lustily. We hear the name of the house to which we are bound, and prepare to follow. The touter carries a lantern of that ingenious size which helps to make the darkness more visible; two steps, and you are over the ancles in mud. 'Show a light, boy.' He turns round, and placing his lantern close to the ground, you see at a glance the horrid truth revealed—you are in a perfect mud swamp, so tuck up your trowsers and wade away to the omnibuses about a quarter of a mile off. Gracious me! there are two ladies, with their dresses hitched up like kilts, sliding and

floundering through the slushy road. How miserable they must be, poor things!—not the least, they are both tittering and giggling merrily—they are accustomed to it; and habit is second nature. A man from the Old World of advanced civilization—in these matters of minor comforts at least—will soon learn to conduct himself upon the principle, that where ignorance is bliss wisdom becomes folly. Laughing, like love, is catching; so these two jolly ladies put me in a good humour, and I laughed my way to the 'bus half up to my knees in mud; after all, it made it lighter work than growling, and go I must; so thank you, ladies, for the cheering example.

Hot tea soon washes away from a thirsty and wearied soul the remembrance of muddy boots, and a good Havana soothes the wounded spirit. After enjoying both, I retired to rest, as I hoped, for we had to make an early start in the morning. Scarce was I in bed, ere the house rang again with laughing and romping just outside my door; black and white, old and young, male and female, all seemed chorusing together—feet clattered, passages echoed—it was a very Babel of noise and confusion. What strange beings we are! Not two hours before, I had said and felt that laughing was catching; now, although the merry chirp of youth mingled with it, I wished the

whole party at the residence of an old gentleman whose name I care not to mention. May we not truly say of ourselves, what the housemaid says of the missing article, 'Really, sir, I don't know nothing at all about it?' A few hours before I was joining in the laugh as I waded nearly knee-deep in mud, and now I was lying in a comfortable bed grinding my teeth at the same joyous sounds.

It took three messages to the proprietor, before order was restored and I was asleep. In the morning, I found that the cause of all the rumpus was a marriage that had taken place in the hotel; and the master and mistress being happy, the servants caught the joyous infection, and got the children to share it with them. I must not be understood to cast any reflections upon the happy pair, when I say that the marriage took place in the morning, and that children were laughing at night, for remember, I never inquired into the parentage of the little ducks. On learning the truth, I was rejoiced to feel that they had not gone to the residence of the old gentleman before alluded to, and I made resolutions to restrain my temper in future. After a night's rest, with a cup of hot *café au lait* before you, how easy and pleasant good resolutions are.

Having finished a hasty breakfast, we tumbled

into an omnibus, packed like herrings in a barrel, for our number was 'Legion,' and the omnibus was 'Zoar.' Off we went to the railway; such a mass of mud I never saw. Is it from this peculiarity that the city takes its name? This, however, does not prevent it from being a very thriving place, and destined, I believe, to be a town of considerable importance, as soon as the grain and mineral wealth of Michigan, Wisconsin, &c., get more fully developed, and when the new canal pours the commerce of Lake Superior into Lake Erie. Cleveland is situated on the slope of a hill commanding a beautiful and extensive view; the latter I was told, for as it rained incessantly, I had no opportunity of judging. Here we are at the station, *i.e.* two hundred yards off it, which we are allowed to walk, so as to damp ourselves pleasantly before we start. Places taken, in we get; we move a few hundred yards, and come to a stand-still, waiting for another train, which allows us the excitement of suspense for nearly an hour and a half, and then we really start for Cincinnati. The cars have the usual attractions formerly enumerated: grin and bear it is the order of the day; scenery is shrouded in mist, night closes in with her sable mantle, and about eleven we reach the hotel, where, by the blessing of a happy contrast,

we soon forget the wretched day's work we have gone through.

Here we are in the 'Queen City of the West,' the rapid rise whereof is astounding. By a statistical work, I find that in 1800 it numbered only 750 inhabitants; in 1840, 46,338—1850, 115,438: these calculations merely include its corporate limits. If the suburbs be added, the population will reach 150,000: of which number only about 3000 are coloured. The Americans constitute 54 per cent.; Germans, 28; English, 16; other foreigners, 2 per cent. of the population. They have 102 schools, and 357 teachers, and 20,737 pupils are yearly instructed by these means. Of these schools 19 are free, instructing 12,240 pupils, not in mere writing and reading, but rising in the scale to 'algebra, grammar, history, composition, declamation, music, drawing,' &c. The annual cost of these schools is between 13,000*l.* and 14,000*l.* There is also a 'Central School,' where the higher branches of literature and science are taught to those who have time and talent; in short, a 'Free College.'

According to the ordinance for the North-Western territory of 1787, 'religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education

shall for ever be encouraged.' Congress, in pursuance of this laudable object, 'has reserved one thirty-sixth part of all public lands for the support of education in the States in which the lands lie; besides which it has added endowments for numerous universities, &c.' We have seen that the public schools in this city cost 13,500*l.*, of which sum they receive from the State fund above alluded to, 1500*l.*; the remainder being raised by a direct tax upon the property of the city, and increased from time to time in proportion to the wants of the schools. One of the schools is for coloured children, and contains 360 pupils. There are 91 churches and 4 synagogues, and the population is thus classed—Jews, 3 per cent.; Roman Catholics, 35; Protestant, 62. The Press is represented by 12 daily and 20 weekly papers. From these statistics, dry though they may appear, one must confess that the means of education and religious instruction are provided for in a manner that reflects the highest credit on this 'Queen City of the West.'

It is chiefly owing to the untiring perseverance of Mr. Longworth, that they have partially succeeded in producing wine. As far as I could ascertain, they made about fifty thousand gallons a year. The wine is called 'Catawba,' from the grape, and is made both still and sparkling. Thanks to the kind hospitality

of a friend, I was enabled to taste the best of each. I found the still wine rather thin and tart, but, as the weather was very cold, that need not affect the truth of my friend's assertion, that in summer it was a very pleasant beverage. The sparkling wine was much more palatable, and reminded me of a very superior kind of perry. They cannot afford to sell it on the spot under four shillings a bottle, and of course the hotels double that price immediately. I think there can be no doubt that a decided improvement must be made in it before it can become valuable enough to find its way into the European market; although I must confess that, as it is, I should be most happy to see it supplant the poisonous liquids called champagne which appear sometimes at our 'suppers,' and at many of our hotels.

The 'Burnet House' is the principal hotel here, and afforded me every comfort I could have expected, not the least being the satisfaction I derived from the sight of the proprietor, who, in the spotless cleanliness of his person and his 'dimity,' and surrounded by hosts of his travelling inmates—myself among the number—stood forth in bold relief, like a snowball in a coal-hole.

But we must now visit the great lion of the place, whence the city obtains the *sobriquet* of

'Porkopolis'—*i. e.*, the *auto da fé* of the unclean animal. We will stroll down and begin at the beginning; but first let me warn you, if your nerves are at all delicate, to pass this description over, for though perfectly true it is very horrid. 'Poor piggy must die' is a very old saying; whence it came, I cannot tell; but were it not for its greater antiquity, Cincinnati might claim the honour. Let us however to the deadly work!

The post of slaughter is at the outskirts of the town, and as you approach it, the squeaking of endless droves proceeding to their doom fills the air, and in wet weather the muck they make is beyond description, as the roads and streets are carelessly made, and as carelessly left to fate. When we were within a couple of hundred yards of the slaughter-house, they were absolutely knee-deep, and, there being no trottoir, we were compelled to wait till an empty cart came by, when, for a small consideration, Jonathan ferried us through the mud pond. Behind the house is the large pen in which the pigs are first gathered, and hence they are driven up an inclined plane into a small partition about twelve feet square, capable of containing from ten to fifteen pigs at once. In this enclosure stands the executioner, armed with a hammer,—something in shape like that

used to break stones for the roads in England—his shirt-sleeves turned up, so that nothing may impede the free use of his brawny arms. The time arrived, down comes the hammer with deadly accuracy on the forehead of poor piggy, generally killing but sometimes only stunning him, in which case, as he awakes to consciousness in the scalding caldron, his struggles are frightful to look at, but happily very short. A trap-hatch opens at the side of this enclosure, through which the corpses are thrust into the sticking-room, whence the blood flows into tanks beneath, to be sold, together with the hoofs and hair, to the manufacturers of prussiate of potash and Prussian blue. Thence they are pushed down an inclined plane into a trough containing a thousand gallons of boiling water, and broad enough to take in piggy lengthways. By the time they have passed down this caldron, they are ready for scraping, for which purpose a large table is joined on to the lower end of the caldron, and on which they are artistically thrown. Five men stand in a row on each side of the table, armed with scrapers, and, as piggy passes down, he gets scraped cleaner and cleaner, till the last polishes him as smooth as a yearling baby. Having thus reached the lower end of the table, there are a quantity of hooks fitted to strong wooden arms, which revolve round a stout

pillar, and which, in describing the circle, plumb the lower end of the table. On these piggy is hooked, and the operation of cutting open and cleansing is performed—at the rate of three a minute—by operators steeped in blood, and standing in an ocean of the same, despite the eternal buckets of water with which a host of boys keep deluging the floor. These operations finished, piggy is hung up on hooks to cool, and, when sufficiently so, he is removed thence to the other end of the building, ready for sending to the preparing-houses, whither he and his defunct brethren are conveyed in carts, open at the side, and containing about thirty pigs each.

The whole of this part of the town during porking season is alive with these carts, and we will now follow one, so that we may see how piggy is finally disposed of. The cart ascends the hill till it comes to a line of buildings with the canal running at the back thereof; a huge and solid block lies ready for the corpse, and on each side appear a pair of brawny arms grasping a long cleaver made scimitar-shape; smaller tables are around, and artists with sharp knives attend thereat. Piggy is brought in from the cart, and laid on the solid block; one blow of the scimitar-shaped cleaver severs his head, which is thrown aside and sold in the town, chiefly, I believe, to Germans, though of course a Hebrew might pur-

chase, if he had a fancy therefor. The head off, two blows sever him lengthways; the hams, the shoulders, and the rib-pieces fly off at a blow each, and it has been stated that 'two hands, in less than thirteen hours, cut up eight hundred and fifty hogs, averaging over two hundred pounds each, two others placing them on the blocks for the purpose. All these hogs were weighed singly on the scales, in the course of eleven hours. Another hand trimmed the hams—seventeen hundred pieces—as fast as they were separated from the carcasses. The hogs were thus cut up and disposed of at the rate of more than one to the minute.' Knifemen then come into play, cutting out the inner fat, and trimming the hams neatly, to send across the way for careful curing; the other parts are put in the pickle-barrels, except the fat, which, after carefully removing all the small pieces of meat that the first hasty cutting may have left, is thrown into a boiling caldron to be melted down into lard. Barring the time taken up in the transit from the slaughter-house to these cutting-up stores, and the time he hangs to cool, it may be safely asserted, that from the moment piggy gets his first blow till his carcass is curing and his fat boiling into lard, not more than five minutes elapse.

A table of piggy statistics for one year may not be

uninteresting to my reader, or, at all events, to an Irish pig-driver:—

180,000 Barrels of Pork, 196 lbs. each .	35,280,000 lbs.
Bacon	25,000,000
No. 1. Lard	16,500,000
Star Candles, made by Hydraulic pressure	2,500,000
Bar Soap	6,200,000
Fancy Soap, &c.	8,800,000
	94,280,000

Besides Lard Oil, 1,200,000 gallons.

Some idea of the activity exhibited may be formed, when I tell you that the season for these labours averages only ten weeks, beginning with the second week in November and closing in January; and that the annual number cured at Cincinnati is about 500,000 head, and the value of these animals when cured, &c., was estimated in 1851 at about 1,155,000*l.* What touching statistics the foregoing would be for a Hebrew or a Mussulman! The wonder to me is, that the former can locate in such an unclean atmosphere; at all events, I hold it as a sure sign that there is money to be made.

They are very proud of their beef here, and it is very good; for they possess all the best English breeds, both here and across the river in Kentucky. They stall-feed very fat, no doubt; but though

generally very good, I have never, in any part of the States, tasted beef equal to the best in England. All the fat is on the outside; it is never marbled as the best beef is with us. The price is very moderate, being about fourpence a pound.

Mönongahela whisky is a most important article of manufacture in the neighbourhood, being produced annually to the value of 560,000*l.* There are forty four foundries, one-third of which are employed in the stove-trade; as many as a thousand stoves have been made in one day. The value of foundry products is estimated at 725,000*l.* annually.

If commerce be the true wealth and prosperity of a nation, there never was a nation in the history of the world that possessed by nature the advantages which this country enjoys. Take the map, and look at the position of this city; nay, go two hundred miles higher up, to Marietta. From that port, which is nearly two thousand miles from the ocean, the 'Muskingum,' a barque of three hundred and fifty tons, went laden with provisions, direct to Liverpool, in 1845, and various other vessels have since that time been built at Cincinnati; one, a vessel of eight hundred and fifty tons, called the 'Minnesota:' in short, there is quite an active business going on; shipbuilders from Maine coming here to carry on their

trade—wood, labour, and lodging being much cheaper than on the Eastern coast.

It is now time to continue our journey, and as the water is high enough, we will embark on the 'Ohio,' and steam away to Louisville. The place you embark from is called the levee: and as all the large towns on the river have a levee, I may as well explain the term at once. It is nothing more nor less than the sloping off of the banks of a river, and then paving them, by which operation two objects are gained:—first, the banks are secured from the inroads of the stream; secondly, the boats are thereby enabled at all times to land passengers and cargo with perfect facility. These levees extend the whole length of the town, and are lined with steamers of all kinds and classes, but all built on a similar plan; and the number of them gives sure indication of the commercial activity of Cincinnati. When a steamer is about to start, book-pedlers crowd on board with baskets full of their—generally speaking—trashy ware. Sometimes these pedlers are grown-up men, but generally boys about twelve or fourteen years of age. On going up to one of these latter, what was my astonishment to find in his basket, volume after volume of publications such as Holywell-street scarce ever dared to exhibit; these he offered and commended with the

most unblushing effrontery. The first lad having such a collection, I thought I would look at the others, to see if their baskets were similarly supplied; I found them all alike, without exception. I then became curious to know if these debauched little urchins found any purchasers, and, to ascertain the fact, I ensconced myself among some of the freight, and watched one of them. Presently a passenger came up, and these books were brought to his notice: he looked cautiously round, and, thinking himself unobserved, he began to examine them. The lad, finding the bait had taken, then looked cautiously round on his side, and stealthily drew two more books from his breast, evidently of the same kind, and it is reasonable to suppose infinitely worse. After a careful examination of the various volumes, the passenger pulled out his purse, paid his money, and walked off with eight of these Holywell-street publications, taking them immediately into his cabin. I saw one or two more purchasers, before I left my concealment. And now I may as well observe, that the sale of these works is not confined to one place; wherever I went on board a steamer, I was sure to find boys with baskets of books, and among them, many of the kind above alluded to. In talking to an American gentleman on this subject, he

told me that it was indeed but too common a practice, although by law nominally prohibited; and he further added, that once asking a vendor why he had such blackguard books which nobody would buy, he took up one of the worst, and said, 'Why, sir, this book is so eagerly sought after, that I have the utmost difficulty in keeping up the requisite supply.' It is a melancholy reflection, that in a country where education is at every one's door, and poverty at no one's, such unblushing exhibitions of immorality should exist.

We embarked in the 'Lady Franklin,' and were soon 'floating down the river of the O-hi-o.' The banks are undulating, and prettily interspersed with cottage villas, which peep out from the woods, and are dotted about the more cultivated parts; but, despite this, the dreary mantle of winter threw a cold churlishness over everything. The boat I shall describe hereafter, when I have seen more of them, for their general features are the same; but there was a specimen of the fair sex on board, to whom I must introduce you, as I may never see her like again.

The main piece was the counterpart of a large steamer's funnel cut off at about four feet two inches high, a most perfect cylinder, and of a dark greyish hue: a sombre coloured riband supported a ditto

coloured apron. If asked where this was fastened, I suppose she would have replied, 'Round the waist, to be sure;' yet, if Lord Rosse's telescope had been applied, no such break in the smooth surface of the cylinder could have been descried. The arms hung down on either side like the funnel of a cabin stove, exciting the greatest wonder and the liveliest curiosity to know how the skin of the shoulder obtained the elasticity requisite to exhibit such a phenomenon. On the top of the cylinder was a beautifully polished ebony pedestal, about two inches high on one side, tapering away to nothing at the other, so that whatever might be placed thereon, would lie at an angle of forty-five degrees. This pedestal did duty for a neck; and upon it was placed a thing which, viewed as a whole, resembled a demijohn. The lower part was pillowed on the cylinder, no gleam of light ever penetrating between the two. Upon the upper surface, at a proper distance from the extremity, two lips appeared, very like two pieces of raw beefsteak picked up off a dusty road.

While wrapt in admiration of this interesting spot, the owner thereof was seized with a desire to yawn, to obtain which luxury it was requisite to throw back the demijohn into nearly a horizontal line, so as to relieve the lower end from its pressure on the cylinder. The

aid of both hands was called in to assist in supporting her intellectual depository. This feat accomplished, a roseate gulf was revealed, which would have made the stout heart of Quintus Curtius quail ere he took the awful plunge. Time or contest had removed the ivory obstructions in the centre, but the shores on each side of the gulf were terrifically iron-bound, and appeared equal to crushing the hardest granite; the shinbone of an ox would have been to her like an oyster to ordinary mortals. She revelled in this luxurious operation so long, that I began to fear she was suffering from the antipodes to a lockjaw, and that she was unable to close the chasm; but, at last the demijohn rose slowly and solemnly from the horizontal, the gulf gradually closing until, obtaining the old angle of forty-five degrees, the two dusty pieces of beefsteak once more stood sentry over the abyss. Prosecuting my observations along the upper surface, I next came to the proboscis, which suggested the idea of a Bologna sausage after a passage through a cotton-press. Along the upper part, the limits were invisible, so beautifully did it blend with the sable cheek on each side; but the lower part seemed to have been outside the press during the process, and therefore to have obtained unusual rotundity, thanks to which two nostrils



Stewardess of the Lady Franklin.

appeared, which would, for size, have excited the envy of the best bred Arab that was ever foaled; and the division between them was nearly equal to that of the horse. I longed to hear her sneeze, it must have been something quite appallingly grand. Continuing my examination, I was forced to the conclusion that the poor delicate creature was bilious; for the dark eyes gleamed from their round yellow beds like pieces of cannel-coal set in a gum-cistus. The forehead was a splendid prairie of flat table-land, beyond which stretched a jungle of curly locks like horse-hair ready picked for stuffing sofas, and being tied tightly round near the apex, the neck of the bottle was formed, and the demijohn complete.

I was very curious to see this twenty-five stone sylph in motion, and especially anxious to have an opportunity of examining the pedestals by which she was supported and set in motion. After a little patience, I was gratified to a certain extent, as the stately mass was summoned to her duties. By careful observation, I discovered the pedestals resembled flounders, out of which grew, from their centre, two cylinders, the ancles deeply imbedded therein, and in no way disturbing the smooth surface. All higher information was of course wrapt in the mystery of conjecture; but, from the waddling gait and the

shoulders working to and fro at every step, the concealed cylinders doubtless increased in size to such an extent, that the passing one before the other was a task of considerable difficulty; and if the motion was not dignified, it was imposingly slow, and seemed to call all the energies of the various members into action to accomplish its end. Even the demijohn rolled as if it were on a pivot, nodding grandly as the mighty stewardess of the 'Franklin' proceeded to obey the summons. I watched her receding form, and felt that I had never before thoroughly realized the meaning of an 'arms-ful of joy,' and I could not but wonder who was the happy possessor of this great blessing.

Ibrahim Pacha, when in England, was said to have had an intense desire to purchase two ladies, one aristocratic the other horticultural, the solidity of these ladies being their great point of attraction in his estimation. Had he but seen my lovely stewardess, I am sure he would instantly have given up the negotiations for both, could he thereby have hoped to obtain such a massive treasure as the 'Sylph of the Franklin.'

CHAPTER IX.

Scenes Ashore and Afloat.

A TRIP on a muddy river, whose banks are fringed with a leafless forest resembling a huge store of Brobdignagian stable-brooms, may be favourable to reflection; but, if description be attempted, there is danger lest the brooms sweep the ideas into the muddy water of dulness. Out of consideration therefore to the reader, we will suppose ourselves disembarked at Louisville, with the intention of travelling inland to visit the leviathan wonder—the would-be rival to Niagara—yclept 'The Mammoth Cave.' Its distance from Louisville is ninety-five miles. There is no such thing as a relay of horses to be met with—at all events, it is problematical; therefore, as the roads were execrable, we were informed it would take us two long days, and our informant strongly advised us to go by the mail, which only employs twenty-one hours to make the ninety-five miles' journey. There was no help for it; so, with a sigh of sad expectation, I resigned myself to my fate, of which I had experienced

a short foretaste on my way to Pittsburg. I then inquired what lions the town offered to interest a traveller. I found there was little in that way, unless I wished to go through the pig-killing, scalding, and cutting process again; but stomach and imagination rebelled at the bare thought of a second edition of the bloody scene, so I was fain to content myself with the novelty of the tobacco pressing; and, as tobacco is the favourite *bonbon* of the country, I may as well describe the process which the precious vegetable goes through ere it mingles with the human saliva.

A due admixture of whites and blacks assemble together, and, damping the tobacco, extract all the large stems and fibres, which are then carefully laid aside ready for export to Europe, there to be cooked up for the noses of monarchs, old maids, and all others who aspire to the honour and glory of carrying a box—not forgetting those who carry it in the waistcoat pocket, and funnel it up the nose with a goose-quill. How beautifully simple and unanswerable is the oft-told tale, of the reply of a testy old gentleman who hated snuff as much as a certain elderly person is said to hate holy-water—when offered a pinch by an 'extensive' young man with an elaborate gold-box. 'Sir,' said the indignant patriarch, 'I never take the filthy stuff! If the Almighty had intended my nostrils

for a dust-pan, He would have turned them the other way.'—But I wander from my subject. We will leave the fibre to find its way to Europe and its noses, and follow the leaf to America and its mouths. In another apartment niggers and whites re-pick the fibres out more carefully, and then roll up the pure leaf in a cylindrical shape, according to a measure provided for the purpose. It is then taken to another apartment, and placed in duly prepared compartments under a strong screw-press, by which operation it is transformed from a loose cylinder to a well squashed parallelogram. It is hard work, and the swarthy descendants of Ham look as if they were in a vapour-bath, and doubtless bedew the leaf with superfluous heat.

After the first pressing, it goes to a more artistic old negro, who, with two buckets of water—one like pea-soup, the other as dark as if some of his children had been boiled down in it—and armed with a sponge of most uninviting appearance, applies these liquids with most scientific touch, thereby managing to change the colour, and marble it, darken it, or lighten it, so as to suit the various tastes. This operation completed, and perspiring negroes screwing down frantically, it is forced into the box prepared for its reception, which is embedded in a strong iron-bound outer case during the process, to prevent the more fragile

one from bursting under the pressure. All this over, and the top fixed, a master-painter covers it with red and black paint, recording its virtues and its charms. What a pity it could not lie in its snug bed for ever! But, alas! fatë and the transatlantic Anglo-Saxon have decreed otherwise. Too short are its slumbers, too soon it bursts forth again, to suffer fresh pressure under the molars of the free and enlightened, and to fall in filthy showers over the length and breadth of the land, deluging every house and every vehicle to a degree that must be seen to be believed, and filling the stranger with much wonder, but far more disgust. I really think it must be chewing tobacco which makes the Americans so much more restless, so much more like armadillos than any other nation. It often has excited my wonder, how the more intelligent and civilized portion of the community, who do not generally indulge in the loathsome practice, can reconcile themselves to the annoyance of it as kindly as they do. Habit and necessity are powerful masters.

Having finished this exhibition—which, by the way, kept me sneezing all the time—I went next to see a steam sawing, planing, and fitting mill. Labour being very expensive, these establishments are invaluable here; such an establishment as I saw could supply, from the raw wood in logs, all the doors and

window-frames of 'Stafford House' in three days, barring the polish and paint. If Mr. Cubitt is not up to this machinery, this hint may be the means of making his fortune double itself in 'quarter-less no time.'[a] As we knew that our journey to-morrow must be inexpressibly tedious, we beat an early retreat, requesting a cup of hot tea or coffee might be ready for us half an hour before our departure. Poor simple creatures that we were, to expect such a thing! The free and enlightened get their breakfast after being two hours *en route,* and can do without anything before starting—*ergo*, we must do the same: thus, though there were literally servants enough in the house to form a substantial militia regiment, a cup of tea was impossible to be obtained for love or money. All we had for it was to bury our disappointment in sleep.

Soon after three the next morning we were roused from our slumbers, and finishing our toilet, cheered our insides with an unadulterated draught from the Ohio. All outside the door was dark, cheerless,

[a] Messrs. Wallis and Whitworth, in their Report on the industry of the United States, remark at Chapter V.—'In no branch of manufacture does the application of labour-saving machinery produce, by simple means, more important results than in the working of wood.'

solitary, and still; presently the silence was broken by some violent puffs from a penny trumpet. 'Dats de mayle, massa,' said a nigger in the hall, accompanying his observation with a mysterious grin evidently meant to convey the idea, 'You'll have enough of her before you've done.'—Up she came to the door—I believe, by custom if not by grammar, a man-of-war and a mail-coach are shes—a heavy, lumbering machine, with springs, &c., apparently intended for scaling the Rocky Mountains; the inside was about three feet broad and five feet long, and was intended for the convenience (?) of nine people, the three who occupied the centre seat having a moveable leather strap to support their backs; outside, there was one seat by the coachman, and if the correspondence was not great, three more might sit behind the coachman, in all the full enjoyment of a splendidly cramped position. The sides of the carriage were made of leather, and fitted with buttons, for the purpose of opening in summer. Being a nasty drizzling morning, we got inside, with our two servants, and found we had it all to ourselves. 'I am sure this is comfortable enough,' observed my companion, who was one of the mildest and most contented of human beings. 'Too good to last long,' thought I.

The penny trumpet sounds, and off we go; not on our journey, but all over the town to the different hotels, to pick up live freight. I heartily hoped they might all oversleep themselves that morning. Alas! no such luck. Jonathan and a weasel are two animals that are very rarely caught napping. Passengers kept coming in, until we were six, and 'comfortable enough' became a misnomer. A furious blast of the tin tube, with a few spicy impromptu variations, portended something important, and, as we pulled up, we saw it was the post-office; but, murder of murders! we saw four more passengers! One got up outside, another was following; Jarvey stopped him, with—'I guess there aint no room up here for you; the mail's a-coming here.'—The door opened, the three damp bodkins in line commenced their assault, the last came between my companion and myself. I could not see much of him, it was so dark, but—woe is me!—there are other senses besides sight, and my unfortunate nostrils drank in a most fœtid polecatty odour, ever increasing as he drew nearer and nearer. Room to sit there was none; but at the blast of the tube, the rattle over the pitty pavement soon shook the obnoxious animal down between us, squeezing the poisonous exhalation out of him at each successive jolt. As dawn rose, we saw he was a German,

and doubtless the poor fellow was very hard up for money, and had been feeding for some time past on putrid pork: as for his hide and his linen, it would have been an unwarrantable tax upon his memory to have asked him when they had last come in contact with soap and water. My stomach felt like the Bay of Biscay in an equinoctial gale, and I heartily wished I could have dispensed with the two holes at the bottom of my nose. I dreaded asking how far he was going, but another passenger—under the influence of the human nosegay he was constrained to inhale—summed up the courage to pop the question, and received a reply which extinguished in my breast the last flickering ray of Hope's dim taper—'Sair, I vosh go to Nashveele.' Only conceive the horror of being squashed into such a neighbour for twenty-one long hours, and over a road that necessarily kept jerking the unwashed and polecatty head into your face ten times in a minute: who, that has bowels of compassion, but must commiserate me in such 'untoward circumstances'?

Although we had left the hotel at four, it was five before we left the town, and about seven before we unpacked for breakfast, nine miles out of town. The stench of my neighbour had effectually banished all idea of eating or drinking from my mind, so I walked up and down outside, smoking my cigar, and

thinking 'What can I do?' At last, the bright idea struck me—I will get in next time with my cigar; what if we are nine herrings in the barrel? everybody smokes in this country—they wont object—and I think, by keeping the steam well up, I can neutralize a little of the polecat. So when the time came for starting, I got my big cigar-case, &c., out on my knees—as getting at your pockets, when once packed, was impossible—and entering boldly with my weed at high pressure, down I sat. We all gradually shook into our places. Very soon a passenger looked me steadily in the face: he evidently was going to speak; I quailed inwardly, dreading he was going to object to the smell of smoke. Oh, joyous sight! a cigar appeared between his fingers, and the re-assuring words came forth, 'A light, sir, if you please.' I never gave one more readily in my life; gradually, passenger after passenger produced cigars; the aroma filled the coach, and the fragrance of the weed triumphed over the fœtor of the polecat. Six insides out of nine hard at it, and four of them with knock-me-down Virginia tobacco, the single human odour could not contend against such powerful odds; as well might a musquito sneeze against thunder. I always loved a cigar; but here I learnt its true value in a desperate emergency.

On we went, puffing, bumping, and jolting, till at

last we came to a stand on the banks of a river. As there was a reasonable probability of the mail shooting into the stream on its descent, we were told to get out, on doing which we found ourselves pleasantly situated about a foot deep in mud: the mail got down safe into an open ferry-boat with two oars, and space for passengers before the horses or behind the coach. The ferry was but for a few minutes, and we then had to ascend another bank of mud, at the top of which we re-took our seats in the mail, bringing with us in the aggregate, about a hundredweight of fine clay soil, with which additional cargo we continued our journey. One o'clock brought us to Elizabeth Town, and dinner; the latter was very primitive, tough, and greasy.

Once more we entered our cells, and continued our route, the bad road getting worse and worse, rarely allowing us to go out of a walk. Two of our fellow-passengers managed to make themselves as offensive as possible. They seemed to be travelling bagmen of the lowest class. Conversation they had none, but by way of appearing witty, they kept repeating over and over again some four or five stories, laughing at one another's tales, which were either blasphemous or beastly—so much so, that I would most willingly have compounded for two more human polecats in lieu of

them. I must say, that although all classes mix together in public conveyances, this was the first time I had ever found people conduct themselves in so disgusting a manner. We soon came to another river, and getting out, enjoyed a second mud walk, bringing in with us as before a rich cargo of clay soil; and after a continuous and increasing jolting, which threatened momentary and universal dislocation; we arrived, after a drive of twenty-one hours, at our journey's end—*i. e.*, at 'Old Bell's,' so called from the proprietor of the inn. Here we were to pass the night, or rather the remainder of it, the mail going on to Nashville, and taking our fœtid bodkin on with it. But, alas! the two more disagreeable passengers before alluded to remained, as they had suddenly made up their minds to stay and visit the Mammoth Cave.

Old Bell is a venerable specimen of seventy odd years of age, and has been here, I believe, half-a-century nearly. One of his daughters, I am told, is very pretty. She is married to a senator of the United States, and keeps one of the most agreeable houses in Washington. The old gentleman is said to be worth some money, but he evidently is determined to die in harness. As regularly as the mail arrives, about one in the morning, so regularly does he turn out and welcome the passengers with a glass of mixed honey,

brandy, and water. The beverage and the donor reminded me forcibly of 'Old Crerer,' and the 'Athol Brose,' with which he always welcomed those who visited him in his Highland cottage. Having got beds to ourselves—after repeated requests to roost two in a nest, as the house was small—I soon tumbled into my lair, and in the blessed forgetfulness of sleep the miseries of the day became mingled with the things that were. The next morning, after breakfast, we got a conveyance to take the party over to the Cave, a distance of seven miles. One may really say there is no road. For at least one-half of the way it is nothing but a rugged track of rock and roots of trees, ever threatening the springs of the carriage and the limbs of the passenger with frightful fractures. However, by walking over the worst of it, you protect the latter and save the former, thus rendering accidents of rare occurrence.

The hotel is a straggling building, chiefly ground-floor, and with a verandah all round. The air is deliciously pure, and in summer it must be lovely. It is situated on a plateau, from the extremity of which the bank descends to the Green river. On both sides is the wild forest, and round the giant trunks the enamoured vine twines itself with the affectionate pertinacity of a hungry boa constrictor, and bears

its head in triumph to the topmost branches. But vegetable life is not like a Venus who, 'when unadorned, is adorned the most;' and, the forest having cast off its summer attire, presents an uninviting aspect in the cold nudity of winter. When the virgin foliage of spring appears, and ripens into the full verdure of summer, the shade of these banks must be delicious; the broad-leaved and loving vine extending its matrimonial embrace as freely and universally through the forest as the royalties of the petty German states extend theirs among the crowned heads; and when autumn arrives, with those gorgeous glowing tints unknown to the Old World, the scene must be altogether lovely; then the admirer of nature, floating between the banks on the light green bosom of the stream below, and watching the everchanging tints, as the sun dropped softly into his couch in the west, would enjoy a feast that memory might in vain try to exhaust itself in recalling.

There are guides appointed who provide lanterns and torches for visitors who wish to examine the Mammoth Cave; and its interior is such a labyrinth, that, without their aid, the task would be a dangerous one. Rough clothing is provided at the hotel, the excursion being one of scramble and difficulty.

Thus prepared, we started on our exploring expedi-

tion, passing at the entry the remnants of old saltpetre works, which were established here during the struggle at New Orleans. The extent of this cave would render a detail tedious, as there are comparatively few objects of interest. The greatest marvel is a breed of small white fish without eyes, several of which are always to be seen. Like all similar places, it varies in size in the most arbitrary manner. At one minute you are struggling for space, and suddenly you emerge upon a Gothic-looking hall, full of gracefully pendent stalactites. Again you proceed along corridors, at one time lofty, at another threatening your head, if pride do not give way to humility. Then you come to rivers, of which there are two. At one time you are rowing under a magnificent vault, and then, anon, you are forced to lie flat down in the boat, or leave your head behind you, as you float through a passage, the roof whereof grazes the gunwale of the boat. My guide informed me that there was a peculiarity in these rivers nobody could satisfactorily account for, viz., that the more it rained, the lower these waters fell. I expect the problem resembled that which is attributed to King Charles, viz., 'How it was, that if a dead fish was put into a vessel full of water, it immediately overflowed, but that, if a live fish was put in, it did not do so;' and I have some suspicion the solution is the same

in both cases. Among other strange places, is one which rejoices in the name of 'Fat Man's Misery.' At one minute the feet get fixed as in the stocks; at another, the upper portion of the body is called upon to make a right angle with the lower; even then, a projecting point of the rock above will sometimes prod you upon the upturned angle, in endeavouring to save which, by a too rapid act of humility, you knock all the skin off the more vulnerable knee. Emerging from this difficulty, and, perhaps, rising too hastily, a crack on the head closes your eyes, filling them with a vision of forked lightning. Recovering from this agreeable sensation, you find a gap like the edge of a razor, in going through which, you feel the buttons of your waistcoat rubbing against your backbone. It certainly would be no bad half-hour's recreation to watch a rotund Lord Mayor, followed by a court of aldermen to match, forcing their way through this pass after a turtle dinner.

The last place I shall mention is the one which, to me, afforded the greatest pleasure: it is a large hall, in which, after being placed in a particular position, the guide retires to a distance, taking with him all the lights; and knowing by experience what portion of them to conceal, bids you, when he is ready, look overhead. In a few seconds it has the appearance of the sky upon a dark night; but, as the eye becomes

accustomed to the darkness, small spots are seen like stars; and they keep increasing till the vaulted roof has the appearance of a lovely star-light night. I never saw a more pleasing or perfect illusion. It would be difficult to estimate correctly the size of the Mammoth Cave. The American gazetteers say it extends ten or twelve miles, and has lateral branches, which, altogether, amount to forty miles. It is, I imagine, second in size only to the Cacuhuamilpa, in Mexico, which, if the accounts given are accurate, it would take half a dozen such as the Mammoth inside. I fear it is almost superfluous to inform the reader, that the Anglo-Saxon keeps up his unenviable character for disfiguring every place he visits; and you consequently see the names of Smith, Brown, Snooks, &c., smoked on the rocks in all directions—an appropriate sooty record of a barbarous practice.[a]

Having enjoyed two days in exploring this 'gigantic freak of Nature,' we commenced our return about half-

[a] Since my return to England, I have seen it asserted, by a correspondent in the *Morning Chronicle*, that Colonel Crogan, of Louisville, purchased this cave for £2000, and that, shortly after, he was offered £20,000 for his bargain. It is further stated that, in his will, he tied it up in his family for two generations. If this latter be true, it proves that entails are not quite unknown even in the Democratic Republic.

past four in the afternoon, so as to get over the break-neck track before dark. Old Bell[a] welcomed us as usual with his honey, brandy, and water. He then prepared us some dinner, as we wished to snatch a few hours' sleep, before commencing our return to Louisville, with its twenty-one hours of pleasure. About half-past ten at night, a blast in the breeze, mixed with a confused slushy sound, as sixteen hoofs plashed in the mud, rang the knell in our ears, 'Your time has come!' I anxiously looked, as the mail pulled up in the middle of the road opposite to the door—they always allow the passengers the privilege of wading through the mud to the door of the inn—to see if by any chance it was empty, having been told that but few people comparatively travelled the back route—no wonder, if they could help it. Alas! the steam on the window announced, with fatal certainty, some humanities inside. The door opened; out they came, one two, three, four. It was a small coach, with three seats, having only space for two persons on each, thus leaving places inside for my friend and myself. 'Any room outside, there?'

'Room for one, sir!'

[a] I have heard, since my return to England, that old Mr. Bell is dead.

There was no help for it, and we were therefore obliged to leave one servant behind, to follow next night.

Horses changed, honey toddy all drank, in we got into the centre seat. 'What is this all round?' 'Thick drugget, sir; they nail it round in winter to keep the cold out.'—Thank Heaven, it is only nailed at the bottom. Suffocation began; down goes my window. Presently a sixteen-stone kind of overgrown 'Pickwickian fat boy,' sitting opposite me, exclaims aloud, with a polar shudder, 'Ugh! it's very cold!' and finding I was inattentive, he added, 'Don't you find it very cold?' 'Me, sir? I'm nearly fainting from heat,' I replied; and then, in charity, I lent him a heavy full-sized Inverness plaid, in which he speedily enveloped his fat carcass. What with the plaids, and his five inches deep of fat, his bones must have been in a vapour bath. The other *vis-à-vis* was a source of uneasiness to me on a different score. He kept up a perpetual expectorating discharge; and, as my open window was the only outlet, and it did not come that way, I naturally felt anxious for my clothes. Daylight gradually dawned upon the scene, and then the ingenuity of my friend was made manifest in a way calculated to move any stomach not hardened by American travelling. Whenever he had expressed

the maximum quantity of juice from the tobacco, the drugget lining was moved sufficiently for him to discharge his cargo against the inside of the carriage; after which, the drugget was replaced, and the effect of the discharge concealed thereby. This drugget lining must have been invaluable to him; for, upon another occasion, it did duty for a pocket-handkerchief. I must say, that when I saw the otherwise respectable appearance of the culprit, his filthy practices astounded me. Behind us were two gentlemen who were returning to Louisville, and whom we found very agreeable.

We stopped for breakfast at a wayside pot-house sort of place; but, before feasting, we wanted to wash ourselves. The conveniences for that purpose were a jug, a basin, and a piece of soap, on a bench in the open court, which, as it was raining pretty smartly, was a very ingenious method of dissuasion, particularly as your pocket-handkerchief, or the sleeve of your shirt, had to supply the place of a towel. The meal was as dissuasive as the washing arrangements, and I was glad when the trumpet summoned us to coach. I made an effort to sleep, for which purpose I closed my eyes, but in vain; however, the expectorating *vis-à-vis*, who was also a chilly bird, thought he had caught me napping, and said to his fat neighbour,—

'I say, the old gentleman's asleep, pull up the window.' The fat 'un did so, and I kept perfectly quiet. In a few minutes I began to breathe heavily, and then, awaking as it were with a groan, I complained of suffocation, and, dashing down the window, poked out my head and panted for fresh air: they were very civil all the rest of the journey, and never asked for the window to be shut again. In the course of the day, I found out that the fat boy opposite was connected with a circus company, and from him I gleaned something of their history, which I hope may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Each company has a puffer, or advertizer, who is sent on a week before the company, to get bills printed, and see them posted up and distributed to the best advantage, in the places at which the company intend to perform. This was the fat boy's occupation, and for it he received eight pounds a month and his travelling expenses.

His company consisted of seventy-five bipeds and one hundred and twenty-five quadrupeds. Of the bipeds, twelve were performers, two being women; the pay varied from sixteen pounds a month to the chief Amazonian lady, down as low as five pounds a month to the least efficient of the corps. They work all the year round, sucking their cents

from the North in summer, and from the South in winter. They carry everything with them, except it may be fuel and provisions. Each has his special duty appointed. After acting at night they retire to their tents to sleep, and the proper people take the circus-tent down, and start at once for the next place they are to appear at; the performers and their tent-men rise early in the morning, and start so as to reach the ground about eleven; they then rest, and prepare, so as to be ready, after the people of the village have dined, to give their first performance; then they rest and refresh ready for their evening repetition. Some companies used to make their own gas, but experience has proved that wax lights are sweeter and cheaper in the long run, so gas making is nearly exploded. After this second performance they retire to rest; the circus tent-men strike and pack the tent, then start off for the next place of exhibition, the actors and their tents following as before mentioned: thus they go on throughout the year, bipeds and quadrupeds scarcely ever entering a house.

There are numbers of these circus companies in the States, of which the largest is the one to which Van Amburgh is attached, and which, the fat boy told me, is about three times the size of his own—Van Amburgh

taking always upwards of a dozen cages of his wild beasts. The work, he says, is very hard, but the money comes in pretty freely, which I can readily believe, as the bump of Inquisitiveness grows here with a luxuriance unknown elsewhere, and is only exceeded by its sister bump of Acquisitiveness, which two organs constitute audience and actors.

I give you no account of scenery on the road, for two reasons; first, because there are no striking features to relieve the alternations of rude cultivation and ruder forest; and secondly, because in winter, Nature being despoiled of the life-giving lines of herbage and foliage, a sketch of dreariness would be all that truth could permit. I will therefore beg you to consider the twenty-one hours past, and Louisville reached in safety, where hot tea and 'trimmings'—as the astute young Samivel hath it—soon restored us from the fatigues of a snail-paced journey, over the most abominable road a man can imagine, although it is the mail route between the flourishing towns of Louisville and Nashville. Should any ambitious spirit feel a burning desire to visit the Mammoth Cave, let me advise him to slake the said flame with the waters of Patience, and take for his motto—'I bide my time.' Snoring has been the order of the day in these parts for many years; but the kettle-scream-

ing roads of the North have at last disturbed the Southern slumberers, and, like giants refreshed, they are now working vigorously at their own kettle, which, in 1855, will hiss all the way from Louisville to Nashville. Till then, I say, Patience.—One of our companions in the stage very kindly offered to take us to the club, which is newly formed here, and which, if not large, is very comfortable. I mention this as one among the many instances which have occurred to me, while travelling in this country, of the desire exhibited by the better classes to show civility and attention to any gentleman who they observe is a stranger among them.

The following morning we were obliged to continue our route, for which purpose it was necessary to embark two miles below the town, as the river was not high enough to allow the steamers to pass over a kind of bar called 'The Falls.' The road was one continuous bog of foot-deep mud, but that difficulty concerned the horses, and they got over it with perfect ease, despite the heavy drag. Once more we were floating down the Ohio, and, curiously enough, in another 'Franklin;' but she could not boast of such a massive cylindrical stewardess as her sister possessed. A host of people, as usual, were gathered round the bar, drinking, smoking, and arguing.

Jonathan is 'first chop' at an argument. Two of them were hard at it as I walked up.

Says the Colonel—'I tell you, Major, it is more than a hundred miles.'

Major—'Well, but I tell you, Colonel, it aint not no such thing.'

Colonel—'But, sir'ree, I know it is.'

Judge—'Well, Colonel, I tell you what it is; I reckon you're wrong.'

Colonel—getting evidently excited—'No, sir'ree, I aint, and,'—holding out a brawny hand capable of scrunching a nine-pound shot into infant pap—'darned if I wont lay you, or any other gentleman, six Kentucky niggers to a julep, I'm right.'

After offering these tremendous odds, he travelled his fiery eagle eyes from the major to the judge, and from the judge to the major, to ascertain which of them would have it; and as they were silent, he extended the radius of his glance to the company around, chucking his head, and looking out of the corner of his eye, from time to time, towards major and judge with a triumphant sneer, as much as to say, 'I've fixed you, anyhow.' The argument was over; whether the major and the judge were right about the distance, or not, I cannot decide; but if the bet, when accepted, had to be ratified in the

grasp of the muscular hand which the colonel extended, they were decidedly right in not accepting it, as some painful surgical operation must have followed such a crushing and dislocation as his gripe inevitably portended. I would as soon have put my hand between the rollers of a cane-press.

The feeding arrangements for the humanities on board were, if disagreeable, sufficiently amusing once in a way. A table extends nearly the whole length of the gentlemen's saloon; on each side are ranged low wooden straight-back arm-chairs, of a breadth well suited for the ghost *qui n'avait pas de quoi*. But the unfortunate man who happened to be very well supplied therewith, ran considerable risk of finding the chair a permanent appendage. At the sound of the bell, all the seats being arranged opposite the respective places, the men rush forward and place themselves behind the said chairs, and, like true cavaliers, stand there till the ladies are seated. I was standing waiting among the rest, and getting impatient as time flew on. One lady had not arrived. At last the steward came with the said article on his arm, and having deposited her in the seat nearly opposite mine, at a knowing wink from him, a second steward sounded another bell, and the men dropped into their seats like magic. Soup having been already served,

the spoons rattled away furiously. I was wondering who the lady—all females are ladies here—could be, for whom we had been so long waiting, and who had eventually come in with the steward, or gentleman—all men are gentlemen here—in so friendly a manner. She did not appear burdened with any refined manners, but, judge of my astonishment when, after she had got quit of her soup-plate and was waiting for her next helping, I observed the lady poking the point of her knife into a sweet dish near her, and sucking off the precious morsel she had captured, which interesting operation she kept repeating till her roast turkey arrived. There was an air of such perfect innocence about her, as she was employed in the sucking process, that you could not help feeling she was unconscious any eye fixed upon her could find her occupation offensive or extraordinary.

A gentleman seated near me next attracted my attention. They had helped him to a piece of meat the size and shape of a Holborn-hill paving-stone. How insulted he must be at having his plate filled in that way. Look! look! how he seizes vegetable after vegetable, building his plate all round like a fortification, the junk of beef in the middle forming the citadel. It would have taken Napoleon a whole day to have captured such a fortress; but, remember, poor Napoleon

did not belong to the nation that can 'whip creation.' See how Jonathan batters down bastion after bastion! Now he stops!—his piercing eye scrutinizes around!—a pie is seen! With raised body and lengthened arm, he pounces on it, and drags it under the guns of his fortress. Knives and forks are scarce—his own will do very well. A breach is made—the pastry parapet is thrown at the foot of the half-demolished citadel; spoons are not at hand, the knife plunges into the abyss, the fork follows—'tis a chicken pie—pillage ensues; all the white meat is captured, the dish is raised on high, from the horizontal it is turned to the 'slantingdicular,' and the citadel is deluged in the shower. 'Catch who can,' is not confined to school-boys, I see. I was curious to witness the end of this attack, and, as he had enough to occupy his ivories for half an hour—if they did not give in before—I turned quietly to my own affairs, and began eating my dinner; but, curiosity is impatient. In a few minutes, I turned back to gaze on the fortress. By Jupiter Tonans! the plate lay before him, clean as if a cat had licked it; and, having succeeded in capturing another plate, he was organizing on this new plateau various battalions of sweets, for which he skirmished around with incomparable skill.

The parade-ground being full, I expected to see an

instant attack; but he was too knowing to be caught napping in that way. He looked around, and with a masterly eye, scanned apples, oranges, and nuts. The two former he selected with great judgment; the latter he brought home in quantities sufficient to secure plenty of good ones. Then pouncing upon a pair of nutcrackers, and extending them like a chevaux-de-frise round his prizes, he began his onslaught upon the battalion of sweets before him.

The great general now set seriously to work. Scarce had he commenced, when an innocent young man, who had finished his sweets and was meditating an attack on some nuts, espied the crackers lying idle before the gastronomic general, and said, 'Will you lend me the nutcrackers, sir?' The great general raised his head, and gave the youth one of those piercing looks with which Napoleon used to galvanize all askers of impertinent questions. The youth, understanding the refusal conveyed in that terrible glance, had however enough courage to add, 'You dont want them, sir!' This was too much to bear in silence; so he replied with awful distinctness, 'But I reckon I shall, sir!' Then dropping his head to the original position, he balanced a large piece of pumpkin-pie on the point of his knife, and gallantly charged with it down his throat. Poor youth!

a neighbour relieved his distress, and saved his ivories.

Nearly a quarter of an hour has elapsed, dinner is all over, the nuts are all cracked and put in the pockets, and away the company go either to the other end of the saloon, where the stove is placed, round which they eat their nuts and smoke their cigars, or to drink at the bar. When the smoking is over clasp-knives are opened. Don't be alarmed; there is no bloodshed intended, although half a dozen people strolling about with these weapons may appear ominous. Watch their faces; the lower part of their cheeks goes in with high-sucking pressure, then swells again, and the active tongue sweeps with restless energy along and around the ivory barriers within its range. In vain, in vain it strives to dispossess the intruders; rebellious particles of nut burrow deep between the ivories, like rabbits in an old stone dike. The knife comes to the rescue, and plunging fearlessly into the dark abyss, the victory is won. Then the victors commence chewing *à l'outrance*, and expectorate on the red-hot stove, till it hisses like a steam-engine, or else they deluge the floor until there is no alternative but thick shoes or damp feet; the fumes of every known alcohol exhale from the bar, and mix with the head-bursting fragrance of the strongest

'Warginny.' Some seek safety in flight, others luxuriate in the poisonous atmosphere, and scream out, like deeply injured men, if any door by chance be left open.

Behold, the table is laid again for dinner; piles of food keep coming in; the company arrive—some in coats, some in waistcoats only; some in coloured shirts, some in red flannel shirts; one, with sleeves turned up to the elbow. 'Who on earth are these?' I ask, in my ignorance. 'Oh! those, I guess, are the officers of the ship.' Truly, they are 'free,' but, whether 'enlightened' also, I had no opportunity of ascertaining. A short ten minutes, and they are all scattered, and the piles of food with them. Once more I look, and, behold! the table is again preparing. Who can this be for? Doubts are speedily solved, as a mixture of niggers and whites sit down to the festive board; it is the 'boys'—*alias* waiters—whose turn has come at last. Their meal over, the spare leaves of the table are removed, half a dozen square tables dot the centre line of the saloon, and all is comparatively quiet. This process takes place at every meal — eight A.M., one P.M., and five P.M., with the most rigid punctuality.

Fancy my distress one evening, when, on opening my cabin-door, I beheld a fellow-creature doubled up

at the entry of the door opposite. I thought the poor sufferer had a fit of cholera, and I was expecting each instant to hear his screams; but hearing nothing, I examined the person in question more minutely: it was merely a gentleman who had dispossessed himself of his jacket, waistcoat, trousers, and boots, not forgetting his stockings; and then deliberately planting his chair in the open entry of the door, and gathering up one foot on the seat thereof, was amusing himself by cutting and picking the horny excrescences of his pedal digits, for the benefit of the passengers in the gentlemen's saloon; and, unfortunately, you could not be sure that his hands would be washed before he sat next to you at breakfast in the morning, for I can testify that I have, over and over again, sat next to people, on these Western waters, whose hands were scarce fit to take coals out of a scuttle.

There is nothing I have here set down but what actually passed under my own eye. You will, of course, find gentlemen on board, and many whose manners there is nothing to complain of, and whose conversation is both instructive and amusing; but you evidently are liable to find others to realize the picture I have given of scenes in the gentlemen's saloon; and, unless you have some acquaintance among the ladies, their saloon is as sacred from a

gentleman as the sultan's hareem. And whence comes all this, except from that famous bugbear 'equality'? Is there any real gentleman throughout the Empire State who would, in his heart, approve of this ridiculous hustling together of well-bred and ill-bred? But it pleases the masses, and they must submit to this incongruous herding and feeding, like the hungry dogs of a 'Dotheboys Hall' kennel.

It may be useful information for the traveller, and is only fair to the Mississippi boat proprietors, to observe, that if you succeed in getting a passage in a perfectly new boat, there is always more care, more safety, better living, and better company. In all the boats there is one brush and comb for the use of the passengers.

By the aid of steam and stream, we at last reached Cairo, which is on the southern bank of the Ohio and the eastern of the Mississippi; its advantageous position has not passed unnoticed, but much money has been thrown away upon it, owing to the company's not sitting down and counting the cost before they began. There can be no question that, geographically, it is *par excellence* the site for the largest inland town of America, situated as it is at the confluence of the two giant arteries; and not merely is its position so excellent, but mountains of coal are in

its neighbourhood. The difficulty which has to be contended against is the inundation of these rivers. Former speculators built up levees; but either from want of pluck or purse, they were inefficiently constructed; the Mississippi overflowed them and overwhelmed the speculators. Lately, however, another company has taken the task in hand, and having sufficient capital, it embraces the coal-mines as well as the site, &c., of the new town, to which the coal will of course be brought by rail, and thus be enabled to supply the steamers on both rivers at the cheapest rate, and considerably less than one-third the price of wood; and if the indefatigable Swede's caloric-engine should ever become practicable, every steamer will easily carry sufficient coal from Cairo to last till her return; in short, I think it requires no prophetic eye to foresee that Cairo in fifty years, if the Union continues, will be one of the greatest, most important, and most flourishing inland towns in America; and curiously enough, this effect will be essentially brought about by the British capital embarked in the enterprise.

A few hours' run up the river brought us to St. Louis, whose nose, I prophesy, is to be put out of joint by Cairo some future day. Nevertheless, what a wonderful place is this same St. Louis; its rapid increase

is almost as extraordinary as that of Cincinnati, and perhaps more so, when you consider, not only that it is further west by hundreds of miles, but that it has to contend with the overflowing of the Mississippi, which has, on more than one occasion, risen to the first floor of the houses and stores built on the edge of the levee; fortunately, the greater part of the town, being built on higher ground, escapes the ruinous periodical duckings. It is situated seven hundred and fifty miles below the falls of St. Anthony, and twelve hundred miles above New Orleans.

Le Clede and his party appreciated the value of its position as early as 1764, and named it in honour of Louis the Fifteenth. Subsequently it was transferred to the Spaniards, in 1768: however, it made but little progress until it passed into the hands of the United States, in 1804. The energy of the American character soon changed the face of affairs, and there are now 3000 steamboats arriving annually, which I believe to be a greater number than there were inhabitants at the date of its cession to them. But the more active impulse seems to have commenced in 1830, at which time the population was under 7000, since which date it has so rapidly increased, that in 1852 its population was bordering on 100,000. The natives of the United States form about one-half

of the community, and those of Germany one-fourth; the remainder are chiefly Irish. There are twenty newspapers, of which four are published in German. There are forty churches, one-fourth of which are Roman Catholic, and a liberal provision is made for education; the material prosperity of this thriving community is evidenced by the fact, that the annual value of the produce of their manufacturing establishments exceeds £3,000,000; flour-mills, sugar refineries, and carpenters, contributing more largely than other occupations; after which come the tailors, thanks probably to the Germans, who appear to have a strong predilection for this trade, at which there are more hands employed than at any other.

While in these parts I made some inquiries as to that mysterious body of religious lunatics,—the followers of a Western Mahomet, by name Joe Smith,—who rejoice in the name of Mormons; but since my return to England, I have found such a concise and complete account of them in that valuable work by Mr. Horace Mann, entitled *Religious Worship in England*, that I have determined to turn wholesale plagiarist, as Mr. Mann's work, being purely statistical, may possibly never have met the reader's eye.

CHAPTER X.

Latter-day Saints and River Scenes.

'ALTHOUGH, in origin, the Mormon movement is not English, but American, yet, as the new creed, by the missionary zeal of its disciples, has extended into England, and is making some not inconsiderable progress with the poorer classes of our countrymen, it seems desirable to give, as far as the inadequate materials permit, some brief description of a sect, the history of whose opinions, sufferings, and achievements, shows, perhaps, the most remarkable religious movement that has happened since the days of Mahomet.

'Joseph Smith, the prophet of the new belief, was born in humble life in 1805, at Sharon in the State of Vermont, from whence in 1815 he removed with his parents to Palmyra, New York. When about 15 years old, being troubled by convictions of his spiritual danger, and perplexed by the multitude of mutually hostile sects, he saw, he says, while praying in a grove, a vision of 'two personages,' who informed him that his sins were pardoned, and that all existing sects were almost equally erroneous. This vision was repeated three years afterwards, in 1823, when an angel, he reports, informed him that the American Indians were a remnant of the Israelites, and that

certain records, written by the Jewish prophets and containing history and prophecy, had, when the Indians fell into depravity, been buried in the earth at a spot which the angel indicated. Smith was further told, that *he* had been selected as the instrument by which these valuable records should be brought to light; the revelations they contained being necessary for the restoration of that purity of creed and worship from which all the modern churches had alike departed.

'Accordingly, upon the 22nd of September, 1823, Smith, the story runs, discovered in the side of a hill, about four miles from Palmyra in Ontario County, a stone box, just covered by the earth, in which was deposited the 'Record,'—a collection of thin plates of gold, held together by three golden rings. Part of this golden book was sealed, but the portion open to inspection was engraven thickly with 'Reformed Egyptian' characters. Together with the book he found two crystal lenses 'set in the two rims of a bow,' apparently resembling an enormous pair of spectacles; this instrument he said was the Urim and Thummim used by ancient seers.

'The simple inspection of these treasures was the whole extent of Smith's achievements on his first discovery of them; he was not permitted by the angel to remove them until four years afterwards, on the 22nd of September, 1827. During the interval he received occasional instruction from his supernatural visitant.

'The news of his discovery attracted such attention, and procured him so much obloquy, that, according to the narrative of his biographers, he was exposed to personal violence, and was obliged to fly

to Pennsylvania, carrying his golden plates concealed in a barrel of beans. When thus in some security, he, by the aid of the Urim and Thummim, set to work upon the translation of the unsealed portion, which, when complete, composed a bulky volume, which he called the 'Book of Mormon'—'Mormon' meaning, he explained, *more good*, from '*mor*,' a contraction for *more*, and '*mon*,' Egyptian for *good*. 'Mormon,' too, was the name of a supposed prophet living in the fourth or fifth century, who, after the principal portion of the American Israelites had fallen in battle, and the whole of them become degenerate, engraved on plates a summary of their history and prophecies. These plates, his son, Moroni, in the troublous times which followed, hid for safety in a hill then called Cumora, about the year A.D. 420.

'Mormons defend the authenticity of this recital, by asserting the improbability that Smith, an illiterate person, could invent it, and, unaided, write so large and peculiar a volume. To the objection that the golden plates are not produced, they give Smith's own reply to the applications made to him by his disciples for a view—that such an exhibition of them is prohibited by special revelation. Nevertheless, in further proof of Smith's veracity, three 'witnesses' were found to testify that they had actually *seen* the plates, an angel having shown them; and a similar testimony was borne by eight other 'witnesses,'—four of these belonging to a family named Whitmer, and three being the two brothers and the father of Smith. The utmost that Smith did towards allowing access by indifferent parties to the plates, was to give to one of

his inquiring followers a copy upon paper of a portion of the plates in the original hieroglyphics, viz., the 'Reformed Egyptian.' This was submitted by the yet unsatisfied disciple to Professor Anthon of New York, who, however, did not recognise the characters as those of any ancient language known to him. The Mormon advocates appear to think these evidences irresistible.—Upon the other hand, it is asserted, by opponents of the Saints, that about the years 1809—12, a person of the name of Solomon Spaulding, who had been a clergyman, conceived and executed the design of writing a religious tale, the scenes and narrative of which should be constructed on the theory that the American Indians were the lost ten tribes of Israel. This work, when finished, he entitled *The Manuscript Found;* and the purport of the fiction was, to trace the progress of the tribes from Jerusalem to America, and then describe their subsequent adventures in the latter country,—'Mormon' and his son 'Moroni' being prominent characters, and Nephi, Lehi, and the Lamanites (names frequently occurring in the Book of Mormon) being also mentioned. The MS. of this production, it is further stated, found its way into the hands of one Sidney Rigdon, who was intimately connected with Smith from the commencement of his career.

'The *Book of Mormon* was succeeded by a *Book of Doctrine and Covenants,* being a collection of the special revelations made to Smith and his associates upon all points connected with the course and welfare of the church. This was continually enlarged as further revelations, consequent upon the varying fortunes

and requirements of the body, were received. Amongst these was one by which the 'Aaronic Priesthood' was revived—another by which baptism by immersion was commanded—a third for the institution of 'Apostles' —and others for the temporal regulation of the church from time to time.[a] In these productions the peculiar phraseology of the sacred scriptures was profusely imitated.

'It appears that at the end of about three years after Smith's announcement of himself as a prophet, about thirty persons were convinced of the reality of his pretensions, and from this time forward converts rapidly increased. Smith removed to Kirtland, in Ohio, and set up a mill, a store, and a bank.

'It was not without opposition that this progress was effected. As appears to be usual upon the rise of new religious sects, the Mormons were accused of holding many outrageous and immoral doctrines, and, amongst them, that of a community of wives. The popular hostility was often violently manifested, and the saints were subjected to much ill-treatment. Smith himself, in 1832, was tarred and feathered by a midnight mob; and, in the following year, the whole of

[a] 'The 'doctrine' of this book is contained in seven lectures on Faith, originally delivered before a class of elders in Kirtland, Ohio. Some of the 'revelations' are very minute; as, for instance, one authorizing Newel R. Whitney to retain his store for a little season; others directing Titus Billings to dispose of his land — Martin Harris to lay his monies before the Bishop of the Church—Sidney Rigdon to write a description of the land of Zion—Joseph Smith to receive support from the Church, and to have a house built in which to live and translate, &c.'

the Mormons in Missouri (amounting to above a thousand persons) were expelled from Independence, Jackson County, which had been described by Smith as the Zion appointed by revelation for the resting-place of the saints. They removed to Clay County, where, in 1837, they were joined by the prophet himself, whose bank in Kirtland had failed. Meantime, the prejudice against the Mormons followed them to their new habitation, and, in 1838, after several sanguinary outbreaks, Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were imprisoned, and the whole community of Mormons were expelled from their possessions in Missouri. They took refuge in the neighbouring state of Illinois. Here, in 1839, their prophet, who had managed to escape from prison, joined them. They now numbered 15,000 souls.

'In Illinois, they chose the village of Commerce as their residence, which soon became converted into a considerable town, of which the prophet was appointed mayor. This town they called Nauvoo, or 'Beautiful,' according to the language of the Book of Mormon. A body of militia, called the Nauvoo Legion, was established—Smith being 'General.' In 1841, a 'revelation' ordered the construction of a splendid temple, towards which object all the saints were to contribute a full tithe of their possessions. It is said that they expended on this structure nearly a million of dollars.

'In Nauvoo, the Mormons seem to have increased and prospered greatly: the town extended fast; the temple gradually rose; and the prophet was the absolute head of a comparatively powerful community,

which hardly recognised the ordinary laws of the state. In 1843 he became a candidate for the Presidency, and put forth a statement of his views. In 1844, however, occurred the final catastrophe of his life. A Nauvoo paper, having printed certain scandal of him, was, by order of the council of the town, suppressed, and its office rased; on which, the editors retired to Carthage, and obtained a warrant against Smith and his brother. This warrant Smith refused to recognise; the county force prepared to execute it; and the saints prepared their city for defence. To save the town, however, Smith surrendered on the promise of protection from the governor. This promise proved of little value; for, on the 27th of June, 1844, a mob broke into Carthage prison, and Joseph and Hyrum Smith were shot.

'Upon the prophet's death there were two competitors for the vacant supremacy—Sidney Rigdon and Brigham Young. The former was the earliest associate of Smith, and professed to be acquainted with 'all his secrets;' but, as the prominent advocate of the 'Spiritual Wife' doctrine, he was looked upon with disfavour as the virtual author of much of the suspicion and hostility with which the Mormons were regarded. Brigham Young succeeded therefore to the post of 'Prophet' (which he still retains), and Rigdon was expelled from the community. An interval of scarcely interrupted progress followed, during which the temple was completed; but in 1845 the troubles were renewed: perpetual conflicts, in which blood was shed, occurred, and the city of Nauvoo itself was regularly besieged. At length the Mormons, conscious

of their inability alone to cope with their antagonists, and seeing that no confidence could be reposed upon the law for their protection, undertook (since nothing less would satisfy their enemies) that they would altogether quit the State—commencing their departure in the spring of 1846.

"This time it was no mere temporary, neighbouring refuge which the Mormons sought. The elders of the church, aware of the hostility to which it would be constantly exposed in any portion of the populated States, resolved, with equal policy and daring, to escape entirely from the settled territory, and to seek far off, beyond the Rocky Mountains, some secluded and unoccupied retreat in which they could, secure from molestation, build their earthly 'Zion,' and, by gathering thither from all quarters of the world the converts to their faith, become a thriving and a powerful community, too potent to be further interfered with. This remarkable pilgrimage, involving the removal of some thousands of men, women, children, cattle, and stores, over thousands of untrodden miles—across wide unbridged rivers—by the difficult passes of snow-capped mountains—and through deserts, prairies, and tribes of predatory Indians—was at once commenced. A party of pioneers set out from Nauvoo in February, 1846, when it was still winter—the waggons crossing the Mississippi on the ice. These were to prepare the way for the main body of the citizens, who, according to stipulation, might remain in Nauvoo till these preparations were completed. Their departure was, however, hastened by the fresh hostility of their

opponents, who—concluding from the progress still continued in the decorations of the temple that the Mormons secretly intended to elude their promise and return—attacked the town in September, 1846, and expelled the whole of its remaining population. These then followed and overtook the pioneering party, which, after dreadful sufferings from cold and heat, from hunger and disease, had, finding it impossible to reach their destination till the following year, encamped upon the banks of the Missouri, on the lands of the Omahas and Pottawatamies. Here they had sown the land to some extent with grain, the crops of which were to be reaped by their successors. After a dreary winter, spent in this location, they began their march towards their final settlement. In April, 1847, the first detachment of 143, with 70 waggons, crossed the Rocky Mountains; arriving at the basin of the Great Salt Lake, in the latter portion of July, in time to sow the land for an autumn crop. The second party started in the summer with 566 waggons and a great supply of grain. The others followed in the course of 1848—their passage much alleviated by the tracks prepared by their predecessors and the harvests left for them to gather.

'The valley of the Great Salt Lake is a territory of considerable extent, enclosed on all sides by high rocky mountains. The lake itself is nearly 300 miles in circumference, with islands rising from its surface to an elevation of some thousand feet: its shores are covered in some places with the finest salt, and its water is as buoyant as the waves of the Dead Sea. Portions of the land are desert; but a vast expanse is

wonderfully fertile, and abounds in all facilities for pasturage and cultivation. Here, the Mormons have now firmly fixed themselves, and made, since 1848, continual progress. Further settlements have been established, and several cities founded: that of the Great Salt Lake itself[a] has a plot of several acres destined to support a temple whose magnificence shall far exceed the splendour of the former Nauvoo edifice. Relying on the inexhaustible resources of the region to sustain innumerable inhabitants, the principal endeavours of the rulers is to gather there as many immigrants as possible professing the same faith. They calculate that thus, established in an almost inaccessible retreat, with numbers continually augmenting, they will soon be able to defy external enmity and rear upon a lasting basis their ecclesiastical republic. Missionary agents are despatched to almost every portion of the world to make fresh converts and facilitate their transit to America. In England these endeavours have been followed by no slight success: it is computed that at least as many as 30,000 persons here belong to the community, and nearly 20,000 have already, it is said, departed for the Great Salt Lake.[b] This settlement itself, has now, by the name of 'Utah,' been admitted to the United States Confederacy; but it seems, from a report of the judges sent there by the recent President, that

[a] The position of their city is about six hundred miles E.N.E. from San Francisco, and on the verge of the Fremont route.—H. A. M.

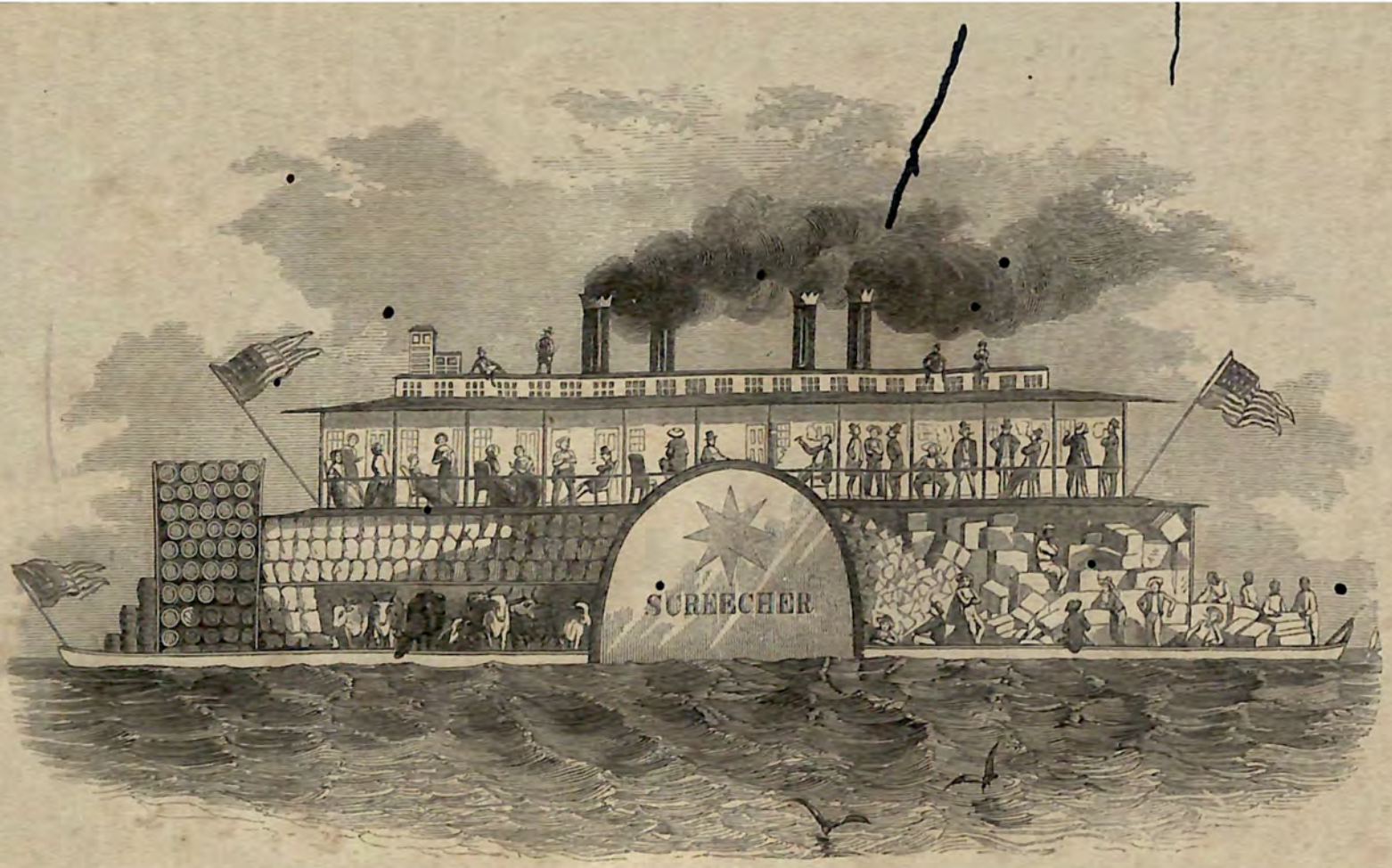
[b] By the seventh census of the United States, the population of the territory of Utah amounts to only 11,381.—H. A. M.

the authority of the federal government is virtually set at nought; the laws and their administration being always found accordant with the pleasure of the Mormon rulers.'[a]

Let us now resume the thread of our narrative.

I felt very anxious to make an excursion from St. Louis, and get a little shooting, either to the north-west or down near Cairo, where there are deer; but my companion was dying to get to New Orleans, and strongly urged me not to delay, 'fiddling after sport.' I always looked upon myself as a model of good-natured easiness, ever ready to sacrifice self for a friend; but I have been told by some intimates, that such is not my character, and some have even said, 'You're a —— obstinate fellow.' If they were wrong, I suffered enough for my easiness; if they were right, I must have yielded the only time that I ought to have been firm; at all events, I gave up my shooting expedition, which I had intended to occupy the time with till a first-class boat started for New Orleans; and, in an evil hour, I allowed myself to be inveigled on board the 'Western World.' The steam was up, and we were soon bowling down the leviathan artery of the North American continent. Why the said

[a] The doctrine of this community will be found in the Appendix, A.



A Mississippi Steamer.—(Vide List of Plates.)

artery should keep the name of the Mississippi, I cannot explain; for, not only is the Missouri the larger river above the confluence, but the Mississippi is a clear stream, with solid, and, in some instances, granite-bound shores, and perfectly free from 'snags;' whereas the Missouri has muddy banks, and revels in snags, which, as many have sadly experienced, is the case with the stream on which they are borne throughout its whole length, thereby fully evincing its true parentage, and painfully exhibiting its just right to be termed Missouri; but the rights of men and women are difficult enough to settle, without entering into the rights of rivers, although from them, as from men and women, flow both good and evil. A truce to rights, then, especially in this 'Far West,' where every one is obliged to maintain his own for himself.

This river is one of the places assigned as the scene of the conversation between the philosopher and the boatman—a tale so old, that it had probably died out before some of my younger readers were born; I therefore insert it for their benefit exclusively.—A philosopher, having arrived at a ferry, entered a boat, rowed by one of those rare articles in this enlightened Republic—a man without any education.

PHILOSOPHER (*loquitur*).—Can you write?

BOATMAN.—I guess I can't.

PHILOSOPHER.—How sad! why, you've lost one-third of your life! Of course you can read?

BOATMAN.—Well, I guess I can't that neither.

PHILOSOPHER.—Good gracious me! why, you've lost two-thirds of your life.

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, the boatman discovered, that, in listening to his learned passenger, he had neglected that vigilance which the danger of the river rendered indispensable. The stream was hurrying them into a most frightful snag; escape was hopeless; so the boatman opened the conversation with this startling question:

BOATMAN.—Can you swim, sir?

PHILOSOPHER.—No, that I can't.

BOATMAN.—Then, I guess, you've lost all your life.

Ere the sentence was finished, the boat upset; the sturdy rower struggled manfully, and reached the shore in safety. On looking round, nought was to be seen of the philosopher save his hat, floating down to New Orleans. The boatman sat down on the bank, reflecting on the fate of the philosopher; and, as the beaver disappeared in a bend of the river, he rose up, and gave vent to his reflections in the following terms: 'I guess that gentleman was never taught much of the useful; learning is a good thing in its place, but I guess swimming is the thing on the Mississippi, fix it how you will.'

As I have alluded to that *rara avis* in the United States, a totally uneducated man, I may as well give an amusing specimen of the production of another Western, whose studies were evidently in their infancy. It is a certificate of marriage, and runs thus:—

'State of Illenois Peoria County ss

'To all the world Greeting. Know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myres is hereby certified to go together and do as old folks does, any where inside coperas precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry em good, and date em back to *kivver accidents*.

'O—— M—— R——

[ss] 'Justice of the Peace.'

Let us now return to the 'Western World.'

Having committed the indiscretion of taking my passage on board of her, the next step I took—*i. e.*, paying for it—was worse, and proclaimed me a griffin. The old stagers know these waters too well to think of paying before they are at, or about, the end of their journey. Having, however, both taken and paid for my passage, and committed what old maids and sailors would call the audacious folly of starting upon a Friday, I may as well give you a description of the boat.

The river at many places and in many seasons being very low, these steamers are built as light as possible; in short, I believe they are built as light as any com-

pany can be found to insure them. Above the natural load-line they flam out like the rim of a washing-basin, so as to give breadth for the superstructure; on the deck is placed the engine and appurtenances, fuel, &c.; whatever is not so occupied is for freight. This deck is open all round, and has pillars placed at convenient distances, about fifteen to twenty feet high, to support the cabin deck. The cabin deck is occupied in the centre by a saloon, extending nearly the whole length of the vessel, with sleeping cabins—two beds in each—opening off it on both sides. The saloon is entered from forward; about one-third of its length at the after-end is shut off by doors, forming the ladies' sanctum, which is provided with sofas, arm-chairs, piano, &c.; about one-fifth of the length at the foremost end, but not separated in any way, is the smoking-place, with the bar quite handy, and the stove in the centre. The floor of this place may with propriety be termed the great expectorating deposit, owing to the inducements it offers for centralization, though, of course, no creek or cranny of the vessel is free from this American tobacco-tax—if I may presume so to dignify and designate it. Having thus taken off one-third and one-fifth, the remaining portion is the 'gentlemen's share'—how many 'eenths it may be, I leave to frac-

tional calculators. Their average size is about sixteen feet broad, and from seven and a half to eight and a half feet high; the centre part is further raised about eighteen inches, having glass along the sides thereof, to give light; they are always well painted and elaborately gilt—in some vessels, such as the 'Eclipse,' of Louisville, they are quite gorgeous. The cabins are about six feet by seven, the same height as the saloon, and lit by a door on the outside part, the upper portion of which is glass, protected, if required, by folding jalousies, intended chiefly for summer use. Outside these cabins a gallery runs round, covered at the top, and about four feet broad, and with entries to the main cabin on each side. The box which covers the paddle-wheel, &c., helps to make a break in this gallery, separating the gentlemen from the ladies.

Some boats have a narrow passage connecting the two galleries, but fitted with a *grille* door, to prevent intrusion into the hareem gallery; before the paddle-box, on one side, is the steward's pantry, and on the other, that indispensable luxury to an American, the barber's shop; where, at all hours of the day, the free and enlightened, mounted on throne-like chairs and lofty footstools, stretch their carcasses at full length, to enjoy the tweaking of their noses and the

scraping of their chins, by the artistic nigger who officiates. This distinguished official is also the sole dispenser of the luxury of oysters, upon which fish the Anglo-Saxon in this hemisphere is intensely ravenous. It looks funny enough to a stranger, to see a notice hung up (generally near the bar) 'Oysters to be had in the barber's saloon.' Everything is saloon in America. Above this saloon deck, and its auxiliaries of barber-shop, gallery, &c., is the hurricane-deck, whereon is a small collection of cabins for the captain, pilots, &c.—there are always two of the latter, and their pay each, the captain told me, is forty pounds a month—and towering above these cabins is the wheel-house, lit all round by large windows, whence all orders to the engineers are readily transmitted by the sound of a good bell. The remainder of the deck—which is, in fact, only the roof of the saloon-cabins and gallery—is open to all those who feel disposed to admire distant views under the soothing influence of an eternal shower of wood-cinders and soot. These vessels vary in breadth from thirty-five to fifty feet, and from one hundred and fifty to—the 'Eclipse'—three hundred and sixty-five feet in length; the saloons extending the whole length, except about thirty feet at each end. They have obtained the name of 'palace-steamers,' and at a *coup d'œil* they

appear to deserve it, for they are grand and imposing, both outside and inside; but many an European who has travelled in them will agree with me in the assertion, that they might, with more propriety, be termed 'palace-sepulchres;' not merely from the loss of life to which their constant disasters give rise, but also from the contrast between the grandeur outside and the uncleanliness within, of which latter I have already given a sketch in my trip from Louisville.

Some idea may be formed of their solidity, when I tell you they are only calculated to last five years; but at the end of three, it is generally admitted that they have paid for themselves, with good interest. I give you this, on the information derived from a captain who was sole owner, and I have also heard many others repeat the same thing; and yet the 'Eclipse' cost 120,000 dollars, or about £25,000. In the saloon you will always see an account of the goodness of the hull and the soundness of the boilers hung up, and duly attested by the proper inspectors of the same. The way these duties of the inspectors are performed makes it a perfect farce, at least on most occasions.

The inspector comes on board; the captain and engineer see him, and, of course, they shake hands, for here everybody shakes hands with everybody the moment they meet, if only for the first time; the

only variation being in the words addressed: if for the first time, it may run thus:—'Sir, I'm happy to make your acquaintance;' which may be replied to by an additional squeeze, and perhaps a 'Sir, I reciprocate.' N.B.—Hats off always the first time. If it is a previous acquaintance, then a 'Glad to see you, sir,' is sufficient.—But to return from this digression. The captain and engineer greet the inspector—'I s'pose you're come to look at our bilers, sir?' 'Yes, sir, I am.' The parties all instinctively drawing nearer and nearer to the bar. 'Well, sir, let's have a drink.'—'Well, sir, let's.'—'A cigar, sir?'—'Thank'ee, sir!'—Parties smoke and drink. Ingeniously enough, the required document and pen and ink are all lying handy: the obdurate heart of the inspector is quite melted by kindness. 'Well, sir, I s'pose your bilers are all right?'—'I guess they are that, sir, and nurthin else; you can't and go for to bust them bilers of mine, fix it anyhow you will; you can't that, I do assure you, sir.'—What inspector can doubt such clear evidence?—'Take another glass, sir, do.'—'Thank'ee, I'll sign this paper first.' The inspection is over, all except the 'glass' and the 'bacco,' which continue to flow and fume. The skippers of these boats are rough enough; but I always found them very civil, plain spoken, and ready

to give all the information in their power; and many of them have confessed to me that the inspection was but too often conducted in the manner above described.

There is little to interest in the account of a trip down the river. The style of society met with on board these vessels, I have already given you a sketch of; it may sometimes be better, and sometimes worse. One of my 'messmates' in this boat, was a young fellow who had been second captain of the mizen-top on board of H.M.S. 'Vengeance;' but not liking the style of discipline, especially—as he said—the irritating substitutes for flogging which have been introduced of late years into the Navy, to suit the mawkish sensibility of public opinion in England, as well as the clamours of the all-ruling Press, he took the first opportunity of running away, to seek his fortunes in the Far West. He observed to me one day, 'Those chaps who kick up such a devil of a row about flogging in the Navy, whatever their intentions may be, are no real friends to the sailor or the service.'

As a slight illustration of the truth of his remarks, I may here observe that a purser in the American Navy, in which service they have lately abolished flogging, told me, that soon after the paying off of a line-of-battle ship in which he had been serving, he happened to meet fifty of his old shipmates in the

port, and asking them what they were going to do they told him they were about to embark for England, to take service in the English Navy; for said they, 'Since corporal punishment has been abolished, the good men have to do all the work, and that wont pay.' Only three of the fifty had ever been in the English service. There can be no doubt that many gentlemen of sensitive minds, seeing the names of their brother officers dragged before the public, through the House of Commons, or the columns of an anonymous Press, endeavour to keep up discipline by other means, which annoy Jack far more, or else, slackening the bonds of discipline, leave all the work to be done by the willing and the good; anything, rather than be branded as a tyrant in every quarter of the globe by an anonymous assailant, knowing full well that however explicit a denial may be inserted, ten people will read the charge for every one that reads its contradiction. But I am wandering from my young friend, the captain of the mizen-top.

If he did not look very well 'got up' in his red shirt, at all events he was clean in his person, thus forming a pleasing contrast to a young chap who came in the evening, and seated himself on the table, where I was playing a game at écarté with my companion. His hands absolutely appeared the hands

f a nigger, though his voice was the voice of a white; travelling my eyes up to and beyond his face, I found it was all in keeping; his hair looked like an Indian jungle. If some one could only have caught him by the heels, and swung him round and round on a carding machine, like a handful of hemp, it would have improved him immensely; especially if, after going through that process, he had been passed between two of the pigs through the scalding-trough at Cincinnati. Among others of our fellow-voyagers, we found one or two very agreeable and intelligent American gentlemen, who, though more accustomed to the *désagréments* of travel, were fully alive to it, and expressed their disgust in the freest manner.

Let us now turn from company to scenery.—What is there to be said on this latter subject? Truly it is nought but sameness on a gigantic scale. What there is of grand is all in the imagination, or rather the reflection, that you are on the bosom of the longest artery of commerce in the world. What meets the eye is an average breadth of from half a mile to a mile of muddy water, tenanted by uprooted trees, and bristling with formidable snags. On either side a continuous forest confines the view, thus depriving the scene of that solemn grandeur which the horizonless desert or the boundless main is calculated to in-

spire. The signs of human life, like angel's visits, are few and far between. No beast is seen in the forest, no bird in the air, except from time to time a flight of water-fowl. At times the eye is gratified by a convocation of wild swans, geese, and ducks assembled in conclave upon the edge of some bank; or, if perchance at sunrise or sunset you happen to come to some broad bend of the river, the gorgeous rays light up its surface till it appears a lake of liquid fire, rendered brighter by the surrounding darkness of the dense and leafless forest. Occasionally the trumpet-toned pipe of the engine—fit music for the woods—bursts forth; but there are no mountains or valleys to echo its strains far and wide. The grenadier ranks of vegetable life, standing like sentries along the margin of the stream, refuse it either an entry or an answer, and the rude voice of mechanism finds a speedy and certain sepulture in the muddy banks. This savage refusal of Nature to hold converse is occasionally relieved by the sight of a log hut, surrounded with cords of wood[a] prepared for sale to

[a] On the Mississippi a cord contains one definite quantity, being a pile 4 feet high, 4 feet broad, and 8 feet long, and does not vary in size in the same absurd manner as it does in various parts of England: the price paid is from eight to thirteen shillings, increasing as you descend the river.

the steamers. At other times a few straggling huts, and piles of goods ready for transport, vary the scene. Sometimes you come to a real village, and there you generally find an old steamer doing duty for a wharf-boat and hotel, in case of passengers landing at unseasonable hours of the night. Thanks also to the great commercial activity of the larger towns above, the monotony of the river is occasionally relieved by the sight of steam-boats, barges, coal-boats, salt-boats, &c. Now and then one's heart is cheered and one's spirits fortified by the sight of a vessel or two that has been snagged, and which the indignant stream appears to have left there as a gentle hint for travellers.

Thus the day passes on, and, when night closes in, you bid adieu to your friends, not with 'Pleasant dreams to you!' but with a kind of mysterious smile, and a 'I hope we sha'n't be snagged to-night!' You then retire to your cabin, and . . . . what you do there depends on yourself; but a man whose mind is not sobered when travelling on these waters is not to be envied.

When you leave your cabin in the morning, as you enter the saloon, you fancy a cask of spirits has burst. A little observation will show you your mistake, and the cause of it; which is merely that the

free and enlightened are taking their morning drink at the bar. Truly they are a wonderful race or, as they themselves sometimes express it—'We are a tall nation, sir; a big people.' Though they drink on all occasions, whether from sociability or self-indulgence, and at all times, from rosy morn to dewy eve, and long after; though breath and clothes are 'alive' with the odour of alcohol, you will scarcely ever see a passenger drunk. Cards are also going all day long, and there is generally a Fancy man — or blackleg — ready to oblige a friend. These card playings are conducted quietly enough at present, but an old traveller told me he remembered, some fifteen years ago, when things were very different, and when every player came armed with a pistol and bowie knife, by which all little difficulties as to an odd trick or a bet were speedily settled on the spot. In those days the sun never rose and set without witnessing one or more of these exciting little adjustments of difficulties, with which the bystanders were too good judges ever to interfere. In fact, they seem to have been considered as merely pleasing little breaks in the monotony of the trip.

As it may interest some of my readers, I will endeavour to retail for their amusement a sketch

which was given me of a scene of boat-racing in the olden time. The 'Screecher' was a vessel belonging to Louisville, having a cargo of wild Kentuckians and other passengers on board, among whom was an old lady, who, having bought a winter stock of bacon, pork, &c., was returning to her home on the banks of the Mississippi. The 'Burster' was a St. Louis boat, having on board a lot of wild back-woods men, &c. The two rivals met at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Beat or burst was the alternative. Victory hung in one scale; in the other, defeat and death. The Screecher was a little ahead; gradually the Burster closes. The silence of a death-struggle prevails. The Screechers put on more wood, and place more weight on the safety-valve; she bounds ahead. Slowly but surely, the Burster draws nearer. The captain of the Screecher looks wistfully at the fires, for the boilers are well-nigh worn out. The Burster is almost abreast. The enraged Kentuckians gather round the captain, and, in fury, ask, 'Why don't you put more weight on?'

CAPTAIN—'Boilers are done; can't bear it nohow.'

KENTUCKIANS—'Can't bear it? you chicken-hearted coward—'

Knives are drawn, pistols click, a hundred voices

exclaim, 'Get on it, yourself, or I'll bury this knife below your outer skin.' Their eyes gleam, their hands are raised for the deadly blow. Wild boys, these Kentuckians; the captain knows it too well. A choice of deaths is before him; excitement decides — he mounts the breach. The Screecher shoots through the waters, quivering from head to stern. The Kentucky boys yell with delight and defiance. Again the Burster closes on her rival; Kentuckians brandish their knives, and call to the negroes, who are already half-roasted, 'Pile on the wood, pile like agony: I'll ram a nigger into the fire for every foot the Burster gains.' Soon a cry of exultation is heard on board the Burster, as she shoots up close to her rival. The enraged Kentuckians shout out, 'Oil, I swear! oil, by all creation!' 'I smell it!' exclaims the old lady with the store of bacon. Her eyes flash fire; a few words to her slaves Pompey and Cæsar, and casks of bacon smashed quick as thought lay before the furnace. In it all goes; the Screecher is wild; the captain bounds up and down like a parched pea on a frying-pan; once more she flies ahead of her rival 'like a streak of greased lightning.' Suddenly—horror of horrors!—the river throbs beneath; the forest trees quake like aspen leaves; the voice of many thunders rends the air; clouds of splinters and human limbs darken the

sky. The Burster is blown to atoms! The captain jumps down, and joins the wild Kentucky boys in a yell of victory, through the bass notes of which may be heard the shrill voice of the old lady, crying, 'I did it, I did it—it's all my bacon!'

The struggle over, and the excitement passed, they return, and pick up such portions of the human frame as may be found worth preserving.—To resume.

Our captain was overtaken by a telegraphic message, requiring his appearance on a certain day to answer a charge of libel. From what I could glean, it seems that the captain, considering himself cheated by a person with whom he had been transacting business, took the liberty of saying to him, 'Well, you're a darned infernal rascal, fix it anyhow you will!' The insulted person sued for 2500 dollars damages, and the captain was obliged to leave us, that he might go and defend his cause. He was a good type of a 'hard a-weather-bird,' and I was sorry to see him obliged to quit the ship. I told him so, adding, that if he deserted us we should be sure to get snagged, or something worse. He replied, 'Oh, no, sir; I guess you'll be safe enough; I shall leave my clerk in charge, he's been a captain of these boats, you'll be right enough, sir.' And away he went ashore at Memphis, leaving us to continue our course to New Orleans.

Night came on, and we all toddled off to roost. I am habitually a very sound sleeper, dropping off the moment I turn in, and never awaking till daylight. On this occasion however, I awoke about two o'clock A.M., and, do what I would, I could not coax myself to sleep again. While tossing from side to side, I felt the vessel strike as if gently touching a bank; and wood being a good conductor of sound, I heard water, as it were, gurgling in; my first idea was, 'We are snagged;' then, remembering how slight the concussion had been, I calmed my fears and turned over on my side, determined to bottle off a little more sleep if possible. Scarce had the thought crossed the threshold of my mind, when men with hasty steps rushed into the saloon, banging frantically at the cabin-doors, and the piercing cry was heard, 'Turn out, turn out! we're sinking!' Passengers flew from their beds, and opened their doors to get what scanty light the lamps in the saloon might afford. A mysterious and solemn silence prevailed; all was action; no time for words; dress, catch up what you can, and bolt for your life. As I got to the side of the vessel, I saw a steamer alongside, and felt the boat I was in careening over. A neighbour, in fear and desperation, caught hold of me as a drowning man catches at a straw: no time for compliments this, when it is neck

or nothing; so, by a right-hander in the pit of the stomach, I got quit of his clutch, and, throwing my desk over to the other boat, I grasped the wooden fender and slid down. Thank God, I was safe!—my companion was already safe also.

It was about half-past four A.M., a drizzly, wet morning, quite dark, except the flame of the torches. A plank was got on board of the sinking boat, along which more passengers and even some luggage were saved. The crew of the sound boat had hard work to keep people from trying to return and save their luggage, thus risking not only their own lives but at the same time impeding the escape of others. From the gallery above I was looking down upon the wreck, lit up by the lurid light of some dozen torches, when, with a crash like thunder, she went clean over and broke into a thousand pieces; eighty head of cattle, fastened by the horns, vainly struggled to escape a watery grave. It was indeed a terrific and awful scene to witness. From the first striking till she went to pieces, not a quarter of an hour had elapsed; but who was saved? Who knew, and—alas! that I must add—who cared?

The crew worked hard enough to rescue all, and to them be every credit for their exertions; but the indifference exhibited by those who had been snatched

from the jaws of death was absolutely appalling. The moment they escaped, they found their way to the bar and the stove, and there they were smoking, drinking, and passing the ribald jest, even before the wreck had gone to pieces, or the fate of one-half of their companions had been ascertained. Yet there was a scene before their eyes sufficient, one would have imagined, to have softened the hardest heart and made the most thoughtless think. There, among them, at the very stove round which they were gathered, stood one with a haggard eye and vacant gaze, and at his feet clung two half-naked infants; a quarter of an hour before he was a hale man, a husband, with five children; now, he was an idiot and a widower, with two. No tear dimmed his eye, no trace of grief was to be read in his countenance; though the two pledges of the love of one now no more hung helplessly round his legs, he heeded them not; they sought a father's smile—they found an idiot's stare. They cried: was it for their mother's embrace, or did they miss their brotner and sisters? Not even the piteous cry of motherless infancy could light one spark of emotion in the widowed husband's breast—all was one awful blank of idiocy. A wife and three children, buried beneath piles of freight, had found a wretched grave; his heart and his reason had fled after them—never, apparently, to return.

Surely this was a scene pre-eminently calculated to excite in those who were, by their very escape, living monuments of God's mercy, the deepest feelings of gratitude and commiseration; yet, there stood the poor idiot, as if he had not been; and the jest, the glass, and cigar went on with as much indifference as if the party had just come out of a theatre, instead of providentially escaping from a struggle between life and death. A more perfect exhibition of heartlessness cannot be conceived, nor do I believe any other part of the world could produce its equal.

The immediate cause of the wreck was the steamer 'H. R. W. Hill,' running into us, owing to misunderstanding the bell signal; most providentially she caught alongside of us after striking; if she had not done so, God alone knows who could have been saved. As far as I could ascertain, all the first-class passengers were saved. Do not stare at the word first-class, for although in this country of so-called equality no difference of classes is acknowledged, poor helpless emigrants are taken as deck-passengers, and as freight is the great object, no space is set apart for them; they are stowed away among the cargo as best they can be, with no avenue of escape in case of accidents, and with the additional prospect of being buried beneath bales and barrels. I believe fifteen passengers perished in this way: one poor English-

woman among the deck-passengers fought her way through the freight, and, after being nearly drowned and trampled to death under the hoofs of the cattle, succeeded in escaping. A slave-merchant with a dozen negroes managed to save all of them, inasmuch as, being valuable, he had them stowed away in a better place. The moment the wreck was completed, we proceeded up the river, wasting no time in trying to save any part of the cargo or luggage. My own position was anything but a pleasant one, though I trust I was truly thankful for my preservation. I found I had managed to throw my desk between the two steamers, and it was therefore irrecoverably lost, with all my papers, letters of credit, journal, &c. I had also lost everything else except what I had on,—rifle, guns, clothes,—all were gone. A few things, such as money, watch, note-book, which I always kept in my pockets, were all my stock in trade. Fortunately, my friend had saved his papers, and thus our identity could be established at New Orleans. In the course of a few hours we saw a fine steamer coming down the river, in which we embarked, and again pursued our journey south.

In the afternoon we passed several pieces of the wreck: the shores were covered with the casks of pork and mustang liniment which had formed a great part

of our freight. At one place, a large portion of the wreck was made fast ashore, and being plundered by the settlers on the bank; boxes and trunks were all broken open and cleaned out—little boats were flying across the river full of pork and other prizes—it was an universal scramble in all directions, and appeared to be considered as lawful plunder by them as if they had been Cornish wreckers. It was hopeless to try and recover anything, so we continued our journey, and left our goods to the tender mercies of the land-sharks on the banks. Having lost all my papers, I was obliged to forego the pleasure I had anticipated from a visit to Natchez, or rather to the gentlemen and plantations in the neighbourhood.

As you approach the lower part of the river, signs of human life become more frequent; the forest recedes, the banks of the river are leveed up, and legions of Uncle Tom's Cabins stud the banks; some, clustered near the more luxurious but still simple building wherein dwells the proprietor, surrounded by orange groves and the rich flowers and foliage of southern climes. These little spots appear like bright oases in the otherwise dreary, uninteresting flats, which extend from the banks on either side; yet it is only as a scene they are uninteresting; as a reality, they have a peculiar interest. On these flats

the negro slave expends his labour and closes his life, and from the bitter of his career the white man draws the sweet luxury of his own. How few reflect upon this, even for as many seconds as it takes to melt the clarified lump in the smoking bohea. But here we are at La Fayette, which is the upper or American end of New Orleans, where steamers always stop if there are any cattle on board, which being our case, we preferred landing and taking an omnibus, to waiting for the discharge of the live-stock. Half an hour brought us to the St. Louis Hotel, and there you may sit down a minute or two while I make some observations on the steaming in Western rivers.

The whole system and management is a most grievous reproach to the American nation. I speak not of the architecture, which is good, nor of the absurd inconsistency in uniting such palatial appearance with such absolute discomfort, which perhaps, with their institutions and ideas, it would be very difficult to remedy. My observations refer more to that by which human life is endangered, and the valuable produce of human labour recklessly destroyed. The following extract from a Louisville paper will more than justify any animadversions which I may make:—

DISASTERS ON WESTERN RIVERS.—The Louisville *Courier* has published a list of disasters on Western waters during the year 1852. It is a formidable one, embracing 78 steam-boats,

4 barges, 73 coal-boats, 3 salt-boats, and 4 others, flat-boats. It appears that 47 boats were lost by being snagged, 16 by explosions, 4 were burnt, and the others lost by collision and other mishaps. The greatest number of lives lost by one disaster was the explosion of the 'Saluda,' 100. The total loss of life exceeds 400 persons.[a]

Here is a list of one hundred and sixty-two vessels of different kinds, and four hundred human beings, lost in one year; of which vessels it appears forty-six were snagged. You will naturally ask here, what precautions are taken to avoid such frightful casualties? The answer is short—None. They had a few boats employed once to raise the snags, but the thirst for annexation ran them into a war, and the money was wanted for that purpose. The Westerns say they are ridden over by the Easterns, and that government will do nothing for them.[b]

It is not for me to decide the reasons, but the fact is but too clear, that in a country boasting of its wealth, its power, its resources, and not burdened

[a] A committee of the United States calculated that, in 1846, the losses on the Mississippi amounted to £500,000; and as commerce has increased enormously, while precautions have remained all but stagnant, I think it may be fairly estimated that the annual losses at the present day amount to at least £750,000.

[b] *Vide* chapter on 'Watery Highways.'

with one farthing of debt, not a cent is being expended in making the slightest endeavours to remove the dangers of this gigantic artery of commerce; and what would be the cost of this national object? The captains of the boats told me that two dozen snag-boats in three years would clear the river; and that half that number could keep it clear; yet, rather than vote the money requisite, they exhibit a national indifference to the safety of life and property such as, I may confidently affirm, cannot be found in any other civilized nation. A very small tax on the steamers would pay the expenses; but the Westerns say, and say with truth, 'This is not a local, this is a national question. Government builds lighthouses, harbours, &c., for the eastern board, and we are entitled to the same care for our commerce.' A navigation of two thousand miles is most certainly as thoroughly a national question as a sea-board is. It should also be remembered that, if the navigable tributaries be added, the total presents an unbroken highway of internal commerce amounting to 16,700 miles—a distance which, it has been remarked 'is sufficient to encircle Europe and leave a remnant which would span the Atlantic.'

Next on the list comes the 'explosions.' I have already given you an account of how the so-called examinations are too often made. Surely these in-

spections might be signed upon oath before a magistrate; and as surely, I should hope, men might be found who would not perjure themselves. The burnt vessels are few in number, and more than one case has, I believe, been tried on suspicion of being set fire to intentionally.

The last on the list is 'collisions, &c.' By the &c., I suppose, is meant vessels which, having run on the river till they were only fit for firewood, still continued 'just one more trip;' and then, of course, the slightest concussion, either on a bank or a floating log, would break them up like a chip basket. The examination on this point is conducted like that of the boilers, and the same remedy might readily be applied. I think, however, that the greater number of losses from collisions, &c., may chiefly be ascribed to the collisions. The cause of these collisions is easily understood, when you are informed that vessels meeting, indicate the side they intend to take by sounding a bell. They have no fixed rule like vessels meeting at sea. The sound of the toll of the second bell, may easily be blended with the first, if it be struck hurriedly, which in cases of danger is more than probable; or, the sound of a single toll may find an echo and be mistaken for two tolls. The collision we met with was caused by this very misunderstanding; at least, so the captains

mutually explained it. The reason given me for this unsettled system was, that, owing to banks and currents, vessels could not always take the same side. Supposing this to be so, still, a more correct indication of the side intended to be taken, might be obtained by lights kept burning for that purpose in a box with a sliding front, removable at pleasure by a line leading to the wheel-house, in the same way as the laniard of the bell is at present fitted; and a further palpable advantage would be obtained by obliging vessels meeting in the night to stop the engines and pass at 'slow speed.' In addition to these precautions, a stout cork fender, extending round the bows some ten feet on each side, and fixed every night at dark, would materially lessen the chances of destruction, even if collision did take place.

There is, however, another cause of accident which the Louisville paper does not allude to, and that is overloading. We started about two and a half feet out of the water when leaving St. Louis, and, long before we met with our accident, we had taken in cargo till we were scarce five inches above the river. Not only do they cram the lower, or freight deck, but the gallery outside the saloons and cabins is filled till all the use and comfort thereof is destroyed, and scarce a passage along them to be obtained. Seeing

the accidents such reckless freighting must necessarily give rise to, what more simple than obliging every vessel to have a float or loading line painted from stem to stern at a certain elevation, making the captain and owners liable to a heavy penalty, if the said line be brought below the water by the freight. There is one other point which I may as well notice here, and that is the manner in which these boats are allowed to carry deck passengers. There is no clear portion of deck for them, and they are driven by necessity among the bales and boxes of freight, with no avenue of escape in case of accident. These are the people who suffer in cases of snagging and collision, &c. These hardy sons of toil, migrating with their families, are all but penniless, and therefore, despite all vaunt of equality, they are friendless. Had every deck passenger that has perished in the agony of a crushing and drowning death been a Member of Senate or Congress, the Government would have interfered long ere this; but these miserable wretches perish in their agony, and there is no one to re-echo that cry in the Halls of Congress. They are chiefly poor emigrants, and plenty more will come to fill their places.

If the Government took any of such steps as those above recommended, the fear of losing insurance by

neglecting them would tend greatly to make them respected. Companies would insure a ta lower rate, and all parties would be gainers in the long run; for, if the Government obtained no pecuniary profit, it would gain in national character by the removal of a reproach such as no other commercial country at the present day labours under.

There is, moreover, a moral point of view to be taken of this question — viz., 'the recklessness of human life engendered by things as they are.'

The anecdotes which one hears are of themselves sufficient to leave little doubt on this point. Take, for instance, the following:—A vessel having been blown up during the high pressure of a race: among the witnesses called was one who thus replied to the questions put to him:—

EXAMINER.—'Were you on board when the accident took place?"

WITNESS.—'I guess I was, and nurthin else.'

EXAMINER.—'Was the captain sober?'

WITNESS.—'Can't tell that, nohow.'

EXAMINER.—'Did you not see the captain during the day?'

WITNESS.—'I guess I did.'

EXAMINER.—'Then can you not state your opinion whether he was drunk or not?'

WITNESS.—'I guess I had not much time for observation; he was not on board when I saw him.'

EXAMINER.—'When did you see him, then?'

WITNESS.—'As I was coming down, I passed the gentleman going up.'

The court, of course, was highly amused at his coolness, and called another witness.—But let us turn from this fictitious anecdote to fact.

It was only the other day that I read in a Louisville paper of a gentleman going into the Galt-house Hotel, and deliberately shooting at another in the dining saloon, when full of people, missing his aim, and the ball lodging in the back of a stranger's chair, who was quietly sitting at his dinner. Again, I read of an occurrence—at Memphis, I think—equally outrageous. A man hard pressed by creditors, who had assembled at his house and were urgent in their demands, called to them to keep back, and upon their still pressing on, he seized a bowie-knife in each hand, and rushed among them, stabbing and ripping right and left, till checked in his mad career of assassination by a creditor, in self-defence, burying a cleaver in his skull.

In a Natchez paper I read as follows:—'Levi Tarver, formerly a resident of Atala county, was recently killed in Texas. Tarver interrupted a gen-

tleman on the highway; high words ensued, when Tarver gave the gentleman the lie; whereupon the latter drew a bowie-knife, and completely severed, at one blow, Levi's head from his body.'

In a St. Louis paper, I read of a German, Hoffman by name, who was supposed by Baker to be too intimate with his wife, and who was consequently desired to discontinue his visits. Hoffman remonstrated in his reply, assuring the husband that his suspicions were groundless. A short time after, he received a letter from Mrs. Baker, requesting him to call upon her: he obeyed the summons, and was shown into her bedroom at the hotel. The moment he got there, Mrs. Baker pulled two pistols from under the pillow, and discharged both at his head. Hoffman rushed out of the house; scarce was he in the street, when Mr. Baker, and three other ruffians, pounced upon him, dragged him back to the hotel, and placed guards at the door to prevent any further ingress from the street. They then stripped him perfectly naked, lashed him with cow-hides till there was scarce a sound piece of flesh in his body, dashing cold water over him at intervals, and then recommencing their barbarities. When tired of this brutality, they emasculated their wretched victim with a common table-knife. And who were these ruffians? Were they

uneducated villains, whom poverty and distress had hardened into crime? Far from it. Mr. Baker was the owner of a grocery store; of the others, one was the proprietor of the St. Charles hotel, New Bremen, the second was a young lawyer, the third was a clerk in the 'Planter's House.' Can the sinks of ignorance and vice in any community present a more bloody scene of brutality than was here deliberately enacted, by educated people in respectable positions, in the middle of the day. What can be thought of the value of human life, when I add that all these miscreants were bailed?

These are merely the accounts which have met my eye in the natural course of reading the newspaper, for I can most truthfully declare I have not taken the slightest trouble to hunt them up. The following, which bears upon the same point, was related to me in the course of conversation at dinner, and it occurred in New Orleans. Mr. A. treads on Mr. B.'s toe several times; Mr. B. kicks Mr. A. down-stairs, and this at a respectable evening party. Now what does Mr. A. do? He goes outside and borrows a bowie-knife from a hack-cabman, then returns to the party, watches and follows Mr. B. to the room where the hats and cloaks were placed, seizes a favourable moment, and rips Mr. B.'s bowels open. He is tried

for murder, with evidence sufficient to hang a dozen men; and, to the astonishment of even the Westerns themselves, he is acquitted. These facts occurred not many years since, and they were narrated to me by a gentleman who was at the party.

When two members of the Legislature disgraced the halls at Washington, by descending into the political arena with pistols and bowie-knives, and there entering into deadly conflict, were they not two Western members? Now what do these occurrences prove? Certainly not, that all Westerns are bloodthirsty, for many of them are the most kind, quiet, and amiable men I have ever met; but, when taken in connexion with the free use of the bowie-knife, they afford strong evidence that there is a general and extraordinary recklessness of human life;* and surely, common sense and experience would both endorse the assertion, that habituating men to bloody disputes or fatal accidents, has a tendency to harden both actors and spectators into utter indifference; and what is the whole of the Western river navigation but one daily—I might almost say, continual—scene of accidents and loss of life, tending to nourish those very feelings, which it is the duty of every government to use all possible means to allay and humanize?

The heartless apathy with which all classes of society, with scarce individual exceptions, speak of these events is quite revolting to a stranger, and a manifest proof of the injurious moral effect of familiarizing people with such horrors. *The bowie-knife, the revolver, and the river accidents mutually act and re-act upon each other, and no moral improvement can reasonably be expected until some great change be effected. Government can interfere with the accidents; deadly weapons are, to a certain extent, still necessary for self-protection. Let us hope then, that something will ere long be done, to prevent disasters pregnant with so many evils to the community, and reflecting so strongly on the United States as a nation.[a] Having gone off at a tangent, like a boomerang, I had better, like the same weapon, return whence I started—in military language, 'as you was.'

* Since writing the above, some more stringent regulations as to inspection have appeared, similar to those advocated in the text; but they contain nothing respecting loading, steering, &c. In fact, they are general laws, having no especial bearing on Western waters.

CHAPTER XI.

New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS is a surprising evidence of what men will endure, when cheered by the hopes of an ever-flowing tide of all mighty dollars and cents. It is situated on a marsh, and bounded by the river on one side, and on the other by a continuation of the marsh on which it is built, beyond which extends a forest swamp. All sewerage and drainage is superficial, more generally covered in, but in very many places dragging its sluggish stream, under the broad light of day, along the edges of the footway. The chief business is, of course, in those streets skirting the river; and at this season—December—when the cotton and sugar mania is at its height, the bustle and activity is marvellous: streets are piled in every direction with mounds of cotton, which rise as high as the roofs; store-houses are bursting with bales; steam and hydraulic presses hiss in your ear at every tenth step, and beneath their power the downy fibre is compressed into a substance as hard as Aberdeen

granite, which semi-nude negroes bind, roll, and wheel in all directions, the exertion keeping them in perpetual self-supplying animal steam-baths; gigantic mules arrive incessantly, dragging fresh freight for pressure, while others as incessantly depart, bearing freight for embarkation to Europe. If a pair of cotton socks could be made vocal, what a tale of sorrow and labour their history would reveal, from the nigger who picked with a sigh to the maiden who donned with a smile.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of this branch of trade, from the statistical fact that last year the export amounted to 1,435,815 bales;[a] or, in round numbers, one and a half millions, which was an increase of half a million upon the exports of the preceding twelve months. Tobacco is also an article of great export, and amounted last year to 94,000 hogsheads, being an increase of two-thirds upon the previous twelve months. The great staple produce of the neighbourhood is sugar and molasses. In good years, fifty gallons of molasses go to a thousand pounds of sugar; but, when the maturity of the cane is impeded by late rains, as was the case last year, seventy gallons go to the thousand pounds of sugar. Thus in

[a] This was written in January, 1853.—The bale may be roughly estimated at 450lbs.

the year before last, 10,500,000 gallons of molasses were produced, representing 210,000,000 pounds of sugar; while, in the last twelve months, 18,300,000 gallons of molasses were produced, being nearly double the produce of the preceding year, but representing only 261,500,000 pounds of sugar, owing—as before explained—to the wet weather. Some general idea of the commercial activity of New Orleans may be formed from the following statistics for the year before last:—2266 vessels, representing 911,000 tons, entered New Orleans; and 2202 vessels, representing 930,000 tons, cleared.

Now, of course the greater portion—or I might almost say the whole—of the goods exported reach New Orleans by the Mississippi; and therefore justify the assertion, that the safe navigation of that river is, in the fullest sense of the term, a national and not a local interest; bearing, as it does, on its bosom an essential portion of the industrial produce of eleven different States of the Union.

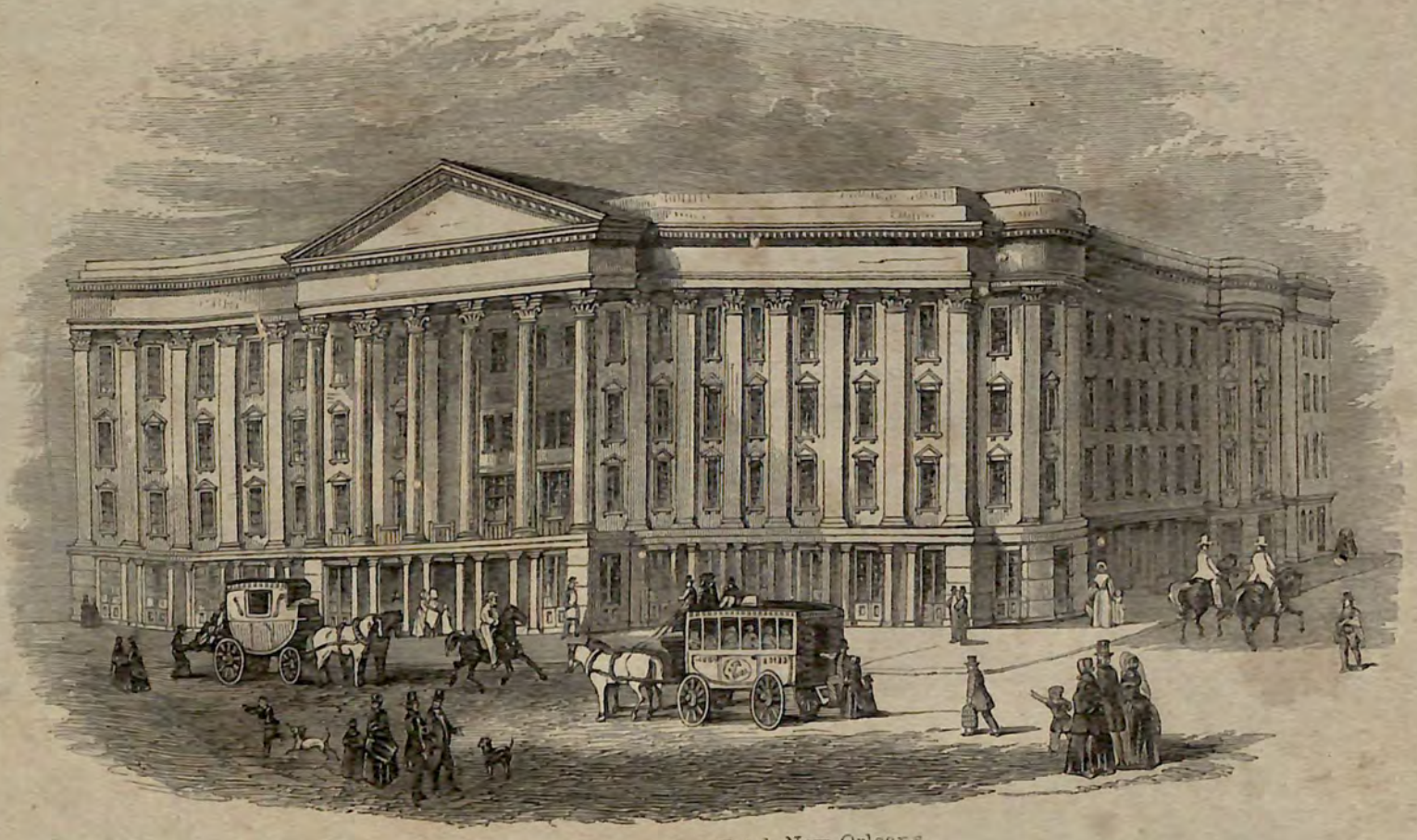
It is quite astounding to see the legions of steamers from the upper country which are congregated here; for miles and miles the levee forms one unbroken line of them, all lying with their noses on shore—no room for broadsides. On arriving, piled up with goods mountain high, scarce does a bow touch the

levee, when swarms of Irish and niggers rush down, and the mountainous pile is landed, and then dragged off by sturdy mules to its destination. Scarce is she cleared, when the same hardy sons of toil build another mountainous pile on board; the bell rings, passengers run, and she is facing the current and the dangers of the snaggy Mississippi. The labour of loading and unloading steamers is, as you may suppose, very severe, and is done for the most part by niggers and Irishmen. The average wages are from £7 to £8 per month; but, in times of great pressure from sudden demand, &c., they rise as high as from £12 to £14 per month, which was the case just before my arrival. The same wages are paid to those who embark in the steamers to load and unload at the different stations on the river. Every day is a working day, and as by the law, the slave has his Sunday to himself to earn what he can, the master who hires him out on the river is supposed to give him one-seventh of the wages earned; but, I believe, they only receive one-seventh of the ordinary wages—*i. e.*, £1 per month.

Let us now turn from the shipping to the town. In the old, or French part, the streets are generally very narrow; but in the American, or the La Fayette quarter, they are very broad, and, whether from indolence or some other reason, badly paved and worse

cleansed; nevertheless, if the streets are dirty and muddy, the houses have the advantage of being airy. There are no buildings of any importance, except the new Custom-house, and, of course, the hotels. The St. Louis is at present the largest, but the St. Charles, which is being rebuilt, was, and will again be, the hotel pride of New Orleans.[a] They are both enormous establishments, well arranged, and, with the locomotive propensities of the people, sure to be well filled during the winter months, at which period only they are open. When I arrived at the St. Louis, it was so full that the only room I could get was like a large Newfoundland dog's kennel, with but little light and less air. This hotel was originally built for an Exchange, and the rotunda in the centre is one of the finest pieces of architecture in the States. It is a lofty, vaulted hall, eighty-feet in diameter, with an aisle running all round, supported by a row of fine pillars fifty feet in height; the dome rises nearly as many feet more, and has a large skylight in the centre; the sides thereof are ornamented by well-executed works in *chiaroscuro*, representing various successful actions gained during the struggle for independence, and several of the leading men who figured during that

[a] This hotel has long since been re-opened.



The New St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

eventful period. A great portion of the aisle is occupied by the all-important bar, where drinks flow as freely as the river outside; but there is another feature in the aisles which contrasts strangely with the pictorial ornaments round the dome above—a succession of platforms are to be seen, on which human flesh and blood is exposed to public auction, and the champions of the equal rights of man are thus made to endorse, as it were, the sale of their fellow-creatures.

I had only been in the hotel one day, when a gentleman to whom I had a letter kindly offered me a room in his house. The offer was too tempting, so I left my kennel without delay, and in my new quarters found every comfort and a hearty welcome, rendered more acceptable from the agreeable society which it included, and the tender nursing I received at the hands of one of the young ladies, during the week I was confined to the house by illness. Among all the kind and hospitable friends I met with in my travels, none have a stronger claim on my grateful recollection than Mr. Egerton and his family. When able to get out, I took a drive with mine host: as you may easily imagine, there is not much scenery to be found in a marsh bounded by a forest swamp, but the effect is very curious; all the trees are covered with Spanish

moss, a long dark fibrous substance which hangs gracefully down from every bough and twig; it is often used for stuffing beds, pillows, &c. This most solemn drapery gave the forest the appearance of a legion of mute mourners attending the funeral of some beloved patriarch, and one felt disposed to admire the patience with which they stood, with their feet in the wet, their heads nodding to and fro as if distracted with grief, and their fibrous weeds quivering, as though convulsed with the intensity of agony. The open space around is a kind of convalescent marsh; that is, canals and deep ditch drains have been opened all through it, and into these the waters of the marsh flow, as a token of gratitude for the delicate little attention; at the same time, the adjacent soil, freed from its liquid encumbrance, courts the attractive charms of the sun, and has already risen from two and a half to three and a half feet above its marshy level.

The extremity of this open space furthest from the town, has been appropriately fixed upon as the site of various cemeteries. The lugubrious forest is enough to give a man the blue devils, and the ditches and drains into which the sewers, &c., of the town are pumped, dragging their sluggish and all-but stagnant course under a broiling summer sun, are sufficient to

prepare most mortals for the calm repose towards which the cypress and the cenotaph beckon them with greedy welcome. The open space I have been describing is the 'Hyde Park' and 'Rotten Row' of New Orleans, and the drive round it is one of the best roads I ever travelled; it is called the 'Shell road,' from the top-dressing thereof being entirely composed of small shells, which soon bind together and make it as smooth as a bowling-green. The Two-forty trotters — when there are any — come out here in the afternoon, and show off their paces, and if you fail in finding any of that first flight, at all events you are pretty sure to see some good teams, that can hug the three minutes very closely. Custom is second nature, and necessity is the autocrat of autocrats, which even the free and enlightened must obey; the consequence is, that the inhabitants of New Orleans look forward to the Shell road ride, or drive, with as much interest and satisfaction as our metropolitan swells do to the Serpentine or the Row.

Having had our drive, let us now say a few words about the society. In the first place, you will not see such grand houses as in New York, but at the same time it is to be observed, that the tenants here occupy and enjoy all their houses, while in New York, as I

have before observed, the owners of many of the finest residences live almost exclusively in the basements thereof. . This more social system at New Orleans, I am inclined to attribute essentially to the French—or Creole—habits with which society is leavened, and into which, it appears to me, the Americans naturally and fortunately drop. On the other hand, the rivalry which too often taints a money-making community has found its way here. If A. gives a party which costs £200, B. will try and get up one at £300, and so on. This false pride —foolish enough anywhere—is more striking in New Orleans, from the fact that the houses are not calculated for such displays, and when they are attempted, it involves unfurnishing bed-rooms and upsetting the whole establishment. I should add they are comparatively rare, perhaps as rare as those parties which are sometimes given in London at the expense of six weeks' fasting, in order that the donor's name and the swells who attended the festive scene may go forth to the world in the fashionable column of the *Morning Post*. Whenever they do occur, they are invariably attended with some such observations as the following:—

'What did Mrs. B.'s party cost last night?'

'Not less than £300.'

'Well, I'm sure they have not the means to afford such extravagant expense; and I suppose the bed-rooms upstairs were all cleared out?'

'Oh, yes! three of them.'

'Well I know that house, and, fix it how you will, if they cleared out three bed-rooms, I'm sure they must have slept on the sofas or the tables. I declare it's worse than foolish—it's wicked to have so much pride,' &c.

If those who thus indulged their vanity, only heard one-half of the observations made by those who accept their hospitalities, or who strive to get invitations and cannot, they would speedily give up their folly; but money is the great Juggernaut, at the feet of which all the nations of the earth fall down and worship; whether it be the coronets that bowed themselves down in the temple of the Railway King in Hyde Park, who could afford the expense; or the free and enlightened who do homage in Mrs. ——'s temple at New Orleans, though perhaps she could not afford the expense; one thing is clear—where the money is spent, there will the masses be gathered together. General society is however more sober and sociable, many families opening their houses one day in the week to all their friends. The difference of caste is going out fast: the Creoles found that their intermarriages were gradually introducing a race as effete as the Bourbons

appear to be in France; they are now therefore very sensibly seeking alliances with the go-ahead blood of the Anglo-Saxon, which will gradually absorb them entirely, and I expect that but little French will be spoken in New Orleans by the year 1900. Another advantage of the Creole element, is the taste it appears to have given for French wines. As far as I am capable of judging, the claret, champagne, and sauterne which I tasted here, were superior in quality and more generally in use than I ever found them in any other city. The hours of dinner vary from half-past three to half-past five, and an unostentatious hospitality usually prevails.

Servants here are expensive articles. In the hotels you find Irishmen almost exclusively, and their wages vary from £2 8*s*. to £10 per month. In private houses, women's wages range from £2 8*s*. to £4, and men's from £6 to £8 the month. The residents who find it inconvenient to go to the north during the summer, cross the lake to their country villas at Passe Christianne, a pretty enough little place, far cooler and more shady than the town, and where they get bathing, &c. A small steamer carries you across in a few hours; but competition is much wanted, for their charges are treble those of the boats in the north, and the accommodation poor in comparison.

When crossing over in the steamer, I overheard a conversation which showed how early in life savage ideas are imbibed here. Two lads, the eldest about fifteen, had gone over from New Orleans to shoot ducks. They were both very gentlemanly-looking boys, and evidently attending some school. Their conversation of course turned upon fighting—when did schoolboys meet that it was not so? At last, the younger lad said:

'Well, what do you think of Mike Maloney?'

'Oh! Mike is very good with his fists; but I can whip him right off at rough-and-tumble.'

Now, what is rough-and-tumble? It consists of clawing, scratching, kicking, hair pulling, and every other atrocity, for which, I am happy to think, a boy at an English school would be well flogged by the master, and sent to Coventry by his companions. Yet, here was as nice a looking lad as one could wish to see, evidently the son of well-to-do parents, glorying in this savage, and, as we should call it, cowardly accomplishment. I merely mention this to show how early the mind is tutored to feelings which doubtless help to pave the way for the bowie-knife in more mature years.

The theatres at New Orleans are neat and airy. Lola Montez succeeded in creating a great *furore* at last. I say at last, because, as there really is nothing

in her acting above mediocrity she received no especial encouragement at first, although she had chosen her own career in Bavaria as the subject in which to make her *débût*. She waited with considerable tact till she was approaching those scenes in which the mob triumph over order; and then, pretending to discover a cabal in the meagre applause she was receiving, she stopped in the middle of her acting, and, her eyes flashing fire, her face beaming brass, and her voice wild with well assumed indignation, she cried, 'I'm anxious to do my best to please the company; but, if this cabal continues, I must retire!' The effect was electric. Thunders of applause followed, and 'Bravo, Lolly!' resounded through the theatre, from the nigger-girl in the upper gallery to the octogenarian in the pit. When the clamour had subsided, some spicy attacks on Kingcraft and the nobles followed most opportunely;—the shouts were redoubled —her victory was complete. When the piece was over, she came forward to assure the company that the scenes she had been enacting were all facts in which she had, in reality, played the same part she had been representing that evening. Thunders of 'Go it, Lolly! you're a game 'un, and nurthin else!' rang all through the house, as she retired bowing. She did not appear in the character of 'bowie-knifing

a policeman at Berlin,' and of course she omitted some scenes said to have taken place during interviews with the king, and in which her conduct might not have been considered, strictly speaking, quite correct. She obtained further notoriety after my departure, by kicking and cuffing a prompter, and calling the proprietor a d——d scoundrel, a d——d liar, and a d——d thief, for which she was committed for trial. I may as well mention here, that the theatre was well attended by ladies. This fact must satisfy every unprejudiced mind, how utterly devoid of foundation is the rumour of the ladies of America putting the legs of their pianofortes in petticoats, that their sensitive delicacy may not receive too rude a shock. Besides the theatres here, there is also an opera, the music of which, vocal and instrumental, is very second-rate. Nevertheless, I think it is highly to the credit of New Orleans that they support one at all, and sincerely do I wish them better success.

The town is liberally supplied with churches of all denominations. I went one Sunday to a Presbyterian church, and was much struck on my entry at seeing all the congregation reading newspapers. Seating myself in my pew, I found a paper lying alongside of me, and, taking it up, I discovered it was a religious paper, full of anecdotes and expe-

riences, &c., and was supplied *gratis* to the congregation. There were much shorter prayers than in Scotland, more reading of the Bible, the same amount of singing, but performed by a choir accompanied by an organ, the congregation joining but little. The sermon was about the usual length of one in Scotland, lasting about an hour, and extemporized from notes. The preacher was eloquent and possessed of a strong voice, which he gave the reins to in a manner which would have captivated the wildest Highlander. The discourse delivered was in aid of foreign missions, and the method he adopted in dealing with it was, first, powerfully to attack monarchical forms of government and priestly influence, by which soft solder he seemed to win his way to their republican hearts; and from this position, he secondly set to work and fed their vanity freely, by glowing encomiums on their national deeds and greatness and the superior perfections of their glorious constitution; whence he deduced, thirdly, that the Almighty had more especially committed to them the great work of evangelizing mankind. This discourse sounded like the political essay of an able enthusiast, and fell strangely on my ears from the lips of a Christian minister, whose province, I had always been taught to consider, was rather to foster humility than to inflame

vanity. It is to be presumed he knew his congregation well, and felt that he was treading the surest road to their dollars and cents.

Among other curiosities in this town is a human one, known as the Golden Man, from the quantity of that metal with which he bedizens waistcoat, fingers, &c. During my stay at New Orleans, he appeared decked with such an astounding gem, that it called forth the following notice from the Press:—

ANOTHER RING.—The 'gold' individual, who exhibits himself and any quantity of golden ornaments, of Sunday mornings, in the vicinity of the Verandah and City Hotels, will shortly appear with a new wonder wherewith to astonish the natives. One would think that he had already ornaments enough to satisfy any mortal, but he, it appears, is not of the stuff every-day people are made of, and he could not rest satisfied until his fingers boasted another ring. The new prodigy is, like its predecessors, of pure solid gold. It is worth 500 dollars and weighs nearly, if not quite a pound. This small treasure is intended for the owner's 'little' finger. It is the work of Mr. Melon, jeweller and goldsmith, on Camp-street, and is adorned with small carved figures, standing out in bold relief, and of very diminutive size, yet distinct and expressive. The right outer surface represents the flight of Joseph, the Virgin, and the infant Jesus into Egypt. Joseph, bearing a palm-branch, leads the way, the Virgin follows, seated on a donkey, and holding the Saviour in her lap. On the left outer edge of the ring is seen the prophet Daniel standing between two lions. The prophet has not got a blue umbrella under his arm to distinguish him from

the lions. The face of the ring exhibits an excellent design of the crucifixion, with the three crosses and the Saviour and the two thieves suspended thereto. This ring is certainly a curiosity.

There is a strong body of police here, and some of their powers are autocratically autocratic: thus, a person once committed as a vagrant is liable to be reimprisoned by them if met in the street unemployed. Now, as it is impossible to expect that people in business will take the trouble to hunt up vagrants; what can be conceived more cruelly arbitrary than preventing them from hunting up places for themselves? Yet such is the law in this democratic city.[a] A gentleman told me of a vagrant once coming to him and asking for employment, and, on his declining to employ him, begging to be allowed to lie concealed in his store during the day, lest the police should reimprison him before he could get on board one of the steamers to take him up the river to try his fortunes elsewhere. At the same time, a person in good circumstances getting into difficulties can generally manage to buy his way out.

The authorities, on the return of Christmas, having come to the conclusion that the letting off of maga-

[a] All large cities in America must of necessity be democratic.

zines of crackers in the streets by the juvenile population was a practice attended with much inconvenience and danger to those who were riding and driving, gave orders that it should be discontinued. The order was complied with in some places, but in others the youngsters set it at defiance. It will hardly be credited that, in a nation boasting of its intelligence and proud of its education, the Press should take part with the youngsters, and censure the magistrates for their sensible orders. Yet such was the case at New Orleans. The Press abused the authorities for interfering with the innocent amusements of the children, and expressed their satisfaction at the latter having asserted their independence and successfully defied the law. The same want of intelligence was exhibited by the Press in censuring the authorities for discontinuing the processions on the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans—'a ceremony calculated to excite the courage and patriotism of the people.' They seem to lose sight of the fact, that it is a reflection on the courage of their countrymen to suppose that they require such processions to animate their patriotism, and that the continuance of such public demonstrations parading the streets betokens rather pride of past deeds, than confidence in their power to re-enact them: although such demon-

strations may be readily excused, or even reasonably encouraged, in an infant community struggling for liberty, they are childish and undignified in a powerful nation. What would be more ridiculous than Scotland having grand processions on the anniversary of Bannockburn, or England on that of Waterloo. Moreover, in a political point of view, it should not be lost sight of, that if such demonstrations have any effect at all on the community, it must be that of reviving hostile feelings towards those to whom they are united most closely by the ties of blood, sense, and—though last, not least—cents. I merely mention these trivial things to show the punyizing effects which the democratic element has on the Press.

Formerly duels were as innumerable here as bales of cotton; they have considerably decreased latterly, one cause of which has been, the State of Louisiana passing a law by which any person engaging in a duel is at once deprived of his vote, and disabled from holding any state employment. John Bull may profit by this hint.

I was much amused, during my stay at New Orleans, by hearing the remarks of the natives upon the anti-slavery meeting at Stafford House, of which the papers were then full. If the poor duchess and her lady allies had been fiends, there could scarcely

have been more indignation at her 'presumptuous interference' and 'mock humility;' her 'sisters, indeed! as if she would not be too proud to stretch out her hand to any one of them,' &c. Then, another would break out with, 'I should like to know by what right she presumes to interfere with us and offer advice; if she wants to do good, she has opportunities enough of exercising her charity in London; let any one read *The Times*, and then visit a plantation here, and say whether the negroes are not happier and better off than one-half of the lower classes in England,' &c. If every animadversion, which the duchess and her colleagues' kind intentions and inoffensive wording of them called forth in America, had been a pebble, and if they had all been gathered together, the monument of old Cheops at Ghizeh would have sunk into insignificance when contrasted with the gigantic mass; in short, no one unacquainted with the sensitiveness of the American character, can form a conception of the violent state of indignation, which followed the perusal of the proceedings of that small conclave of English lady philanthropists. Mrs. Jones, Smith, Adams, and Brown might have had their meeting on the same subject without producing much excitement; but when the aristocratic element was introduced, it acted as a spark in a barrel of gunpowder. As an

illustration of the excitement produced, I subjoin an extract from one of their daily papers, under the heading of 'Mrs. Stowe in Great Britain:'—

'The principles of free government developed here, and urging our people on with unexampled rapidity in the career of wealth and greatness, have always been subjects of alarm to monarchs and aristocracies —of pleasure and hope to the people. It has, of course, been the object of the former to blacken us in every conceivable way, and to make us detestable in the eyes of the world. There has been nothing, since the revolution, so well calculated to advance this end, as the exhibition which Mrs. Stowe is making in England.

'It is because they have a deep and abiding hostility to this country, and to republicanism in general, that the aristocracy, not only of England, but of all Europe, have seized with so much avidity upon *Uncle Tom*, and have been at so much pains to procure a triumphal march for its author, through all the regions she may choose to visit. They are delighted to see a native of the United States—of that republic which has taught that a people can flourish without an aristocracy or a monarch—of that republic, the example of whose prosperity was gradually undermining thrones, and digging a pit for privileged classes—describing her country as the worst, the most abandoned, the most detestable that ever existed. Royalty draws a long breath, and privilege recovers from its fears. Among the people of the continent, especially among the Germans, Italians, and Russians, there are thousands who believe that murder is but

a pastime here—that the bowie-knife and pistol are used upon any provocation—that, in fact, we are a nation of assassins, without law, without morality, and without religion. They are taught to believe these things by their newspapers, which, published under the eye of Government, allow no intelligence but of murders, bowie-knife fights, &c., coming from America, to appear in their columns. By these, therefore, only is America known to their readers; and they are very careful to instil the belief, that if America is a land of murderers, it is so because it has had the folly to establish a republican form of government.

'These ideas are very general in England, even where the hostility is greater than it is on the Continent. To British avarice we owe slavery in this country. To British hatred we owe the encouragement of anti-slavery agitation now. The vile hypocrisy which has characterized the whole proceeding is not the least objectionable part of it. The English care not one farthing about slavery. If they did, why do they keep it up in such a terrific form in their own country? Where was there ever true charity that did not begin at home? It is because there is a deep-rooted hostility to this country pervading the whole British mind, that these things have taken place.'

The wounded sensitiveness, however, which the foregoing paragraph exhibits, found some consolation from an article which appeared in *The Times*. They poured over its lines with intense delight, soothing themselves with each animadversion it made upon the

meeting, and deducing from the whole,—though how, I could never understand—that they had found in the columns of that journal a powerful advocate for slavery. Thus was peace restored within their indignant breasts, and perhaps a war with the ladies of the British aristocracy averted. Of two facts, however, I feel perfectly certain; one is, that the animadversions made in America will not in the least degree impair her Grace's healthy condition; and the other is, that the meeting held at Stafford House will in no way improve the condition of the negro.

There are two or three clubs established here, into one of which strangers are admitted as visitors, but the one which is considered the 'first chop' does not admit strangers except by regular ballot; one reason, I believe, for their objecting to strangers, is the immense number of them, and the quality of the article. Their ideas of an English gentleman, if formed from the mass of English they see in this city, must be sufficiently small: there is a preponderating portion of the 'cotton bagman,' many of whom seek to make themselves important by talking large. Although probably more than nine out of ten never have 'thrown their leg' over anything except a bale of cotton, since the innocent days of the rocking-horse, they try to impress Jonathan by pulling up their shirt-collar consequentially, and in-

forming him,—'When I was in England I was used to 'unt with the Dook's 'ounds; first-rate, sir, first-rate style — no 'ats, all 'unting-caps.' Then passing his left thumb down one side of his cheek, his fingers making a parallel course down the opposite cheek, with an important air and an expression indicative of great intimacy, he would condescendingly add,—'The Dook wasn't half a bad chap, after all: he used to give me a capital weed now and then.' With this style of John Bull in numerical ascendency, you cannot wonder at the club-doors not being freely opened to 'the Dook's friends,' or at the character of an English gentleman being imperfectly understood.

Time hurries on, a passport must be obtained, and that done, it must be *viséd* before the Spanish consul, as Cuba is my destination. The Filibusteros seem to have frightened this functionary out of his proprieties. A Spaniard is proverbially proud and courteous—the present specimen was neither; perhaps the reason may have been that I was an Englishman and that the English consul had done all his work for him *gratis* when the Filibustero rows obliged him to fly. Kindness is a thing which the Spaniards as a nation find it very difficult to forgive. However, I got his signature, which was far more valuable than his courtesy; most of his countrymen would have given

me both, but the one sufficed on the present occasion. Portmanteaus are packed—my time is come.

Adieu, New Orleans,—adieu, kind host and amiable family, and a thousand thanks for the happy days I spent under your roof. Adieu, all ye hospitable friends, not forgetting my worthy countryman the British consul. The ocean teapot is hissing, the bell rings, friends cry, kiss, and smoke—handkerchiefs flutter in the breeze, a few parting gifts are thrown on board by friends who arrive just too late; one big-whiskered fellow with bushy moustache picks up the parting *cadeau*—gracious me! he opens it, and discloses a paper bag of lollipops; another unfolds a precious roll of chewing tobacco,—verily, extremes do meet. The 'Cherokee' is off and I'm aboard: down we go, sugar plantations studding either shore; those past, flat dreary banks succeed; ships of all nations are coming up and going down by the aid of tug-boats; two large vessels look unpleasantly 'fixed' —they are John Bull and Jonathan, brothers in misfortune and both on a bank.

'I guess the pilots will make a good thing out of that job,' says my neighbour.

'Pilots!' I exclaimed, 'how can that be? I should think they stood a fair chance of losing their licence.'

'Ah! sir, we don't fix things that way here; the

pilots are too 'cute, sir.' Upon inquiry, I found that, as the banks were continually shifting, it was, as my friend said, very difficult 'to fix the pilots,'—a fact which these worthies take every advantage of, for the purpose of driving a most profitable trade in the following manner. Pilot goes to tug and says, 'What do you charge for getting a ship off?' The price understood, a division of the spoil is easily agreed upon. Away goes the pilot, runs the ship on shore on the freshest sandbank, curses the Mississippi and everything else in creation; a tug comes up very opportunely, a tidy bargain is concluded; the unfortunate pilot forfeits £100, his pilotage from the ship, and consoles himself the following evening by pocketing £500 from the tugman as his share of the spoil, and then starts off again in search of another victim. Such, I was informed by practical people, is a common feature in the pilotage of these waters, and such it appears likely to continue.

The 'Cherokee' is one of those vessels which belong to Mr. Law, of whom I could get no information, except that he had sprung up like a mushroom, to wealth and Filibustero notoriety. He is also the custodian, I believe, of the three hundred thousand stand of arms ordered by Kossuth for the purpose of 'whipping' Russia and Austria, and establishing the

Republic of Hungary, unless by accident he found brains enough to become a Hungarian Louis Napoleon; but Mr. Law's other vessel, called the 'Crescent City,' and the Cuban Black Douglas, yclept 'Purser Smith,' are perhaps better known. Peradventure, you imagine this latter to be a wild hyena looking man, with radiant red hair, fiery ferret eyes, and his pockets swelled out with revolutionary documents for the benefit of the discontented Cubans; but, I can inform you on the best authority, such is not the case, for he was purser of the 'Cherokee' this voyage. He looks neither wild nor rabid, and is a grey-headed man about fifty years of age, with a dash of the Israelite in his appearance; he may or he may not have Filibustero predilections—I did not presume to make inquiry on the subject. And here I cannot but remark upon the childish conduct of the parties concerned in the ridiculous 'Crescent City and Cuba question,' although, having taken the view they did, the Spaniards were of course perfectly right in maintaining it. It was unworthy of the Spanish nation to take notice of the arrival of so uninfluential a person as Purser Smith; and it was imprudent, inasmuch as it made him a person of importance, and gave the party with whom he was supposed to be connected a peg to hang grievances upon, and thus added to their

strength. It was equally unworthy of Mr. Law, when objection was made, and a notification sent that Mr. Smith would not be admitted nor the vessel that carried him, to persist in a course of conduct obnoxious to a friendly power; and it was imprudent, when it must have been obvious that he could not carry his point, thereby eventually adding strength to the Spanish authority. When all the fuss and vapour was made by Mr. Law and his friends, they seemed to have forgotten the old adage, 'People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.' President Fillmore, in his statesmanlike observations, when the subject was brought before him, could not help delicately alluding to Charleston, a city of America. Americans at Charleston claim to exercise the right—what a prostitution of the term right—of imprisoning any of the free subjects of another nation who may enter their ports, if they are men of colour. Thus, if a captain arrives in a ship with twenty men, of whom ten are black, he is instantly robbed of half his crew during his whole stay in the harbour; and on what plea is this done? Is any previous offence charged against them?—None whatever. The only plea is that it is a municipal regulation which their slave population renders indispensable. In other words, it is done lest the sacred truth should spread,

that man has no right to bind his fellow-man in the fetters of slavery.[a]

Was there ever such a farce as, for a nation that tolerates such a municipal regulation as this, to take umbrage at any of their citizens being, on strong suspicions of unfriendly feeling, denied entry into any port? Why, if there was a Chartist riot in monarchical England, and the ports thereof were closed against the sailors of republican America, they could have no just cause of offence, so long as the present municipal law of Charleston exists. What lawful boast of freedom can there ever be, where contact with freemen is dreaded, be their skins black or any colour of the rainbow? Why can England offer an asylum to the turbulent and unfortunate of all countries and climes?—Because she is perfectly free! And why are the United States obliged to except coloured people?—Because as yet they are imperfectly free! Don't be angry, my dear Anglo-Saxon brother; you know, 'if what I say bayn't true, there's no snakes in Warginny.' I feel sure you regret it; but then why call forth the observations, by supporting the childish obstinacy in the Crescent City affair.

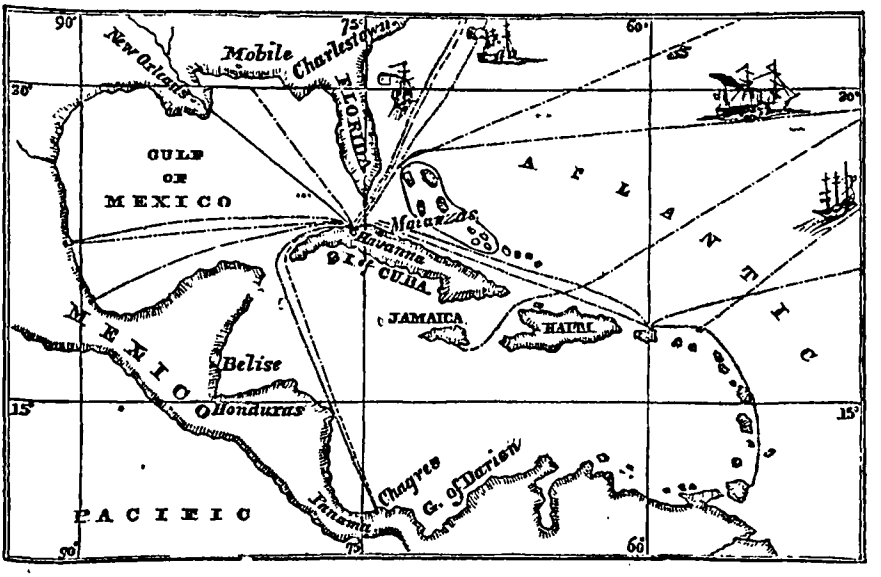
[a] I have since heard that the Charleston authorities allow the captains of vessels to keep their coloured crew on board, under penalty of a heavy fine in case they land.

However, as the housemaids say in making up quarrels, 'Let bygones be bygones.' Spain has maintained her rights; you have satisfied her, and quiet Mr. Smith enters the Havana periodically, without disturbing the Governor's sleep or exciting the hopes of the malcontents. May we never see the Great Empire States in such an undignified position again!

Here we are still in the Cherokee; she is calculated to hold some hundreds of passengers. Thank God! there are only some sixty on board: but, I do not feel equally grateful for their allowing me to pay double price for a cabin to myself, when two-thirds of them are empty, not to mention that the single fare is eight guineas. She is a regular old tub of a boat; the cabins are profitably fitted with three beds in each, one above the other; the consequence is, that if you wish to sneeze at night, you must turn on your side, or you'll break your nose against the bed above you in the little jerk that usually accompanies the sternutatory process. The feeding on board is the worst I ever saw—tough, cold, and greasy, the whole unpleasantly accompanied with dirt.

Having parted from my travelling companion at New Orleans, one of my first endeavours was, by the aid of physiognomy, to discover some passenger on whom

it might suit me to inflict my society. Casting my eyes around, they soon lit upon a fair-haired youth with a countenance to match, the expression thereof bespeaking kindness and intelligence; and when, upon further examination, I saw the most indubitable and agreeable evidences that his person and apparel were on the most successful and intimate terms with soap and water, I pounced upon him without delay, and soon found that he was a German gentleman travelling with his brother-in-law, and they both had assumed an *incognito*, being desirous of avoiding that curious observation which, had their real position in life been known, they would most inevitably have been subject to. Reader, be not you too curious, for I cannot withdraw the veil they chose to travel under; suffice it to know their society added much to my enjoyment, both on the passage and at the Havana. The sailing of the vessel is so ingeniously managed, that you arrive at the harbour's mouth just after sunset, and are consequently allowed the privilege of waiting outside all night, no vessels except men-of-war being allowed to enter between sunset and daybreak. The hopes of the morrow were our only consolation, until at early dawn we ran through the narrow battery-girt entrance, and dropped anchor in the land-locked harbour of Havana.



CHAPTER XII.

The Queen of the Antilles.

IT was a lovely morning, not a cloud in the sky; the harbour was as smooth as a mirror, and bright with the rays of a sun which had reached that height at which—in tropical climates—it gilds and gladdens the scene without scorching the spectator; the quay was lined with ships loading and unloading; small boats were flying about in every direction; all around was gay and fresh, but the filthy steamer was still beneath me. I lost no time in calling a skiff along-

side; then, shaking the dust from off my feet, I was soon pulling away for the shore.

As a matter of course, the Custom-house is the landing place; and the great object of search seems to be for Filibustero papers, or books which advocate that cause. Having passed this ordeal, you take your first drive in the national vehicle of the island, which rejoices in the appellation of a '*Volante*,' a name given it, I suppose, in bitter sarcasm; a 'Tortugante' would have been far more appropriate, inasmuch as the pace resembles that of a tortoise far more than that of a bird. I may here as well describe one of the best, of which, in spite of its gay appearance, I feel sure the bare sight would have broken the heart of 'Humanity Dick of Galway.'

From the point of the shaft to the axle of the wheel measures fifteen feet, and as the wheel varies in diameter from six to seven feet, it of course extends three feet beyond the axle. The body is something like a swell private cab, the leather at the back being movable, so as to admit air, and a curtain is fitted in front joining the head of the cab and the splash-board, for the sake of shade, if needed; this body is suspended on strong leather springs, attached to the axle at one end, and to a strengthening-piece across the shafts, seven and a half feet distance from the axle, at the

other. The point of the shaft is fitted with rings, by which it hangs on the back-pad of the horse, whose head necessarily extends about four feet beyond; thus you will observe, that from the outer tire of the wheel to the horse's nose occupies at least twenty-two feet, and that the poor little animal has the weight of the carriage lying on him at the end of a lever fifteen feet long. Owing to their great length, it is excessively difficult to turn them; a 'Tommy Onslow' would cut in and out with a four-in-hand fifteen miles an hour, where the poor Volante would come to a regular fix—if the horses in Cuba came into power, they would burn every one of them the next minute. It must however be admitted that they are excessively easy to ride in, and peculiarly suited to a country with bad roads, besides being the gayest looking vehicles imaginable; the boxes of the wheels, the ends of the axle, the springs for the head, the bar to keep the feet off the splash-board, the steps, the points of the fastenings of carriage and harness are all silvered and kept bright. Nor does the use of the precious metal stop here; the niggers who bestride the poor horses are put into high jack-boots fitted with plated buckles and huge spurs, both equally brilliant. These niggers have a most comical appearance; they wear a skull-cap, or a handkerchief,

under a gold-banded hat; some wear a red short-tail jacket, the seams and the front of the collar covered with bright yellow, on which are dispersed innumerable emblazonments of heraldry, even to the very tails, which I should hardly have expected to find thus gaily decorated,—it may have been from this practice we have derived the expression of the seat of honour. The jack-boots they wear sometimes fit very tight to the legs, in which case poor Sambo has to roll up his pants till they assume the appearance of small bolsters tied round the knee, presenting a most ludicrous caricature. The poor little horses are all hog-maned, and their tails are neatly plaited down the whole length, the point thereof being then tied up to the crupper, so that they are as badly off as a certain class of British sheep-dog. This is probably an ancient custom, originating from a deputation of flies waiting upon the authorities, and binding themselves by treaty to leave the bipeds in peace if they would allow them the unmolested torture of the quadruped.

If the owner wishes to 'make a splash,' another horse, equally silvered, is harnessed abreast something like the Russian Furieux; and in the country, where the roads on the plantations are execrable, and quite impassable for any spring carriage, a third horse is

often added, the postilion always riding the near—or left-hand—horse. The body of the carriage is comfortably cushioned, and lined with bright gay colours, and generally has a stunning piece of carpet for a rug. Such is the Cuban Volante, in which the Hidalgos, and the Corazoncitas with glowing lustrous eyes, roll about in soft undulating motion from place to place; and believe me, such a Volante tenanted by fairy forms lightly and gaily dressed, with a pleasant smile on their lips and an encyclopedia of language beaming from the orbs above, would arrest the attention of the most inveterate old bachelor that ever lived; nay, it might possibly give birth to a deep penitential sigh and a host of good and sensible resolutions. Ordinary Volantes are the same style of thing, only not so gay, and the usual pace is from three to five and a half miles an hour, always allowing five minutes for turning at the corner of every street. If you are curious to know why I am in such a hurry to describe a Volante, as if it were the great feature of Cuba, the reason is simply that my first act on landing was to get into one of the said vehicles and drive to the hotel.

The horses are generally very neat and compact, and about the size of a very small English hack. For riding there are two kinds—the Spanish, which

goes at the 'rack' or amble pace, and the American, which goes the regular pace; the broad foreheads, short heads, and open nostrils show plenty of good breeding. The charges both for horses and Volante, if you wish to go out of the town, are, like everything else in Cuba, ridiculously exorbitant. An American here is doing a tolerably good business in letting horses and carriages. For a short evening drive, we had the pleasure of paying him thirty-five shillings. He says his best customers are a gang of healthy young priests, whom he takes out nearly daily to a retired country village famous for the youth and beauty of its fair sex, and who appear to be very dutiful daughters of the Church, as they are said to appreciate and profit by the kind visits of these excellent young men and their zealous labours of love.

There is a very good view of the town from the top of the hotel.[a] Most of the houses have both flat and sloping roofs, the latter covered with concave red tiles, cemented together with white, thus giving them a strange freckled appearance; while in many cases the dust and dew has produced a little soil, upon which a spontaneous growth of shrubbery has sprung up; the flat roofs have usually a collection of little

[a] I put up at 'The Havana House,' where I found everything very clean, and the proprietor, an American, very civil. I believe it is now kept by his son.

urn-shaped turrets round the battlement, between which are stretched clothes-lines. Here the ebony daughters of Eve, with their bullet-heads and polished faces and necks, may be seen at all hours hanging up washed clothes, their capacious mouths ornamented with long cigars, at which they puff away like steam engines.

One of the first sights I witnessed was a funeral, but not the solemn, imposing ceremony which that word conveys to English ears. The sides of the hearse and the upper part of the coffin were made of glass; inside lay a little girl, six or seven years old, dressed as if going to a wedding, and decorated with gay flowers. Volantes followed bearing the mourners —or the rejoicers; I know not which is the more correct term. One or two were attired in black, but generally the colours were gay; some were quietly smoking cigars, which it is to be hoped they did, that the ashes at the end thereof might afford them food for profitable reflection. Custom is said to be second nature, and I suppose therefore one could get habituated to this system if brought up under it; but, seen for the first time, it is more calculated to excite feelings of curiosity than solemnity. Doubtless, some fond parent's heart was bleeding deeply, and tears such as a mother only can shed were flowing freely,

despite the gay bridal appearance of the whole ceremony.

On my return to the hotel, I found the Press—if the slavish tool of a government can justly be designated by such a term—full of remarks upon the new British Ministry,[a] many of which were amusing enough; they showed a certain knowledge of political parties in England, and laughed good-humouredly at the bundling together in one faggot of such differently-seasoned sticks. Even the name of the Secretary of the Admiralty was honoured by them with a notice, in which they seemed to look upon him as a wild democrat. They criticized the great Peel's tail going over in a body to the enemy's camp and placing themselves at the head of the troops; but what puzzled them most was, how *aquellos Grey's tan famosos por el nepotismo* had not formed part of the ministry. I confess they were not more puzzled than I was to account for the mysterious combination; the only solution whereof which presented itself to my mind, was the supposition that power has the same influence on public men, that lollipops have on the juvenile population, and that the one and the other are ready to sacrifice a great deal to obtain possession of the luscious morsel. However, as we live

[a] This was written in January, 1853.

in an age of miracles, we may yet see even a rope of sand, mud, and steel-filings, hold together.—Pardon this digression, and let us back to Cuba.

The Cubans usually dine about half-past three;—after dinner some go to the *Paseo* in their Volantes, others lounge on the quay or gather round the military band before the Governor-General's palace. Look at that man with swarthy countenance, dark hair, and bright eyes—he is seated on a stone bench listening to the music; a preserved bladder full of tobacco is open before him, a small piece of thin paper is in his hand; quick as thought a cigarette is made, and the tobacco returned to his pocket. Now he rises, and walks towards a gentleman who is smoking; when close, he raises his right hand — which holds the cigarette—nearly level with his chin, then gracefully throwing his hand forward, accompanies the act with the simple word *Favor;* having taken his light, the same action is repeated, followed by a courteous inclination of the head as a faintly expressed *Gracias* escapes his lips. In this man you have a type of a very essential portion of the male population. Reader, it is no use your trying to imitate him; the whole scene is peculiar to the Spaniard, in its every act, movement, and expression. Old Hippo at the Zoological might as well try to rival the grace of a Taglioni.

The promenade over, many spend their evenings at billiards, dominoes, &c., adjourning from time to time to some *café* for the purpose of eating ices or sucking goodies, and where any trifling conversation or dispute is carried on with so much vivacity, both of tongue and of fingers, that the uninitiated become alarmed with apprehensions of some serious quarrel. Others again, who are ladies' men, or of domestic habits, either go home or meet at some friend's house, where they all sit in the front room on the ground-floor, with the windows wide open to the street, from which they are separated only by a few perpendicular iron bars. Yankee rocking-chairs and cane chairs are placed abreast of these windows, and facing each other like lines of sentinels; there they chat, smoke cigars, or suck their fingers, according to their sex and fancy; occasionally a merry laugh is heard, but I cannot say it is very general; sometimes they dance, which with them is a slow undulating movement suited to a marble floor and a thermometer at eighty degrees. At a small village in the neighbourhood, I saw a nigger ball,—the dance was precisely the same, being a mixture of country-dance and waltz,—and I can assure you, Sambo and his ebony partner acquitted themselves admirably; they were all well dressed, looked very jolly and comfortable, and were by no means uproarious.

You must not imagine, from my observations on the fair tenant of the Volante, that this is a land of beauty—far from it—one feature of beauty, and one only, is general—good eyes—with that exception it is rare; but there are some few lovely daughters of Eve that would make the mouth of a marble statue water. Old age here is anything but attractive, either producing a mountainous obesity, or a skeleton on which the loose dried skin hangs in countless wrinkles; but such is generally the case in warm climates, as far as my observation goes: any one wishing to verify these remarks, has only to go on the Paseo a little before sunset upon a Sunday evening, when he will be sure to meet nine-tenths of the population and the Volantes all in gayest attire. The weather on my arrival was very wet, and I was therefore unable to go into the country for some days; but having cleared up, I got my passport and took a trip into the interior.

The railway cars are built on the American models, *i. e.*, long cars, capable of containing about forty or fifty people; but they have had the good sense to establish first, second, and third class carriages; and, at the end of each first-class carriage, there is a partition, shutting off eight seats, so that any party wishing to be private, can easily be so. They travel a very fair pace, but waste much time at the stopping places, and

whole hours at junctions. By one of these conveyances I went to Matanzas, which is very prettily situated in a lovely bay. There is a ridge, about three miles from the town, which is called the Cumbre, from the summit whereof you obtain a beautiful view of the valley of the Yumuri, so called from a river of that name, and concerning which there is a legend that it is famous for the slaughter of the Indians by the Spaniards; a legend which, but too probably, rests on the foundation of truth, if we are to judge by the barbarities which dimmed the brilliancy of all their western conquests. The valley is now fruitful in sugar-canes, and surrounded with hills and woods; and the *coup-d'œil*, when seen in the quick changing lights and shadows of the setting sun, is quite enchanting. Continuing our ride, we crossed the valley as the moon was beginning to throw her dubious and silvery light upon the cane fields. A light breeze springing up, their flowery heads swayed to and fro like waving plumes, while their long leaves, striking one against the other, swept like a mournful sigh across the vale, as though Nature were offering its tribute of compassion to the fettered sons of Adam, that had helped to give it birth.

There is a very important personage frequently met with in Cuba, who is called *El Casero*—in other



'El Casero,' the Parish Hawker in Cuba.

words, the parish commissariat pedler. He travels on horseback, seated between two huge panniers, and goes round to all the cottages collecting what they wish to sell, and selling what they wish to buy, and every one who addresses him on business he styles, in reply, *caserita.* This pedlering system may be very primitive, but it doubtless is a great convenience to the rural population, especially in an island which is so deficient in roads and communication. In short, I consider *El Casero* the representative of so useful and peculiar a class of the community, that I have honoured him with a wood-cut, wherein he is seen bargaining with a negress for fowls, or *vice versâ,*—whichever the reader prefers,—for not being the artist, I cannot undertake to decide which idea he meant to convey.

There is nothing in the town of Matanzas worth seeing except the views of it and around it. The population amounts to about twenty-five thousand, and the shipping always helps to give it a gay appearance. My chief object in visiting these parts was to see something of the sugar plantations in the island; but as they resemble each other in essential features, I shall merely describe one of the best, which I visited when retracing my steps to Havana, and which belongs to one of the most wealthy men in the island. On driving up to it, you see a large airy house,—windows

and doors all open, a tall chimney rearing its proud head in another building, and a kind of barrack-looking building round about. The hospitable owner appears to delight in having an opportunity of showing kindness to strangers. He speaks English fluently; but alas! the ladies do not, so we must look up our old rusty armoury of Spanish, and take the field with what courage we may. Kindness and goodwill smooth all difficulties, and we feel astonished how well we get on; in short, if we stay here too long we shall get vain, and think we really can speak Spanish—we must dine, we must stay, we must make the house our own, and truly I rejoiced that it was so. The house had every comfort, the society every charm, and the welcome was as warm as it was unostentatious. We—for you must know our party was four in number—most decidedly lit upon our legs, and the cuisine and the cellar lent effectual aid. The proprietor is an elderly man, and the son, who has travelled a good deal in Europe, manages the properties, which consist of several plantations, and employ about twelve hundred slaves. The sound of the lash is rarely heard, and the negroes are all healthy and happy looking; several of them have means to purchase their liberty, but prefer their present lot. A doctor is kept on the estate for them, their houses are clean and decent, there is an airy hospital for them if sick, and there is

a large nursery, with three old women who are appointed to take charge during the day of all children too young to work; at night they go to their respective families. On the whole property there was only one man under punishment, and he was placed to work in chains, for having fired one of his master's buildings, which he was supposed to have been led to do, owing to his master refusing to allow him to take his infant home to his new wife till it was weaned; his former wife had died in child-bed, and he wished to rear it on arrowroot, &c. This the master—having found a good wet nurse for it—would not permit. The man had generally borne a very good character, and the master, whose *entourage* bears strong testimony to his kind rule, seized the opportunity of my visit to let him free at my request, as he had already been working four months in chains similar to those convicts sometimes wear; thus were three parties gratified by this act of grace.

It is well known that there are various ways of making sugar; but as the method adopted on this plantation contains all the newest improvements, I may as well give a short detail of the process as I witnessed it. The cane when brought from the field is placed between two heavy rollers, worked by steam, and the juice falls into a conductor below—the squashed cane being carried away to dry for fuel—

whence it is raised by what is termed a '*monte jus*' into a tank above the 'clarifier,' which is a copper boiler, with iron jacket and steam between. A proper proportion of lime is introduced, sufficient to neutralize the acidity. When brought to the boiling-point the steam is shut off, and the liquid subsides. This operation is one of the most important in the whole process; from the clarifier it is run through an animal charcoal filterer, which, by its chemical properties, purifies it; from the filterer it runs into a tank, whence it is pumped up above the condensers, *i. e.*, tubes, about fifteen in number, laid horizontally, one above the other, and containing the steam from the vacuum pans. The cold juice in falling over these hot tubes, condenses the steam therein, and at the same time evaporates the water, which is always a considerable ingredient in the juice of the cane; the liquor then passes into a vacuum pan, which is fitted with a bull's-eye on one side, and a corresponding bull's-eye with a lamp on the opposite side, by which the process can be watched. Having boiled here sufficiently it passes through a second filtration of animal charcoal, and then returns to a second vacuum-pan, where it is boiled to the point of granulation; it is then run off into heaters below, whence it is ladled into moulds of an irregular conical shape, in which it is

left to cool and to drain off any molasses that remain; when cooled it is taken to the purging-house. The house where the operations which we have been describing were going on, was two hundred yards long, forty yards broad, and built of solid cedar and mahogany.

In the purging-house, these moulds are all ranged with the point of the cone down, and gutters below. A layer of moist clay, about two inches deep, is then placed upon the sugar at the broad end of the cone, and, by the gradual percolation of its thick liquid, carries off the remaining impurities. When this operation is finished, the cones are brought out, and the sugar contained therein is divided into three parts, the apex of the cone being the least pure, the middle rather better, and the base the most pure and looking very white. This latter portion is then placed upon strong wooden troughs, about six or eight feet square. There, negroes and negresses break it up with long poles armed with hard-wood heads, trampling it under their delicate pettitoes to such an extent as to give rise to the question whether sugar-tongs are not a useless invention. When well smashed and trodden, it is packed in boxes, and starts forth on its journeys; a very large proportion goes to Spain. The two least pure portions are sent to Europe, to be

there refined. Such is a rough sketch of the sugar-making process, as I saw it. All the machinery was English, and the proprietor had a corps of English engineers, three in number, to superintend the work. In our roadless trips to various parts of the plantation, we found the advantage of the Volante, before described; and though three horses were harnessed, they had in many places enough to do. We stayed a couple of days with our kind and hospitable friends, and then returned to Havana.

No pen can convey the least idea of the wonderful luxuriance of vegetation which charms the eye at every step. There is a richness of colour and a fatness of substance in the foliage of every tree and shrub which I never met with before in any of my travels. The stately palm, with its smooth white stem glittering in the sunbeams like a column of burnished silver; the waving bamboo growing in little clumps, and nodding in the gentle breeze with all the graceful appearance of a gigantic ostrich plume; groves of the mango, with its deep and dark foliage defying the sun's rays; the guava, growing at its feet, like an infant of the same family; the mammee—or *abricôt de St. Domingue*—with its rich green fruit hanging in clusters, and a foliage rivalling the mango; the dark and feathery tamarind; the light and graceful indigo;

the slow-growing arrowroot with its palmy and feathery leaves spreading like a tender rampart round its precious fruit; boundless fields of the rich sugar-cane; acres of the luscious pine apple; groves of banana and plantain; forests of cedar and mahogany; flowers of every hue and shade; the very jungle netted over with the creeping convolvulus,—these, and a thousand others, of which fortunately for the reader I know not the names, are continually bursting on the scene with equal profusion and variety, bearing lovely testimony to the richness of the soil and the mildness of the climate.

Alas! that this fair isle should be at one and the same time the richest gem in the crown of Spain, and the foulest blot on her escutcheon. Here treaties are violated with worse than Punic faith, and here horrors have been enacted which would make the blood of a Nero curdle in his veins. Do you ask, how are treaties violated? When slaves are brought here by our cruisers, Spain is bound by treaty to apprentice them out for three years, so as to teach them how to earn a living, and then to free them. My dear John Bull, you will be sorry to hear, that despite the activity of our squadron for the suppression of slavery, that faithless country which owes a national existence to oceans of British treasure, and the blood of the

finest army the great Wellington ever led, has the unparalleled audacity to make us slave-carriers to Cuba. Yes, thousands of those who, if honour and truth were to be found in the government of Spain, would now be free, are here to be seen pining away their lives in the galling and accursed chains of slavery, a living reproach to England, and a black monument of Spanish faith. Yes, John Bull, I repeat the fact; thousands of negroes are bound here in hopeless fetters, that were brought here under the British flag; and that there may be no doubt of the wilfulness with which the Cuban authorities disregard their solemn obligations, it is a notorious fact, that in a country where passports and police abound in every direction, so that a negro cannot move from his own home, upwards of a hundred were landed in the last year, 1852, from one vessel, at a place only thirty-five miles from the Havana, and marched in three days across the island to—where do you think? —to some Creole's, or to some needy official's estate? no such thing; but as if to stamp infamy on Spain, at the highest step of the ladder, they were marched to the queen mother's estate. If this be not wickedness in high places, what is? The slave trade flourishes luxuriously here with the connivance of authority, and what makes the matter worse is, that the wealth accumulated by this dishonesty and national perjury,

is but too generally—and I think too justly—believed to be the mainspring of that corruption at home for which Spain stands pre-eminent among the nations of the earth. I will now give you a sketch of the cruelties which have been enacted here, and although an old story, I do not think it is very generally known.

When General O'Donnell obtained the captain-generalship of Cuba, whether his object was to obtain honours from Spain for quelling an insurrection, or whether he was deceived, I cannot decide, but an imaginary insurrection was got up, and a military court was sent in every direction throughout the island. These courts were to obtain all information as to the insurrection, and, of course, to flog the negroes till they confessed. Unfledged ensigns would come with their guard upon a plantation, and despite the owner's assurance that there was no feeling of insubordination among the negroes, they would set to work flogging right and left, till in agony the poor negro would say something which would be used to criminate some other, who in turn would be flogged till in agony he made some assertion, and so it went on, till the blood-thirsty young officer was satiated. On one plantation a negro lad had been always brought up with one of the sons of the proprietor, and was, in fact, quite a pet in the family. One of these military courts

visited the plantation, and insisted upon flogging this pet slave, till he confessed what he never knew. In vain his master strove to convince the officer of his perfect innocence; he would not listen, and the poor lad was tied up, and received seven hundred lashes, during which punishment some remarks he made in the writhings of his agony were noted down, and he was shot at Matanzas for the same. The master's son, who was forced to witness this barbarity inflicted upon the constant companion of his early youth, never recovered the shock, and died the following year insane.

The streets of Matanzas were in some places running with negro blood. An eye-witness told me that near the village of Guinés he saw a negro flogged with an aloe leaf, till both hip bones were perfectly bare; and there is little doubt that 1500 slaves died under the lash. You will perhaps be surprised, most excellent John Bull, when I tell you that the cruelties did not stop at the negroes, but extended even to whites who claimed British protection. One of them was chained to a log of wood in the open air for a hundred days and a hundred nights, despite the strongest remonstrances on the part of the British authorities, and was eventually unchained, to die two days after in jail. Several others were imprisoned and cruelly treated; and when this reign of terror, worthy

even of Spain in her bloodiest days, was over, and their case was inquired into, they were perfectly exonerated, and a compensation was awarded them; this was in 1844. Some of them have since died from the treatment they then received; and if I am correctly informed, Spain—by way of keeping up her character—has not paid to those who survive one farthing of the sum awarded. Volumes might be filled with the atrocities of 1844; but the foregoing is enough of the sickening subject. When I call to mind the many amiable and high-minded Spaniards I have met, the national conduct of Spain becomes indeed a mystery. But to return to present times.

H. M. S. 'Vestal,' commanded by that active young officer, Captain C. B. Hamilton, was stationed at Cuba, for the suppression of slavery, &c. She had been watching some suspicious vessels in the harbour for a long time, but as they showed no symptoms of moving, she unbent sails and commenced painting, &c. A day or two after, as daylight broke, the suspicious vessels were missing from the harbour. The Vestal immediately slipped, and, getting the ferry-boat to tow her outside, commenced a chase, and the next day succeeded in capturing four vessels. Of course they were brought into Havana, to be tried at the Mixed Court there; three, I believe, were condemned, but

the fourth, called the 'Emilia Arrogante,' is the one to which I wish to call your attention, because she, though the most palpably guilty, belonged to wealthy people in the island, and therefore of course was comparatively safe. When taken, the slave-deck which she had on board was carefully put into its place, and every plank and beam exactly fitted, as was witnessed and testified to by several of the Vestal's officers; yet, will you believe it, when given up to the local authorities, they either burnt or made away with this only but all-sufficient evidence, so that it became impossible for the Court to condemn her.

It is curious to hear the open way people speak of the bribery of the officials in the island, and the consequent endless smuggling that goes on. A captain of a merchant-vessel told me that in certain articles, which, for obvious reasons, I omit to mention, it is impossible to trade except by smuggling; so universal is the practice that he would be undersold fifty per cent. He mentioned an instance, when the proper duties amounted to £1200, the broker went to the official and obtained a false entry by which he only paid £400 duty, and this favour cost him an additional £400 bribe to the official, thus saving £400. This he assured me, after being several years trading to Cuba, was the necessary practice of the small traders; nobody

in Cuba is so high that a bribe does not reach him, from the Captain-General, who is handsomely paid for breaking his country's plighted faith in permitting the landing of negroes, down to the smallest unpaid official. With two-thirds the excuse is, 'We are so ill-paid, we must take bribes;' with the other third the excuse is, 'It is the custom of the island.' Spain could formerly boast pre-eminence in barbarity—she has now attained to pre-eminence in official corruption; but the day must come, though it may yet be distant, when her noble sons of toil will burst the fetters of ignorance in which they are bound, and rescue their fair land from the paltry nothingness of position which it occupies among the nations of Europe, despite many generous and noble hearts which even now, in her degradation, are to be found blushing over present realities and striving to live on past recollections.

There were some British men-of-war lying in the harbour, and as my two German friends were anxious to see the great gun exercise, I went on board with these gentlemen to witness the drill, with which they were much pleased. After it was over, and the ship's company had gone to dinner, they wished to smoke a cigar, the whiffs of Jack's pipe having reached their olfactories. Great was their astonishment, and infinite my disgust, when we were walked forward to the

galley to enjoy our weed, the crew smoking on the opposite side. It is astonishing to think that with so much to be improved and attended to in the Navy, the authorities in Whitehall-place should fiddle-faddle away precious time in framing regulations about smoking for the officers; and, instead of leaving the place to be fixed by the captain of each vessel, and holding him responsible, should name a place which, it is not too much to say, scarce one captain in ten thinks of confining his officers to, for the obvious reason that discipline is better preserved by keeping the officers and men apart during such occupations, and moreover, that sending officers to the kitchen to smoke is unnecessarily offensive. These same orders existed thirty years ago; and, as it was well known they were never attended to, except by some anti-smoking captain, who used them as an excuse, the Admiralty very wisely rescinded an order, which, by being all but universally disregarded, tended to weaken the weight and authority of all other orders; and after the word 'galley,' they then added, 'or such other place as the captain shall appoint.' After some years, however, so little was there of greater importance to engage their attention in naval affairs, that this sensible order was rescinded, and the original one renewed in full force, and, of course, with similar bad effect, as only

those captains who detest smoking — an invisible minority — or those who look for promotion from scrupulous obedience to insignificant details — an equally invisible minority—act up to the said instructions. Nevertheless, so important an element in naval warfare is smoking now considered, that in the printed form supplied to admirals for the inspection of vessels under their command, as to 'State and Preparation for Battle,' one of the first questions is, 'Are the orders relative to smoking attended to?' If I am not much misinformed, when Admiral Collier was appointed to the Channel Squadron he repaired to the Admiralty, and told the First Lord that he had smoked in his own cabin for twenty years, and that he could not forego that pleasure. The First Lord is said to have laughed, and made the sensible remark, 'Of course you'll do as you like;' thereby showing in my opinion his just sense of the ridiculousness of such a childish regulation—so much for folly *redivivus*.

While on the subject of smoking, I may as well say a few words upon cigar manufacture. In the first place all the best tobacco grows at the lower end of the island, and is therefore called '*Vuelta abajo*.' An idea has found its way into England, that it is impossible to make cigars at home as well as at the Havana; and the reason given is, the tobacco is made

up at Havana during its first damping, and that having to be redamped in England, it loses thereby its rich flavour and aroma. Now this is a most egregious mistake: for in some of the best houses here, you will find tobacco two and even four years old, which is not yet worked up into cigars, and which, consequently, has to be redamped for that purpose. If this be so, perhaps you will ask how is it that British-made cigars are never so good as those from Havana. There are two very good reasons for this; the one certain, the other probable. The probable one is, that the best makers in Havana, whose brand is their fortune—such as Cabaños y Carvajal—will be jealous of sending the best tobacco out of the country, lest, being forced to use inferior tobacco, they might lose their good name; and the other reason is, that cigars improve in flavour considerably by a sea voyage. So fully is this fact recognised here, that many merchants pay the duty of three shillings a thousand to embark their cigars in some of the West India steamers, and then have them carried about for a month or so, thereby involving a further payment for freight; and they all express themselves as amply repaid by the improvement thereby effected in their cigars. Nevertheless, many old Cubans prefer smoking cigars the same

week that they are made. At the same time, if any honest tobacconist in England chose to hoist the standard of 'small profit and plenty of it,' he might make very good Havana tobacco cigars at 50 per cent. profit, under 16*s.* per 100. Thus—duty 3*s.* 6*d.*, tobacco 5*s.*, freight and dues, &c., 6*d.*, making up, 1*s.* 6*d.*—absolute cost of cigars, 10*s.* 6*d.* per 100; 50 per cent. profit thereon, 5*s.* 3*d.*; total 15*s.* 9*d.* For this sum a better article could be supplied than is ordinarily obtained at prices varying from 25*s.* to 30*s.*

But 50 per cent. profit will not satisfy the British tobacconist when he finds John Bull willing to give him 100 per cent. He therefore makes the cigars at the prices above mentioned, puts them into old boxes with some pet brand upon them, and sells them as the genuine article. John Bull is indebted for this extortionate charge to the supreme wisdom of the legislature, which has established a 3*s.* 6*d.* duty on the pound of unmanufactured tobacco, and a 9*s.* duty on manufactured; instead of fixing one duty for manufactured and unmanufactured, and making the difference thereof depend upon the quality, lowering the duty upon the tobacco used by the poor to 2*s.* 6*d.*, and establishing on all the better kinds a uniform rate, say 6*s.* or 7*s.* The revenue, I believe, would gain, and the

public have a better protection against the fraud, of which they are now all but universal victims.—But to return to Havana.

The price paid for making cigars, varies from 8*s.* to 30*s.* a thousand, the average being about 15*s.* A certain quality of tobacco is made up into cigars, and from time to time, they are handed over to the examiner, who divides them into three separate classes, the difference being merely in the make thereof; a second division then takes place, regulated by the colour of the outside wrapper, making the distinction of 'light' or 'brown.' Now the three classes first noticed, you will observe, are precisely the same tobacco; but knowing how the public are gulled by the appearance, the prices are very different. Thus, taking the brand of Cabaños y Carvajal *Prensados*, his first, or prettiest, are £6 8*s.* per 1000; his second, are £5 12*s.*; and his third, are £5; and yet no real difference of quality exists. The cigars of which I speak are of the very best quality, and the dearest brand in Havana. Now let us see what they cost put into the tobacconist's shop in London. 32 dollars is 130*s.*, duty, 90*s.*, export at Havana, 3*s.*, freight and extra expenses, say 7*s.*, making, 230*s.* a thousand, or 23*s.* a hundred, for the dearest and best Havana cigars London size; but three-fourths of the

cigars which leave the Havana for England do not cost more than £3 4*s.* per 1000, which would bring their cost price to the tobacconist down to 16*s.* 5*d.* The public know what they pay, and can make their own reflections.

There is another class of cigar known in England as 'Plantations,' here called 'Vegueros.' They are of the richest tobacco, and are all made in the country by the sable ladies of the island, who use no tables to work at—if report speaks truth—and as both hands are indispensable in the process of rolling, what they roll upon must be left to the imagination. It will not do to be too fastidious in this world; cooks finger the dainty cutlets, and keep dipping their fingers into the rich sauces and sucking them to ascertain their progress, and yet the feasters relish the savoury dish not one whit the less; so smokers relish the Veguero, though on what rolled modesty forbids me to mention; nor do they hesitate to press between their lips the rich 'Regalia,' though its beautifully finished point has been perfected by an indefinite number of passages of the negro's forefinger from the fragrant weed to his own rosy tongue. Men must not be too nice, but I think in the above description a fair objection is to be found to ladies smoking.

With regard to the population of Cuba, the autho-

rities, of course, wish to give currency to the idea that the whites are the most numerous. Having asked one of these officials who had the best means of knowing, he told me there were 550,000 whites and 450,000 negroes; but prosecuting my inquiries in a far more reliable quarter, I found there were 600,000 slaves, 200,000 free, and only 500,000 whites, — thus making the coloured population as eight to five. The military force in the island consists of 20,000, of which 18,000 are infantry, 1000 cavalry, and 1000 artillery.* The demand for labour in the island is so great, that a speculation has been entered into, by a mercantile house here, to bring 6000 Chinese. The speculator has already disposed of them at £24 a head; they are to serve for five years and receive four shillings a day, and they find their own way back. The cost of bringing them is calculated at ten pounds a head,—thus leaving fourteen pounds gain on each; which, multiplied by 6000, gives £84,000 profit to the speculator, barring of course losses from deaths and casualties on the journey. Chinese have already been tried here, and they prove admirably suited to all the mechanical labour, but far inferior to the negroes in the fields.

* The Filibustero movement in the United States has caused Spain to increase her military force considerably.

I find that people in the Havana can be humbugged as well as John Bull; a Chinese botanist came here and bethought him of trying his skill as a doctor,—everybody became mad to consult him, no street was ever so crowded as the one he lived in, since Berners-street on the day of the hoax. He got a barrel of flour, or some other innocuous powder, packed up in little paper parcels, and thus armed he received his patients. On entering, he felt the pulse with becoming silence and gravity, at last he said, 'Great fire;' he then put his hand on the ganglionic centre, from which he radiated to the circumjacent parts, and then, frowning deep thought, he observed, 'Belly, great swell, much wind, pain all round;' his examination being thus accomplished, he handed the patient a paper of the innocuous powder, pocketed sixteen shillings, and dismissed him. This scene, without any variety in observation, examination, prescription, or fee, was going on for two months, at the expiration of which time, he re-embarked for China with £8000.

As I believe that comparatively little is known in England of the laws existing in Cuba with respect to domicile, police, slavery, &c., I shall devote a few pages to the subject which, in some of its details, I conceive to be amusing enough. No person is allowed to land on the island without a passport from the

place whence he arrives, and a *fiador*, or surety, in the island, who undertakes to supply the authorities with information of the place of his residence for one year; nor can he remain in the island more than three months without a 'domiciliary ticket.' People of colour arriving in any vessel are to be sent to a government deposit; if the master prefers to keep them on board he may, but in that case he is liable to a fine of £200 if any of them land on the island: after a certain hour in the evening all gatherings in the street are put a stop to, and everybody is required to carry a lantern about with him; the hierarchy and 'swells'—*personas de distincion*—being alone exempt. All purchases made from slaves or children or doubtful parties are at the risk of the purchaser, who is liable not merely to repay the price given, but is further subject to a heavy fine—no bad law either. Any boy between the ages of ten and sixteen who may be found in the streets as a vagrant can be taken before the president of the *Seccion de Industria de la Real Sociedad Economica*, by whom he is articled out to a master of the trade he wishes to learn. No place of education can be opened without the teacher thereof has been duly licensed. No game of chance s allowed in any shop or tavern, except in billiard saloons and coffee-houses, where draughts and domi-

noes, chess and backgammon, are tolerated. After a certain fixed hour of the night, no person is allowed to drive about in a Volante with the head up, unless it rains or the sitter be an invalid; the penalty is fifteen shillings. No private individual is allowed to give a ball or a concert without permission of the authorities. Fancy Londonderry House going to the London Police office to get permission for a quadrille or a concert—how pleasant! The specific gravity of milk is accurately calculated, and but a moderate margin allowed for pump mixture; should that margin be exceeded, or any adulteration discovered, the whole is forfeited to some charitable institution. If such a salutary law existed in London, pigs' brains would fall in the market, and I should not see so many milk-pails at the spring during my early morning walks to the Serpentine.

Among the regulations for health, the following are to be found. No private hospital or infirmary is to be opened without a government license. All keepers of hotels, coffee or eating-houses, &c. are bound to keep their kitchen 'battery' well tinned inside, under a heavy penalty of £3 10*s*. for every utensil which may be found insufficiently tinned, besides any further liabilities to which they may be subject, for accidents arising from the neglect thereof. Every

shop is obliged to keep a vessel with water at the threshold of the outer door, to assist in avoiding hydrophobia. All houses that threaten to tumble down must be rebuilt, and if the owner is unable to bear the expense, he must sell the house to some one who can bear it. Another clause, after pointing out the proper places for bathing, enjoins a pair of bathing breeches, under a penalty of fifteen shillings for each offence; the particular cut is not specified. Let those who object to put convex fig-leaves over the little cherubs, and other similar works of art at the Crystal Palace, take a lesson from the foregoing, and clothe them all in Cuba pants as soon as possible; scenes are generally more interesting when the imagination is partially called into play. Boys, both little and big, are kept in order by a fine of fifteen shillings for every stone they throw, besides paying in full for all damage caused thereby. No one is allowed to carry a stick more than one inch in diameter under a penalty of twelve shillings; but all white people are allowed to carry swords, provided they are carried openly and in their scabbards.

The foregoing are sufficient to convey to the reader some idea of the ban of pains and penalties under which a resident is placed; at the same time it may be as well to inform him, that, except those

enactments which bear upon espionage, they are about as much attended to as the laws with regard to the introduction of slaves, respecting which latter I will now give you a few of the regulations.

Slave owners are bound to give their slaves three meals a day, and the substance thereof must be eleven ounces of meat or salt fish, four ounces of bread, and farinaceous vegetables equal to six plantains; besides this, they are bound to give them two suits of clothes —all specified—yearly. Alas! how appropriate is the slang phrase 'Don't you wish you may get 'em?' So beautifully motherly is Spain regarding her slaves, that the very substance of infant's clothes under three years of age is prescribed, another substance from three to six, then comes an injunction that from six to fourteen the girls are to be shirted and the boys breeched. I am sure this super-parental solicitude upon the part of the Government must be admitted to be most touching. By another regulation, the working time is limited to from nine to ten hours daily, except in the harvest or sugar season, during which time the working hours are eighteen a day. No slave under sixteen or over sixty can be employed on task-work, or at any age at a work not suited to his or her strength and sex.

Old slaves must be kept by their master, and can-

not be freed for the purpose of getting rid of the support of them. Upon a plantation, the houses must be built on a dry position, well ventilated, and the sexes kept apart, and a proper hospital provided for them. By another law, marriage is inculcated on moral grounds, and the master of the slave is required to purchase the wife, so that they may both be under one roof; if he declines the honour, then the owner of the wife is to purchase the husband, and if that fails, a third party is to buy both; failing all these efforts, the law appears non-plused, and leaves their fate to Providence. If the wife has any children under three years of age, they must be sold with her. The law can compel an owner to sell any slave upon whom he may be proved to have exercised cruelty; should any party offer him the price he demands, he may close the bargain at once, but if they do not agree, his value is to be appraised by two arbiters, one chosen by each party, and if either decline naming an arbiter, a law-officer acts *ex officio*. Any slave producing fifty dollars (ten pounds) as a portion of his ransom-money, the master is obliged to fix a price upon him, at which his ransom may be purchased; he then becomes a *coartado*, and whatever sums he can save, his master is bound to receive in part payment, and, should he be sold, the price must not exceed the price

originally named, after subtracting therefrom the amount he has advanced for his ransom; each successive purchaser must buy him subject to these conditions. In all disputes as to original price or completion of the ransom, the Government appoints a law-officer on behalf of the slave. The punishments of the slave are imprisonment, stocks, &c.; when the lash is used, the number of stripes is limited to twenty-five.

The few regulations I have quoted are sufficient to show how carefully the law has fenced in the slave from bad treatment. I believe the laws of no other country in regard to slaves are so merciful, excepting always Peru; but, alas! though the law is as fair as the outside of the whited sepulchre, the practice is as foul as the inside thereof; nor can one ever expect that it should be otherwise, when we see that, following the example of the treaty-breaking, slave-importing Queen-mother, every official, from the highest government authority down to the lowest petty custom-house officer, exposes his honesty daily in the dirty market of bribery.

A short summary of the increase of slave population may be interesting, as showing that the charges made against the Cubans of only keeping up the numbers of the slaves by importation is not quite

correct. In the year 1835 a treaty was made with Spain renewing the abolition of slave traffic, to which she had assented in 1817 by words which her subsequent deeds belied. At this latter date, the slave population amounted to 290,000, since which period she has proved the value of plighted faith by introducing upwards of 100,000 slaves, which would bring the total up to 390,000. The present slave population, I have before remarked, amounts to 600,000, which would give as the increase by births during nearly twenty years, 210,000. If we take into consideration the ravages of epidemics, and the serious additional labour caused by the long duration of the sugar harvest, we may fairly conclude, as far as increase by birth is admitted as evidence, that the treatment of slaves in Cuba will stand comparison with that of the slave in the United States, especially when it is borne in mind that the addition of slave territory in the latter has made the breeding of slaves a regular business.

The increase of the produce of Cuba may very naturally be ascribed to the augmentation of slave labour, and to the improvements in machinery; but there is another cause which is very apt to be overlooked, though I think there can be no doubt it has exercised the most powerful influence in producing

that result: I allude to the comparative monopoly of the sugar trade, which the events of later years have thrown into her hands.

When England manumitted the 750,000 slaves in the neighbouring islands, the natural law of reaction came into play, and the negro who had been forced to work hard, now chose to take his ease, and his absolute necessities were all that he cared to supply; a little labour sufficed for that, and he consequently became in his turn almost the master. The black population, unprepared in any way for the sudden change, became day by day more idle and vicious, the taxes of the islands increased, and the circulation issued by the banks decreased in an equally fearful ratio. When sugar the produce of slave labour was admitted into England, a short time after the emancipation, upon the same terms as the produce of the free islands, as a natural consequence, the latter, who could only command labour at high wages and for uncertain time, were totally unable to compete with the cheap labour and long hours of work in Cuba; nearly every proprietor in our West India colonies fell into deep distress,—some became totally ruined. One property which had cost £118,000, so totally lost its value, owing to these changes in the law, that its price fell to £16,000. In Demerara, the sugar

produce sank from 104,000,000 lbs. to 61,000,000 lbs., and coffee from 9,000,000 lbs. to 91,000 lbs., while 1,500,000 of lbs. cotton disappeared entirely.

These are no fictions, they are plain facts, borne testimony to, in many instances, by the governors of the colonies; and I might quote an infinite number of similar statements, all tending to prove the rapid growth of idleness and vice in the emancipated slaves, and the equally rapid ruin of the unfortunate proprietor. The principles upon which we legislated when removing the sugar duties is a mystery to me, unless I accept the solution, so degrading to the nation, 'that humanity is a secondary consideration to £ *s. d.*, and that justice goes for nothing.' If such were not the principles on which we legislated, there never was a more complete failure. Not content with demoralizing the slave and ruining the owner, by our hasty and ill-matured plan of emancipation, we gave the latter a dirty kick when he was falling, by removing the little protection we had all but pledged our national faith that he should retain; and thus it was we threw nearly the whole West India sugar trade into the hands of Cuba, stimulating her energy, increasing her produce, and clinching the fetters of the slave with that hardest holding of all rivets—the doubled value of his labour.

Perhaps my reader may say I am taking a party and political view of the question. I repudiate the charge *in toto:* I have nothing to do with politics, I merely state facts, which I consider it requisite should be brought forward, in order that the increase of Cuban produce may not be attributed to erroneous causes. For this purpose it was necessary to show that the ruin we have brought upon the free West Indian colonies is the chief cause of the increased and increasing prosperity of their slave rival; at the same time, it is but just to remark, that the establishment of many American houses in Cuba has doubtless had some effect in adding to the commercial activity of the island.

I have, in the preceding pages, shown the retrogression of some parts of the West Indies, since the passing of the Emancipation and Sugar Duty Acts. Let me now take a cursory view of the progression of Cuba during the same period.—Annual produce:—

	Previous to Emancipation.		1852.
Sugar	300,000,000 lbs.	—	620,000,000 lbs.
Molasses . . .	125,000,000 „	—	220,000,000 „
Leaf Tobacco .	6,000,000 „	—	10,000,000 „
Coffee	30,000,000 „	—	19,000,000 „

The sugar manufactories during that time had also increased from eight hundred to upwards of sixteen

hundred. Can any one calmly compare this marvellous progression of Cuba with the equally astounding retrogression of our Antilles, and fail to come to the irresistible conclusion, that the prosperity of the one is intimately connected with the distress of the other.

While stating the annual produce of tobacco, I should observe that upwards of 180,000,000 of cigars and nearly 2,000,000 boxes of cigarettes were exported in 1852, independent of the tobacco leaf before mentioned. Professor J. F. W. Johnston, in that curious and able work entitled *Chemistry of Common Life*, styles tobacco 'the first subject in the vegetable kingdom in the power of its service to man:' some of my lady friends, I fear, will not approve of this opinion; and he further asserts that 4,500,000,000 pounds thereof are annually dispersed throughout the earth, which at twopence the pound would realize the enormous sum of £37,000,000.

If smoking may be called the popular enjoyment of the island, billiards and dominoes may be called the popular games, and the lottery the popular excitement. There are generally fifteen ordinary lotteries, and two extraordinary, every year. The ordinary consist of £32,000 paid, and £24,000 thereof as prizes; there are 238 prizes, the highest being £600, and the lowest £40; the extraordinary consist of £54,400

paid, of which £40,800 are drawn as prizes; there are 206 prizes, the highest of which is £20,000 and the lowest £40, from which it will appear, according to Cocker, that the sums drawn annually as prizes are very nearly £150,000 less than the sums paid—pretty pickings for Government. As may naturally be supposed, the excitement produced by this constitutional gambling—which has its nearest counterpart in our own Stock Exchange—is quite intense; and as the time for drawing approaches, people may be seen in all the cafés and public places, hawking and auctioning the billets at premium, like so many Barnums with Jenny Lind tickets. One curious feature in the lotteries here, is the interest the niggers take in them: to understand this, I must explain to you that the coloured population are composed of various African tribes, and each tribe keeps comparatively separate from the others; they then form a kind of club among their own tribe, for the purpose of purchasing the freedom of some of their enslaved brethren, who, I believe, receive assistance in proportion as they contribute to the funds, and bear such a character as shall interpose no obstacle to their ransom being permitted. A portion of their funds is frequently employed in the purchase of lottery tickets, and a deep spirit of gambling is the natural consequence; for though the

stake entered is dollars, the prize, if won, is freedom. These lotteries date back to 1812; and if they have always been kept up as before explained, they must have contributed something like ten millions sterling to the Government during their forty years' working.

A friend told me of a shameful instance of injustice connected with these lotteries. A poor slave who had saved enough money to buy a ticket, did so; and drawing a small prize, immediately went off to his master, and presented it to him as a part of his redemption money. The master having ascertained how he obtained it, explained to him that, as a slave, he could not hold property; he then quietly pocketed it, and sent poor Sambo about his business. What a beautiful commentary this is on the law respecting Coartados, which I inserted a few pages back. I must however remark, that from the inquiries I made, and from my own observations of their countenances and amusements, the impression left on my mind is, that the slaves are quite as happy here as in the United States; the only disadvantage that they labour under being, that the sugar harvest and manufacture last much longer in Cuba, and the labour thereof is by far the hardest drain upon the endurance of the slave. The free negroes I consider fully as well off as those in the Southern States, and immeasurably more comfortable than those who are

domiciled in the Northern or Free States of the Union. The number of free negroes in Cuba amounts to one-fourth of the whole coloured population, while in the United States it only amounts to one-ninth; proving the great facilities for obtaining freedom which the island offers, or the higher cultivation of the negro, which makes him strive for it more laboriously. I will not attempt to draw any comparison between the scenes of horror with which, doubtless, both parties are chargeable, but which for obvious reasons are carefully concealed from the traveller's eye.

Among the curious anomalies of some people, is that of a dislike to be called by the national name, if they have a local one. The islanders feel quite affronted if you call them Españoles; and a native of Old Spain would feel even more affronted if you called him a Cubano or an Havanero. The appellations are as mutually offensive as were in the olden times those of Southron and Scot, although Cuba is eternally making a boast of her loyalty. The manner of a Cuban is as stiff and hidalgoish as that of any old Spaniard; in fact, so far as my short acquaintance with the mother country and the colony enables me to judge, I see little or no difference. Some of them, however, have a dash of fun about them, as the two following little squibs will show.

It appears that a certain Conde de ——, who had

lately been decorated, was a most notorious rogue; in consequence of which, some wag chalked up on his door in large letters, during the night, the following lines, which of course were in everybody's mouth soon after the sun had risen:—

En el tiempo de las barbaras naciones
A los ladrones se les colgaban en cruces;
Pero hoy en el siglo de las luces
A los ladrones se les cuelgan cruces.

A play upon words is at all times a hopeless task to transfer to another language; nevertheless, for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with Spanish, I will convey the idea as well as I can in English:—

Hang the thief on the cross was the ancient decree;
But the cross on the thief now suspended we see.

The idea is of very ancient date, and equally well known in Italy and Spain, but I believe the Spanish verses given above are original.

The following was written upon a wealthy man who lived like a hermit, and was reported to be very averse to paying for anything. He had, to the astonishment of everybody, given a grand entertainment the night before: on his door appeared—

'El Marquis de C—— Hace lo que debe
Y debe por lo que hace.'

It is useless to try and carry this into Saxon. In

drawing it from the Spanish well, the bottom must come out of the translationary bucket. The best version I can offer is—

> 'He gives a party, which he ought to do,
> But, doing that, he *does* his tradesmen too.'

I am aware my English version is tame and insipid, though perhaps not quite as much so as a translation I once met with of the sentence with which it was said Timoleon, Duc de Brissac, used to apostrophize himself before the looking-glass every morning. The original runs thus :—'Timoleon, Duc de Brissac, Dieu t'a fait gentilhomme, le roi t'a fait duc, fais toi la barbe, pour faire quelque chose.' The translation was charmingly ridiculous, and ran thus :—'Timoleon, Duke of Brissac, Providence made you a gentleman, the king gave you a dukedom, shave yourself by way of doing something.'—But I wander terribly. Reader, you must excuse me.

I one day asked an intelligent friend, long resident in the island, whether any of the governors had ever done any good to the island, or whether they were all satisfied by filling their pockets with handsome bribes. He told me that the first governor-general who had rendered real service to the people was Tacon. On his arrival, the whole place was so infested with rogues and villains, that neither property nor even life was

secure after dusk; gambling, drunkenness, and vice of every kind rode rampant. He gave all evil-doers one week's warning, at the expiration of which, all who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves were to be severely punished. Long accustomed to idle threats, they treated his warning with utter indifference; but they soon found their mistake to their cost. Inflexible in purpose, iron-handed in rule, unswerving in justice, he treated nobles, clergy, and commoners alike, and before the fortnight was concluded, twelve hundred were in banishment or in durance vile. Their accomplices in guilt stood aghast at this new order of things, and foreseeing their fate, either bolted, reformed, or fell victims to it, and Havana became as quiet and orderly as a church-parade. Shops, stores, and houses sprung up in every direction; a magnificent opera-house was built outside the town on the Grand Paseo, and named after the governor-general; nothing can exceed the lightness, airiness, and taste of the interior; I never saw its equal in any building of a similar nature, and it is in every respect most perfectly adapted to this lovely climate.

The next governor-general who seems to have left any permanent mark of usefulness is Valdes, whom I suppose I may be allowed to call their modern

Lycurgus. It was during his rule that the laws were weeded and improved, and eventually produced in a clear and simple form. It is from them that I have copied the municipal regulations, &c., given in the preceding pages. The patience he must have exhibited in this laborious occupation is evidenced by the minuteness of the details entered into, descending —as we have seen—even to the pants of bathers and the bibs of the infant nigger, but, by some unaccountable omission, giving no instructions as to the tuckers of their mammas. If Tacon was feared and respected, Valdes was beloved, and each appears to have fairly earned the reputation he obtained. Valdes was succeeded by O'Donnell, whose rule was inaugurated in negro blood; frightful hurricanes soon followed, and were probably sent in mercy to purify the island from the pollutions of suffering and slaughter. During the rule of his successor, Roncali, the rebel Lopez appears on the stage; the American campaign in Mexico had stirred up a military ardour which extended to the rowdies, and a piratical expedition was undertaken, with Lopez at the head. He had acquired a name for courage in the Spanish army, and was much liked by many of them, partly from indulging in the unofficer-like practice of gambling and drinking with officers and men. His first attempt

at a landing was ludicrously hopeless, and he was very glad to re-embark with a whole skin; but he was not the man to allow one failure to dishearten him, for, independent of his courage, he had a feeling of revenge to gratify.[a] Having recruited his forces, he landed the following year, 1851, with a stronger and better equipped force of American piratical brigands, and succeeded in stirring up a few Cubans to rebellion. He maintained himself for a few days struggling with a courage worthy of a better cause; the pirates were defeated, Lopez was made prisoner, and died by the the garotte at Havana, on the 1st of September. Others also of the band paid the penalty of the law, and the ruffian crew who escaped to the United States now constitute a kind of nucleus for the 'Lone Star,' 'Filibustero,' and other such pests of the community to gather round, being ready at any moment to start on a buccaneering expedition, if they can only find another Lopez ass enough to lead them.

Concha became governor-general just before Lopez' last expedition, and the order for his execution was a most painful task for poor Concha, who had been for many years an intimate friend of his. Concha ap-

[a] When first suspected of treason, he had been hunted with dogs like a wild beast, and, with considerable difficulty, escaped to America.

pears to have left an excellent name behind him. I always heard him called the honest governor. He introduced a great many reforms into the civil code, and established a great many schools and scientific and literary societies. During my stay in the island, his successor, Cañedo, was the governor-general. Whenever I made inquiries about him, the most favourable answer I could get was, a chuck up of the head, a slight p'tt with the lips, and an expression of the eyes, indicating the sight of a most unpleasant object; the three combined required no dictionary of the Academy to interpret.[a]

The future of this rich and lovely island, who can predict? It is talked of by its powerful neighbours as 'the sick man.' Filibustero vultures hover above it as though it were already a putrid corpse inviting their descent; young America points to it with the absorbing index of 'manifest destiny;' gold is offered for it; Ostend conferences are held about it; the most sober senators cry respecting it—'Patience, when the pear is ripe, it must drop into our lap.' Old Spain—torn by faction, and ruined by corruption—supports its tottering treasury from it. Thus, plun-

[a] Those who desire more detailed information respecting Cuba will find it in a work entitled *La Reine des Antilles*. Par Le Vicomte Gustave D'Harponville. 1850.

dered by friends, coveted by neighbours, and assailed by pirates, it lies like a helpless anatomical subject, with the ocean for a dissecting-table, on one side whereof stands a mother sucking its blood, and on the other 'Lone Stars' gashing its limbs, while in the background, a young and vigorous republic is seen anxiously waiting for the whole carcass. If I ask, 'Where shall vitality be sought?' Echo answers 'Where?' If I ask, 'Where shall I look for hope?' the very breath of the question extinguishes the flickering taper. Who, then, can shadow forth the fate that is reserved for this tropical gem of the ocean, where all around is so dark and louring? . . . A low voice, borne on a western breeze, whispers in my ear—'I guess I can.'

Cuba, farewell!

* The subsequent squabbles between the Cuban authorities and the United States have taken place long since my departure, and are too complicated to enter into without more accurate information than I possess.

CHAPTER XIII.

Change of Dynasty.

THE month of February was drawing to a close, when I took my passage on board the 'Isabel,' bound for Charleston. A small coin removed all difficulty about embarking luggage, cigars, &c.; the kettle was boiling, hands shook violently, bells rang rapidly, non-passengers flew down to shore-boats; round go the wheels, waving go the 'kerchiefs, and down fall the tears. The Isabel bounds o'er the ripp'less waters; forts and dungeons, as we gaze astern, fade from the view; an indistinct shade is all by which the eye can recal the lovely isle of Cuba; and, lest memory should fail, the piles of oranges, about four feet square, all round the upper-deck, are ready to refresh it. How different the Isabel from the Cherokee! Mr. Law might do well to take a cruise in the former; and, if he had any emulation, he would sell all his dirty old tubs for firewood, and invest the proceeds in the Isabel style of vessel—Land a-head!—a flourishing little village appears,

with watch-towers high as minarets. What can all this mean?

This is a thriving, happy community, fixed on the most dreary and unhealthy looking point imaginable, and deriving all their wealth and happiness from the misfortunes of others. It is Key West, a village of wreckers, who, doubtless, pray earnestly for a continuance and increase of the changing currents, which are eternally drifting some ill-fated barque on the ever-growing banks and coral reefs of these treacherous and dangerous waters; the lofty watch-towers are their Pisgah, and the stranded barques their Land of Promise. The sight of one is doubtless as refreshing to their sight as the clustering grapes of Eschol were to the wandering Israelites of old. So thoroughly does the wrecking spirit pervade this little community, that they remind one of the 'Old Joe Miller,' which gives an account of a clergyman who, seeing all his congregation rise from their seats at the joyous cry of, 'A wreck! a wreck!' called them to order with an irresistible voice of thunder, and deliberately commencing to despoil himself of his surplice, added, 'Gentlemen, a fair start, if you please!'

We picked up a couple of captains here, whose ships had tasted these bitter waters, and who were on their road to New York to try and make the best

of a bad job. We had some very agreeable companions on board; but we had others very much the contrary, conspicuous among whom was an undeniable Hebrew but no Nathanael. He was one of those pompous loud talkers, whose every word and work bespoke vulgarity in its most obnoxious form, and whose obtuseness in matters of manners was so great, that nothing short of the point of your shoe could have made him understand how offensive he was. He spoke of courts in Europe, and of the Vice-regal court in Ireland, as though he had the *entrée* of them all; which it was palpable to the most superficial observer he never could have had, except possibly when, armed with a dingy bag on his shoulder and an 'Ol clo'' on his lips, he sought an investment in cast-off garments. He was taking cigars, which, from their quantity, were evidently for sale; and as the American government is very liberal in allowing passengers to enter cigars, never—I believe—refusing any one the privilege of five hundred, he was beating up for friends who had no cigars to divide his speculation among, so as to avoid the duty; at last his arrangements were completed, and his mind at ease.

On entering the port of Charleston he got up the box containing his treasures, and was about to open it, when, to my intense delight and amusement, an

officer of the ship stayed his hasty hand. 'What's that for?' exclaimed the wrathful Israelite. 'I guess that box is in the manifest,' was the calm reply, 'and you can't touch it till it goes to the custom-house.' Jonathan had 'done' the Hebrew; and besides the duty, he had the pleasure of paying freight on them also; while, to add to his satisfaction, he enjoyed the sight of all the other passengers taking their five hundred or so unmolested, while compelled to pay duty on every cigar himself. But we must leave the Jew, the Isabel—ay, Charleston itself. 'Hurry hurry, bubble bubble, toil and trouble;' Washington must be reached before the 4th of March, or we shall not see the Senate and the other House in session. Steamer and rail; on we dash. The boiling horse checks his speed; the inconveniences of the journey are all forgotten: we are at Washington, and the all-absorbing thought is, 'Where shall we get a bed?'

My companion[a] and myself drove about from hotel to boarding-house, from boarding-house to hotel, and

[a] I had had the good fortune to pick up an agreeable companion on board the Isabel—the brother of one of our most distinguished members of the House of Commons—who, like myself, had been visiting Cuba, and was hastening to Washington, to be present at the inauguration of the President elect, and with him I spent many very pleasant days.

from hotel to the Capitol, seeking a resting-place in vain. Every chink and cranny was crammed; the reading-rooms of the hotels had from one to two dozen stretcher beds in each of them. 'Twas getting on for midnight; Hope's taper was flickering faintly, when a police-officer came to the rescue, and recommended us to try a small boarding-house at which he was himself lodging. There, as an especial favour, we got two beds put into a room where another lodger was already snoring; but fatigue and sleep soon obliterated that fact from our remembrance. Next morning, while lying in a half doze, I heard something like the upsetting of a jug near my bed-side, and then a sound like mopping up; suspicious of my company, I opened my eyes, and lo! there was the owner of the third bed, deliberately mopping up the contents of the jug he had upset over the carpet, with —what do you think? His handkerchief? oh, no— his coat-tails? oh, no—a spare towel? oh, no; the savage, with the most placid indifference, was mopping it up with my sponge! He expressed so much astonishment when I remonstrated, that I supposed the poor man must have been in the habit of using his own sponge for such purposes, and my ire subsided gradually as he wrung out the sponge by an endless succession of vigorous squeezes, accompanying each

with a word of apology. So much for my first night at Washington.

We will pass over breakfast, and away to the Capitol. There it stands, on a rising knoll, commanding an extensive panoramic view of the town and surrounding country. The building is on a grand scale, and faced with marble, which, glittering in the sunbeams, gives it a very imposing appearance; but the increasing wants of this increasing Republic have caused two wings to be added, which are now in the course of construction. Entrance to the Senate and House of Representatives was afforded to us with that readiness and courtesy which strangers invariably experience. But alas! the mighty spirits who had, by their power of eloquence, so often charmed and spell-bound the tenants of the senate chamber—where were they? The grave had but recently closed over the last of those giant spirits; Webster was no more! Like all similar bodies, they put off and put off, till, in the last few days of the session a quantity of business is hustled through, and thus no scope is left for eloquent speeches; all is matter of fact, and a very business-looking body they appeared, each senator with his desk and papers before him; and when anything was to be said, it was expressed in plain, unadorned language, and free from hesitation.

The only opportunity offered for eloquence was, after the inauguration, on the discussion of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. I will not say that the venerable senator for Delaware—Mr. Clayton—was eloquent, but he was very clear both in language and delivery, and his bearing altogether showed the honest conviction of a man who knew he was in the right, and was certain he would be ultimately so judged. His principal antagonist was the senator for Illinois—Mr. Douglas—one of the stars of the Young America party, and an aspirant to the presidential honours of the Republic. He is a stout-built man, rather short, with a massive overhanging forehead. When he rose, he did so with the evident consciousness that the gallery above him was filled with many of his political school, and thrusting both hands well into the bottom of his breeches pockets, he commenced his oration with an air of great self-confidence, occasionally drawing one hand from its concealment to aid his oratory by significant gesture. He made an excellent clap-trap —or as they term it in America, Buncombe—speech, aiding and emphasizing, by energetic shakings of the forefinger, such passages as he thought would tell in the gallery above; his voice was loud and clear, his language blunt and fluent, and amusingly replete with 'dares and daren't;' 'England's in the wrong, and she

knows it;' if the original treaty, by which America was to have had the canal exclusively, had been concluded, 'America would have had a rod to hold over all the nations.' Then came 'manifest destiny;' then the mare's nest called 'Monroe doctrine;' then more Buncombe about England; and then . . . . he sat down —satisfied, no doubt, that he had very considerably increased his chances for the 'tenancy of the White House.'

I regretted much not being able to hear Mr. Everett speak, for I believe he is admitted on all hands to be the most eloquent and classical orator within the precincts of the senate at the present moment; but I was obliged to leave Washington before he addressed the assembly. The absence of all signs of approbation or disapprobation, while a senator is addressing the house, gives a coldness to the debate, and I should think must have a damping effect upon the enthusiasm of the speaker. The 'Hear hears' and 'cheers' of friends, and the 'Oh ohs' or 'laughter' of opponents, certainly give an air of much greater excitement to the scene, and act as an encouragement to the orator. But such exclamations are not allowed either in the Senate or the House of Representatives. The chamber of the latter is of course much larger than that of the Senators, and, as far as I can judge, a bad room to

hear in. When the new wings are finished, they will move into one of them, and their present chamber is, I believe, to be a library. I had no opportunity of hearing any of the oratory of this house, as they were merely hustling a few money and minor bills through, previous to the inauguration, which closed their session. They also have each a desk and chair; but with their increasing numbers I fear that any room large enough to afford them such accommodation must be bad for speaking in.—Let us now turn to the great event of the day, *i. e.*, the Inauguration.

The senators are all in their places; ministers of foreign Powers and their suites are seated on the row of benches under the gallery; the expectant masses are waiting outside; voices are suddenly hushed, and all eyes turned towards the door of the senate-chamber; the herald walks in, and says, 'The President Elect of the United States.' The chosen of his country appears with as little form or ceremony as a gentleman walking into an ordinary drawing-room. All rise as he enters.

I watched the man of the day as he proceeded to his seat on the floor of the senate. There was neither pride in his eye nor nervousness in his step, but a calm and dignified composure well fitted to his high position, as though gratified ambition were duly tem-

pered by a deep sense of responsibility. The procession moved out in order to a platform in front of the Capitol, the late able president walking side by side with his untried successor, and apparently as calm in resigning office as his successor appeared to be in entering upon it. Of the inaugural speech I shall say nothing, as all who care to read it have done so long since. But one thing should always be remembered, and that is, that the popular candidates here are all compelled to 'do a little Buncombe,' and therefore, under the circumstances, I think it must be admitted there was as little as was possible. That speech tolled the knell, for the present at least, of the Whig party, and ushered in the reign of General Pierce and the Democrats.

The crowd outside was very orderly, but by no means so numerous as I had expected; I estimated them at 8000, but a friend who was with me, and well versed in such matters, calculated the numbers at nearly 10,000, but certainly, he said, not more. The penny Press, by way of doing honour to their new ruler, boldly fixed the numbers at 40,000—that was their bit of Buncombe. One cause probably of the crowd not being greater, was the drizzling snow, which doubtless induced many to be satisfied with seeing the procession pass along Pennsylvania Avenue.

I cannot help remarking here, how little some of their eminent men know of England. A senator, of great and just reputation, came to me during the ceremony, and said, 'There is one thing which must strike you as very remarkable, and that is that we have no soldiers here to keep order upon an occasion of such political importance.' He was evidently unaware that, not only was such the case invariably in England, but that soldiers are confined to barracks, or even removed during the excitement of elections. There is no doubt that the falsehoods and exaggerations with which the Press here teems, in matters referring to England, are sufficiently glaring to be almost self-confuting; but if they can so warp the mind of an enlightened senator, how is it to be wondered at that, among the masses, many suck in all such trash as if it were Gospel truth, and look upon England as little else than a land of despotism; but of that more anon. The changing of presidents in this country resembles, politically speaking, the changing of a premier in England; but, thank Heaven! the changing of a premier in England does not involve the same changes as does the changing of a president here.

I believe it was General Jackson who first introduced the practice of a wholesale sweeping out of opponents from all situations, however small: and this bright

idea has been religiously acted upon by all succeeding presidents. The smallest clerkships, twopenny-halfpenny postmasterships in unheard-of villages, all, all that can be dispensed with, must make way for the friends of the incomers to power. Fancy a new premier in England making a clean sweep of nine-tenths of the clerks, &c., at the Treasury, Foreign-office, Post-office, Custom-house, Dockyards, &c. &c. Conceive the jobbing such a system must lead to, not to mention the comparative inefficiency it must produce in the said departments, and the ridiculous labour it throws upon the dispensers of these gifts of place. The following quotation may be taken as a sample:—

OUR CUSTOM-HOUSE—WHAT A HAUL.—The *New Hampshire Patriot*, in an article on proscription, thus refers to the merciless decapitation of the Democrats of our custom-house, by Mr. Collector Maxwell:—

'Take the New York custom-house as a sample. There are 626 officers there, exclusive of labourers; and it appears from the records that, since the Whigs came into power, 427 removals have been there made. And to show the greediness of the Whig applicants for the spoils, it need only be stated that, on the very day the collector was sworn into office, he made forty-two removals. He made six before he was sworn. In thirty days from the time of his entrance upon his duties he removed 220 persons; and, in the course of a few months, he had made such a clean sweep, that only sixty-two Democrats remained in office, with 564 Whigs! A like sweep was made in other custom-houses; and so clean work did this 'anti-proscription' administration make in the offices, that a Democrat could scarcely be found in an office which a Whig could be found to take.'

This is ominous for the 564 Whigs to be turned over to

the charity of the new collector. Alas! the Democrats are hungry—hard shells and soft shells—and charity begins at home. In the course of the coming month we may anticipate a large emigration from the custom-house to California and Australia. What a blessing to ejected office-holders, that they can fall back upon the gold mines! Such is the beautiful working of our beneficent institutions! What a magnificent country!

As a proof of the excitement which these changes produce, I remember perfectly there being ten to one more fuss and telegraphing between Washington and New York, as to who should be collector at the latter port, than would exist between London and Paris if a revolution was in full swing at the latter. To this absurd system may no doubt be partly attributed the frequent irregularities of their inland postage; but it is an evil which, as far as I can judge from observation and conversation, will continue till, with an increasing population and increase of business, necessity re-establishes the old and better order of things. Political partisanship is so strong that nothing but imperative necessity can alter it.

The cabmen here, as in every other place I ever visited, make strenuous efforts to do the new comers. They tried it on me; so to show them how knowing I was, I quoted their legitimate fares. 'Ah, sir,' says Cabby, 'that's very well, but, you see, we charges

more at times like these.' I replied, 'You've no right to raise your charges; by what authority do you do it?' 'Oh, sir, we meet together and agree what is the proper thing.' 'But,' says I, 'the authorities are the people to settle those things.' 'The authorities don't know nothing at all about it; we can manage our own matters better than they.' And they all stoutly stuck to their own charges, the effect of which was that I scarcely saw a dozen cabs employed during the ten days I was there.

Nothing could exceed the crowd in the streets, in the hotels, and everywhere; the whole atmosphere was alive with the smoke of the fragrant weed, and all the hotels were afloat with the juice thereof. The city has repeatedly been called the City of Magnificent Distances; but anything so far behind its fellow cities cannot well be imagined. It sounds incredible—nevertheless, it is a fact—that, except from the Capitol to the 'White House,' there is not a street-light of any kind, or a watchman. I lost my way one evening, and wandered all over the town for two hours, without seeing light or guardian of any kind. I suppose this is intended as a proof of the honest and orderly conduct of the inhabitants, but I fear it must also be taken as a proof of their poverty or want of energy. Whatever the reason may be, it

certainly is a reflection on the liberality of the Government, that the capital of this Great Union should be the worst paved, worst lit, and worst guarded in the whole Republic.

The system of sweeping changes on the election of a new president tends materially to stop any increase of householders, the uncertain tenure of office making the *employés* prefer clustering in hotels and boarding-houses to entering on a short career of housekeeping, which will, of course, militate against any steady increase of the city, and thus diminish the tax-payers. There are several hotels, but they will not stand the least comparison with those in any of the leading towns of the Union. Like the hotels in London, they are crammed during the season—*i. e.*, session—and during the rest of the year are comparatively empty, and consequently do not pay very well; but they are not the only establishments that make hay during the session; if report speaks truly, the bars and gambling houses reap an immense harvest from the representatives of the people in both houses of congress.

I amused myself here, as I often had done in other towns, by taking a cigar in some decent-looking shop, and then having a chat with the owner. On this occasion the subject of conversation was drinking in the States. He said, in reply to a question I put to him,

'Sir, a gentleman must live a long time in the country before he can form the slightest idea of the frightful extent to which drinking is carried, even by the decently educated and well-to-do classes. I do not say that nine-tenths of the people die drunk, but I firmly believe that with that proportion, death has been very materially hastened from perpetual drinks. It is one of the greatest curses of this country, and I cannot say that I believe it to be on the decrease.' One reason, doubtless, why it is so pernicious, is the constant habit of drinking before breakfast. That he was correct in his per-centage, I do not pretend to say, but I certainly have seen enough of the practice to feel sure it must have a most pernicious effect on very many. To what extent it is carried on by the lowest classes I had no opportunity of judging.

The following observations, however, made by so high an authority as Mr. Everett, must be admitted as a convincing proof that education has not been able to cope effectually with drunkenness. Speaking of ardent spirits, he says :—

'What has it done in ten years in the States of America? First, it has cost the nation a direct expense of £120,000,000. Secondly, it has cost the nation an indirect expense of £120,000,000. Thirdly, it has destroyed 300,000 lives. Fourthly, it has sent 100,000 children to the poor-house. Fifthly, it has consigned at least 150,000 persons to jails and

penitentiaries. Sixthly, it has made at least a thousand maniacs. Seventhly, it has instigated to the commission of at least fifteen hundred murders.. Eighthly, it has caused 2000 persons to commit suicide. Ninthly, it has burnt, or otherwise destroyed property to the amount of £2,000,000. Tenthly, it has made 200,000 widows, and 1,000,000 of orphan children.'

When I turn from the contemplation of this sad picture, and think how many fall victims to the same vice in my own country, I cannot help feeling that the 'thousand-minded poet' wrote the following lines as an especial warning and legacy to the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt:—

'Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!'

I was very sorry time did not admit of my witnessing one of the new president's levees, as I much wished to see the olla podrida of attendants. It must be a quaint scene; the hack-cabman who drives you to the door, will get a boy to look after his shay, and go in with you; tag-rag and bob-tail, and all their family, go in precisely as they like; neither soap nor brush is a necessary prelude. How changed since the days of Washington and knee-breeches! It should however be mentioned as highly creditable to the masses, that they rarely take advantage of their rights. The building is the size of a moderately wealthy

country gentleman's house in England, and has one or two fine reception-rooms; between it and the water a monument is being raised to Washington. I fear it will be a sad failure; the main shaft or column suggests the idea of a semaphore station, round the base whereof the goodly things of sculpture are to be clustered. As far as I could glean from conversation with Americans, they seem themselves to anticipate anything but success.

The finest buildings here are the Capitol, Patent-office, and Post-office. Of these the Patent-office, which is modelled after the Parthenon, is the only one that has any pretensions to architecture. I fear the Anglo-Saxon of these later days, whether in the old country or here, is destined to leave no solid traces of architectural taste—*vide* National Gallery, London, and Post-office, Washington.

Having seen the lions of Washington, and enjoyed the hospitalities of our able and agreeable minister, I again trusted myself to the iron horse, and started for Baltimore. During my residence in Washington, I had revelled latterly in the comfort of a lodging, free from the horrors of American inns. Profiting by this experience, I had applied to a friend at Baltimore to engage me rooms in some quiet place there; by this precaution I got into

Guy's, in Monument-square. He keeps a restaurant, but has a few beds for friends or old customers. I found myself most comfortably housed, and the living of the cleanest and the best; besides which my kind friends gave me the *entrée* of the Club, which was almost next door. The hospitalities of which I had enjoyed a foretaste in November last, now thickened upon me, and though the season of Lent had put a stop to large and general parties, enough was still left to make my stay very agreeable.

The town is beautifully situated on undulating ground, commanding a lovely view of the bay; the streets are of a rational breadth, the town is rapidly increasing, the new buildings are all large and airy, and everything indicates prosperity. The cuisine of Baltimore has a very high, and, as far as I can judge, a very just reputation; not merely Maxwell Point canvas-back ducks, but the famous Terrapin also, lend their aid to the enjoyment of the inner man. In fact, so famous is the Terrapin, that a wicked wag detailed to me an account of a highly improper scene which he said took place once in the Episcopal Church here, viz., a gentleman who had a powerful voice and generally led the responses, had his heart and mind so full of the luscious little animal, that by a sad fatality he substituted 'Terrapin' for 'Seraphin'

in the response; and so far was any one from remarking it, that the whole congregation repeated the mistake after him. The curly twinkle in the eye with which my friend told me the story, leaves an impression in my mind that it may be an exaggeration.

While here I observed a play-bill with 'The White Slave of England' printed on it, evidently intended as a set-off against the dramatizing of 'Uncle Tom' in London, at some of our penny theatres. Of course I went to see it, and never laughed more in my life.

The theatre was about the size of a six-stall stable, and full of rowdies, &c.—no ladies; our party had a private box. The tragedy opens by revealing the underground of a coal-pit in England, where is seen a fainting girl, &c. &c.: the girl is of course well licked by a driver; an explosion takes place; dead and dying bodies are heaped together, the driver says, 'D—— 'em, let 'em lie; we'll get plenty more from the poor-house.' These mines belong to a Lord Overstone; an American arrives with a negro servant, whom he leaves to seek his own amusement. He then calls on Lord Overstone, and obtains permission to visit the mines; there he finds the girl alluded to above all but dying, and, of course, rescues her. In the meantime, the nigger calls on Lord Overstone as a foreign prince, is immensely *fêted*,

the Duchess of Southernblack and her friend Lady Cunning are invited to meet his Royal Highness; the rescued girl is claimed as a slave by Lord Overstone; philanthropic Jonathan, after some difficulty, succeeds in keeping her, having first ordered Lord Overstone's servants to the right-about with all the swagger of a northern negro-driver. It appears that Jonathan was formerly a boy in the mines himself, and had conceived an affection for this girl. Lord Overstone finds out that Jonathan has papers requisite for him to prove his right to his property; he starts with his family for America, to visit him on his plantation. There the niggers exhibit a paradise such as never was; nearly the first person met is his Royal Highness the nigger servant. Lady Overstone faints when he comes up to shake hands. Business proceeds; Lord Overstone bullies,—Jonathan is the milk of mildness. At last it turns out the girl is a daughter of Lord Overstone, and that the Yankee is the owner by right of Lord Overstone's property. He delivers a Buncombe speech, resigning his rights, and enlarging on the higher privilege of being in the land of true freedom—a slave plantation. The audience scream frantically, Lord and Lady Overstone go back humbled, and the curtain falls on one of the most absurd farces I ever saw; not the least absurd

part being Jonathan refusing to take possession of his inheritance of £17,000 a-year. Truly, 'Diogenes in his tub,' is nothing to 'Jonathan in his sugar-cask.'

The population of Maryland has increased in whites and free negroes, and decreased in slaves between the years 1800 and 1852, in the following manner:—

	Whites.	Free Negroes.	Slaves.
1800 . . .	216,000 . .	8000 . .	103,000
1852 . . .	500,000 . .	74,000 . . .	90,000

The state has nearly a thousand educational establishments; and there are sixty daily and weekly papers for the instruction of the community. Baltimore has a population of 140,000 whites, 25,000 free blacks, 3000 slaves. Among this population are nearly 30,000 Germans and 20,000 Irish. The value of the industrial establishments of the city is estimated at considerably above £4,000,000. From the above, I leave the reader to judge of its prosperity.

The people in Baltimore who enjoy the widest—if not the most enviable—reputation, are the fire companies. They are all volunteer, and their engines are admirable. They are jealous as Kilkenny cats of one another, and when they come together, they scarcely ever lose an opportunity of getting up a bloody fight. They are even accused of doing occasionally a little

bit of arson, so as to get the chance of a row. The people composing the companies are almost entirely rowdies, and apparently of any age above sixteen: when extinguishing fires, they exhibit a courage and reckless daring that cannot be surpassed, and they are never so happy as when the excitement of danger is at its highest. Their numbers are so great, that they materially affect the elections of all candidates for city offices; the style of persons chosen may hence be easily guessed. The cup of confusion is fast filling up; and unless some knowing hands can make a hole in the bottom and drain off the dregs, the overflow will be frightful.

CHAPTER XIV.

Philadelphia and Richmond.

HAVING spent a very pleasant time at Baltimore, I took rail for Philadelphia—the city of 'loving brotherhood,' being provided with letters to several most amiable families in that town. I took up my abode at Parkinson's—a restaurant in Chestnut-street—where I found the people very civil, and the house very clean; but I saw little of the inside of the house, except at bed and breakfast time. The hospitality for which this city is proverbial soon made me as much at home as if I had been a resident there all my life. Dinner-party upon dinner-party succeeded each other like waves of the ocean; the tables groaned under precious vintages of Madeira, dating back all but to the Flood. I have never before or since tasted such delicious wine, and in such profusion, and everybody stuck to it with leech-like tenacity. On one occasion, having sat down to dinner at two o'clock, I found myself getting up from table half an hour after midnight, and quite as fresh as when I had sat down. There was no possibility of leaving the hospitable old

General's mahogany.[a] One kind friend, Mr. C. H. Fisher, insisted that I must make his house my hotel, either he or his wife were always at dinner at four o'clock, and my cover was always laid. The society of his amiable lady and himself made it too tempting an offer to refuse, and I need scarcely say, it added much to the pleasure of my stay in Philadelphia. The same kind friend had also a seat for me always in his box at the opera, where that most charming and lady-like of actresses, the Countess Rossi, with her sweet voice, was gushing forth soft melody to crammed houses.[b] On every side I met nothing but kindness. Happening one day at dinner to mention incidentally, that I thought the butter unworthy of the reputation of Philadelphia—for it professes to stand pre-eminent in dairy produce — two ladies present exclaimed, 'Well!' and accompanied the expression with a look of active benevolence. The next morning as I was sitting down to breakfast, a plate arrived from each of the rivals in kindness; the dew of the morning was on the green leaf, and underneath, such butter as my

[a] General Cadwallader, whose hospitality is well known to all strangers visiting Philadelphia.

[b] Alas! she has since met a melancholy death, being accidentally poisoned in Mexico, on the 18th of June, 1854; but her fame is as imperishable as her life was stainless.

mouth waters at the remembrance of, and thus it continued during my whole stay. The club doors, with all its conveniences—and to a solitary stranger they are very great—were thrown open to me; in short, my friends left me nothing to wish, except that my time had permitted me a longer enjoyment of their hospitalities.

The streets of Philadelphia, which run north and south from the Schuylkill to the Delaware, are named after the trees, a row whereof grow on each side; but whether from a poetic spirit, or to aid the memory, some of the names are changed, that the following couplet, embracing the eight principal ones, may form a handy guide to the stranger or the resident:—

> 'Chestnut, walnut, spruce, and pine,
> Market, arch, race, and vine.'

Mulberry, and sassafras, and juniper, would have dished the poetry. The cross streets are all called by numbers; thus any domicile is readily found. The principal transverse street is an exception, being called 'Broad;' it looks its name well, and extends beyond the town into the country: strange as it may seem to those who associate stiff white bonnets, stiff coat-collars, and broad-brimmed hats, with Philadelphia, on the extremity of this street every Sunday afternoon, all the famous trotters may be

seen dashing along at three-minute pace. The country round about is pretty and undulating, and the better-to-do inhabitants of Philadelphia have very snug little country places, in which they chiefly reside during the summer, and to which, at other seasons, they often adjourn upon the Saturday, to enjoy the quiet of Sunday in the country.

One of the first objects of interest I went to visit was the Mint, the labours of which are of course immensely increased since the working of the Californian mines. Men are coming in every day with gold in greater or lesser quantities; it is first assayed, and the legitimate per-centage for this work being deducted, the value is paid in coin to the owner. While I was there, I saw a wiry-looking fellow arrive, in bright hat and brighter satin waistcoat, with a beard as bushy as an Indian jungle, and as red as the furnace into which his precious burden was to be thrown; two small leather bags were carefully taken out of a waist-belt, their contents emptied into a tin can, a number placed in the can, and a corresponding number given him—no words spoken: in two days he would return, and, producing his number, receive value in coin. The dust would all have gone into a good-sized coffee-cup. I asked the officer about the value. '£400, sir.' He had left a New England

state some eight months previous, and was going home to invest in land.

What strikes a stranger most on entering the Mint, is the absence of all extra defence round it; the building appears as open as any London house. The process is, of course, essentially the same here as elsewhere; but I was astonished when the director told me that the parties employed in the establishment are never searched on leaving, though the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars is daily passing through their hands in every shape. The water in which the workmen wash their hands runs into a tank below, and from this water, value to the amount of from £60 to £80 is extracted annually. The sweepings, &c., after the most careful sifting, are packed in casks and sold —chiefly, I believe, to European Jews—for £4,000 annually. The only peculiarity in the Philadelphian mint is a frame-work for counting the number of pieces coined, by which ingenious contrivance—rendered necessary by Californian pressure—one man does the work of from twenty to thirty. The operation of weighing the several pieces of coin being of a delicate nature, it is confided to the hands of the fair sex, who occupy a room to themselves, where each daughter of Eve sits with the gravity of a Chancellor opposite a delicate pair of scales. Most parts

of the establishment are open to the public from ten till two, and they are only excluded from those portions of the building where intrusion would impede the operations in progress.

This city, like most others in America, is liberally supplied with water. Magnificent basins are built in a natural mound at Fairmount, nearly opposite an old family mansion of the Barings, and the water is forced up into these basins from the river by powerful water-wheels, worked by the said river, which is dammed up for the purpose of obtaining sufficient fall, as the stream is sometimes very low.

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most imposing, sight in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, is 'The Gerard College.' So singular and successful a career as that of the founder deserves a slight record.

Stephen Gerard was born of French parents, at Bordeaux, the 21st of May, 1750, and his home—owing to his mother's place having been soon filled by a step-mother—appears to have left no pleasant reminiscences. At fourteen years of age he took to the sea. Subsequently, as master and part owner of a small vessel, he arrived, in the year 1777, at Philadelphia for the first time; and commenced business as a merchant; but it appears that in 1786 he took

command of one of his own vessels, leaving the management of his mercantile house to his brother. Returning in 1788, he dissolved partnership with his brother, and bade a final adieu to the sea. In the year 1793, the yellow fever raged with fury at Philadelphia; as the ravage increased the people fled aghast. A hospital was organized at Bush Hill, in the neighbourhood, but all was confusion, for none could be found to face the dreaded enemy, till Stephen Gerard and Peter Helm boldly volunteered their services at the risk of their lives. Stephen Gerard was married, but his wife was consigned to an asylum in 1790, after various ineffectual efforts for her cure; there she remained till her death, in 1815. His mercantile pursuits prospered in every direction, and he soon became one of the most wealthy and influential men in the community; he was possessed of a vigorous constitution, and was extremely regular and abstemious in his habits. In 1830 he was knocked down by a passing vehicle as he was crossing the street; by this accident he was severely injured in the head, from which he was slowly recovering, when, in 1831, he was seized with violent influenza, and ultimately pneumonia, of which he died, the 26th of December, aged eighty-one.

His character appears to have been a curious com-

pound. The assiduity with which he amassed wealth, coupled with his abstemious habits, and his old knee-breeches patched all over—and still to be seen in the college—strongly bespoke the miser; while his contributions to public works, and his liberal transactions in money matters, led to an opposite conclusion; and from his noble conduct during the yellow fever it is reasonable to infer he was a humane man. I do not wish to judge people uncharitably, but, I must say, I can allow but little credit to a man who legacies the bulk of his fortune away from his relations when he can no longer enjoy it himself. Mr. Gerard had very many relatives; let us see how he provided for them. The *résumé* of his will may be thus stated: he died worth £1,500,000, and thus disposes of it:—

Erection and endowment of college .	£400,000
Different institutions of charity . .	23,200
To his relatives and next of kin . .	28,000
City of Philadelphia, for improvements	100,000
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for internal improvements	60,000
Sundry friends, &c.	13,000

The residue left to the city of Philadelphia, for improvement and maintenance of his college, the establishment of better police, and to improve the city and diminish taxation. Thus, out of a fortune of one

million and a half, he leaves his relatives £28,000.[a] Charity, in this instance, can scarcely be said to have begun at home.

The leading object of his mind was the founding of this college, as is clearly proved by the minute directions he gives for its architectural construction and all minor details. By a codicil he changes the site of it from the city to a property he had bought, called 'Peel Hall.' In his will he says it is to be '110 feet east and west, 160 feet north and south, three stories high, each story at least fifteen feet from floor to cornice, fire-proof inside and out, the floors to be of solid materials on arches turned on proper centres; no wood used, except for doors, windows, and shutters.' Again he says:—'There shall be in each story four rooms, each room not less than fifty feet square in the clear, the roof vaulted;[b] steps of stairs to be of smooth white marble, with plain square edges, each step not

[a] A certain increase of property to the amount of £60,000 having taken place since the date of his will, a suit was instituted by the heirs-at-law to recover the same; in which, I am happy to say, they were successful.

[b] By strictly adhering to these directions the echo was found so great as to render instruction impossible; and it became indispensable to stretch horizontal canvas across to deaden the sound.

to exceed nine inches in the rise, nor less than ten inches in the tread,' &c. After various similar minutiæ, he proceeds to give directions as to the out-buildings, and adds:—'In one or more of these buildings, in which they may be most useful, I direct my executors to place my plate and furniture of every sort.'

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary clauses in his will is the following—viz.:—

'*I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college.* In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever; but, as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the *purest principles of morality*, so that on their entrance

into active life, they may from *inclination and habit* evince *benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry,* adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their *matured reason* may enable them to prefer.'

Another point which he insists upon is, that 'in the building it, needless ornament is to be avoided, and strength, convenience, and neatness attended to.' The style of architecture, &c., has consequently been a subject of much dispute among the Philadelphians, the discontented contending—and apparently justly—that a man who so scrupulously exacted no ornament and neatness, and dedicated the building to three hundred orphan children, could never have contemplated such profuse expenditure in the erection.

The general design is taken from the Madeleine. Thirty-four columns surround it, each column six feet in diameter and fifty feet high, made of marble, and weighing 103 tons, and costing when placed £2600. Some idea of the massiveness of the building may be formed from the fact that measuring 111 feet by 169 feet, and 59 of height, the weight of material employed is estimated at 76,594½ tons. The effect of the whole is grand and graceful; and although as an orphan asylum much money has been needlessly turned from its charitable uses, as a building it does credit



Gerard College, Philadelphia.

to the architect and all employed upon it, and is beyond all comparison the best specimen of architecture I have seen in the States. The two outbuildings, which are used as residences for masters and children, &c., are plain, neat, and faced with marble, and by their unpretending appearance they add to the imposing effect of the college; but, as if the Anglo-Saxon could never dabble in architecture, as far as the public is concerned, without messing, they have added an *outré* building assimilating with nothing, and built with pointed rubble stone, which stands on one side like a pig with one ear, and supplies the establishment with water.

The number of orphans receiving instruction is three hundred and one; they are cleanly and comfortably lodged, and well boarded; their ages average from ten to fourteen and a half, and the upper classes of the school are taught conic sections, geometry, chemistry, natural philosophy, navigation, astronomy, mechanics, physical geography, &c. He particularly enjoins in his directions that 'they shall be taught facts and things rather than words and signs.' I found the officers of the institution particularly obliging in affording all the information in their power, and I passed a couple of very agreeable hours in lionizing the establishment 'from turret to founda-

tion-stone;' and, whatever may have been the feelings which prompted him in making his will, Philadelphia will be ungrateful indeed if she does not hand down the name of Stephen Gerard to posterity as one of her most munificent benefactors. While in the school vein, I visited one appropriated to four hundred free negroes, whom I found of all ages, from five to fifty, males and females being kept separate. The master told me that he found the boys tolerably sharp, but very cunning, and always finding some excuse for irregular attendance. The mistress said she found the girls very docile, and the parents very anxious, but too soon satisfied with the first stages of progress. The patience and pains I saw one of the teachers exhibiting in the process of enlightening the little woolly-heads was most creditable.

Having finished the negro school, I got a letter to the principal of the High School, Professor Hart, by whom I was kindly shown over that admirable institution, which is also free; but, before proceeding to any observations on the High School, it may be interesting to know something of the entire provision for instruction which exists in the city and county of Philadelphia. The number of schools is 256, teachers 727, scholars 45,383. The teachers are principally females—646; of scholars, the males rather pre-

ponderate. The annual expense of these establishments is £66,500, and the average cost of each pupil is 26*s*. No pupil can be admitted into the High School without producing satisfactory testimonials from the inferior schools, as well as passing the requisite examination; the consequence of this arrangement is a vast improvement in the inferior schools, as bad conduct there would effectually bar their entry to the High School. The average age of entry is fourteen, and a lad is required to stay five years before he can take his degree as Master of Arts, one indispensable requisite for which is moral character. The school numbers about 500 of all kinds and positions in society, from the hopes of the tinsmith to the heir of the toga'd judge.

The instruction is of so high an order that no private establishment can compete with it; in short, it may be said to embrace a very fair college education. Read the following list of professors: the Principal, who is also Professor of Moral, Mental, and Political Science; Professor of Practical Mathematics; of Theoretical Science and Astronomy; of History and Belles-Lettres; of Natural History; of Latin and Greek; of French and Spanish; of Drawing, Writing, and Book-keeping; of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy; and three assistants. The highest salary received by these pro-

fessors is £270 a-year, except that of Mr. Hart the Principal, which is £400; and in him all the responsibilities centre. This is the only school where I ever knew the old Saxon regularly taught. Instruction is given in various other studies not enumerated in the Professors' list; thus, in the class under the Professor of Natural History, botany and anatomy, and such medical information as may be useful on any of the emergencies of everyday life are taught. No books are brought to this class; the instruction is entirely by lecture, and the subjects treated are explained by beautifully executed transparencies, placed before a window by day, and before a bright jet of gas by night, and thus visible easily to all. The readiness with which I heard the pupils in this class answer the questions propounded to them showed the interest they took in the subject, and was a conclusive proof of the efficiency of the system of instruction pursued; they dived into the arcana of human and vegetable life, with an ease that bore the most satisfactory testimony to the skill of the instructor and the attention of the pupils.

In another department, under the immediate direction of the Principal, by way of giving the scholars habits of thought, and a facility in expressing their ideas, a subject is daily propounded, in which a class

is allowed half an hour to prepare a short treatise. In accordance with a wish expressed by Mr. Hart, I chose the theme on which their capabilities were to be tried, selecting for that object, 'The Difference between Liberty and Licence.' I was equally surprised and gratified with the clear and practical manner in which they treated the subject, creditable alike to teacher and taught. As may naturally be supposed, their early education led them to spice it with a due peppering of antipathy to kings, &c. One unfortunate pupil, understanding liberty in the light of taking a liberty, and licence as acting under due authority, read a paper containing his view of the subject, which was charmingly amusing from its contrast to all the others.

There is a plan adopted at this school which I never saw before, and which Professor Hart told me was most admirable in its results. At the end of every three quarters of an hour all the doors and windows in the house are opened simultaneously; the bell is then rung twice: at the first sound, all lectures, recitations, and exercises cease, and the students put their books, caps, &c. in readiness to move; at the second sound, all the classes move simultaneously from the room in which they have been studying, to the room in which the next course

of study is to be followed. The building is so arranged, that in passing from one room to another, they have to pass through the court round the house. This operation takes three minutes, and is repeated about eight times a day, during which intervals all the doors and windows are open, thus thoroughly ventilating the rooms; but there is a further advantage which is thus described in the Report,—'These movements are found very useful in giving periodically a fresh impulse both to the bodies and to the minds of the students, and in interrupting almost mechanically the dull monotony which is apt to befal school hours.' The Principal told me, that, from careful observation, he looked upon this as one of the most valuable regulations in the establishment, and that it was difficult to rate its advantages too high, the freshness of mind which it brought infinitely outweighing any loss of time, interruption, &c. I spent three interesting hours in this admirable institution.

The next establishment I visited was of a very different description; *i. e.*, the jail of solitary confinement. I much wished to have seen some of the prisoners who had been confined for a length of time, but from some informality in the letter I brought, the guardian did not feel authorized to break through the regulations. The prisoners are sometimes confined

here for twelve years; they are kept totally separate, but they are allowed to occupy themselves at different trades, &c., in their cells. My guide told me he had never seen any of them become the least idiotic or light-headed from long confinement. Their cells were clean and airy, and some had a little eight feet square garden attached; their food was both plentiful and good, and discipline was preserved by the rod of diet; 'but,' says the guide, 'if they become very troublesome and obstinate we' . . . what d'ye think? . . . 'give them a shower-bath;' criminals here seem to hate fresh water, as much as the tenants of the poor-houses in England do. The jail seems very well adapted for escaping, but I suppose the rifle-armed sentries at the angles of the wall keep them in sufficient awe, as I was told they very rarely get away. The number confined was two hundred and eighty.

The last place I visited was the Lunatic Asylum, which appears admirably placed and admirably conducted. The situation commands a view of two public roads, where the bustle and stir of life is continually passing before their eyes, and with no visible fence intervening, the ground being so undulating and wooded, as effectually to conceal the barrier. The grounds are pleasantly laid out in walks, gardens, hot-houses, &c.; a comfortable reading-room and

ten-pin alley[a] is provided on each side, one for the males, the other for the females. The rooms and dormitories are large and airy, and carriages and horses are ready for such as the physician recommends should take that exercise. The comfort of the inmates appeared fully equal to that of any similar establishment I have visited, and the position far superior, for there was no visible barrier between them and the open country.

But Time says to the traveller what the policeman says to the gathering crowd, 'Move on, if you please, sir; move on.' Obey, is the word; kind friends are left behind, the kettle hisses, the iron horse snorts, the Hudson is passed, New York is gained, the journey is behind me, bread, butter, and Bohea before me. Go on, says Time. The Charleston steamer, 'James Adger,' is bursting to be off. Introduced to the agents, they introduce me to the skipper; the skipper seems to think I am his father, he insists

[a] The origin of ten-pins is amusing enough, and is as follows:—The State having passed an act during a time when religious fervour was at high pressure, prohibiting nine-pin alleys, a tenth pin was added, and the law evaded. In the meantime, high pressure went below the boiling point, and the ten-pin alley remains to this day, an amusement for the people, and a warning to indiscreet legislators.

upon my occupying his cabin—a jolly room, big enough to polka in—fifteen feet square. Thanks, most excellent skipper, 'may your shadow never be less,'—it is substantial enough now. Do you ask why I go to New York from Philadelphia to reach Charleston? The reply is simple;—to avoid the purgatory of an American railway, and to enjoy the life-giving breezes 'that sweep o'er the ocean wave.' The skipper was a regular trump; the service was clean, and we fed like fighting-cocks. The weather was fine, the ship a clipping good one, passengers few, but with just enough 'bacco-juice flying about the decks to remind me where I was.

One of our company was a charming rarity in his way. He was an Irish Yankee, aged eighty-three. A more perfect Paddy never existed; and so of course he talked about fighting, and began detailing to me the various frays in which 'we whipt the Britishers.' By way of chaffing him, I said, 'No wonder; they were Anglo-Saxon blood, brought their courage from England, and were not only fighting at home, but with a halter round their necks.' The old veteran got furious, cursed England and the Saxon blood from Harold to the present hour; he then proved to his own satisfaction, that all the great men in America and all the soldiers were Celts. 'It

was the Celts, sir, that whipt the British; and ould as I am, sure I'd like to take 20,000 men over to the ould counthree, and free it from the bloodthirsty villins, the Saxon brutes.' If poor O'Brien had had half the fire of this old Yankee Paddy, he never would have been caught snoozing among the old widow's cabbages. I really thought the old gentleman would have burst outright, or collapsed from reaction; but it passed over like a white squall, and left the original octogenarian calm behind. The darkness of the third evening has closed in upon us, the struggling steam is bellowing for release, hawsers are flying about, boys running from them, and men after them; the good James Adger is coquetting about with those well-known young ladies, the Misses 'Bakkur and Ternahed;' James seems determined to enjoy it for an unusually prolonged period this evening, but like everything else it must have an end, and at last good James lies snugly in his berth, alongside the wharf at Charleston. Cabmen and touters offer an infinity of services; passengers radiate—my Yankee Paddy, it is to be hoped, went to an ice saloon. Your humble servant went to a boarding house kept by a most worthy old lady, but where flies occupied one half the house, and the filthiest negro boys the other. Several respectable people, out of regard to the old lady, were performing the

penance of residing in her house; a trip on hot ashes from Dan to Beersheba would have been luxury by comparison. I resigned myself and got reconciled, as I saw the sincere desire of the dear old girl to make me as comfortable as she could; and by learning to eat my meals with my eyes shut, I got on tolerably well. But scarce had I set foot in this establishment which I have been describing, ere kind friends sprung up to greet me, and offer me the use of their club-room, which was just opposite my boarding house; and as this was only the prelude to endless other civilities, my lodging saw very little of me; which may be easily imagined, when it is recollected how famous Charleston is, not only for the good living which it affords, but for the liberal hospitality with which it is dispensed. A letter to one gentleman becomes, like magic, an 'Open Sesame' to all the cellars and society in the place, and the only point in dispute is, who can show you most kindness.

The town is conveniently situated between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, with a population of 25,000 whites and the same number of blacks; it is a mixture of all that is lovely and annoying. The houses have mostly little gardens attached to them, sparkling with tropical flowers, and the streets are shaded with avenues of trees. This is all very lovely to look upon, but when you go out to enjoy a stroll, if the air is still,

a beefsteak would frizzle on the crown of your hat; and if there is the slightest breeze, the sandy dust, like an Egyptian *khamseen*, laughs at all precautions, blinding your eyes, stuffing your nose, filling your mouth, and bringing your hide to a state which I can find no other comparison for, but that of a box intended to represent a stone pedestal, and which, when the paint has half dried, is sprinkled with sand to perfect the delusion. Thus you can understand the ovely and the annoying of which I have spoken. When the inhabitants wish to take a drive, there is a plank road about six miles long, which enables them to enjoy this luxury; if they are not content with this road, they must seek their pleasure with the carriages up to their axles in sand. There are three old royalist buildings still standing—viz., the Episcopal church, the Court-house, and the Exchange. The first reminds one warmly of the dear old parish church in England, with its heavy oak pulpit and the square family pews, and it sobers the mind as it leads the memory to those days when, if the Church was not full of activity, it was not full of strife—when parishioners were not brought to loggerheads as to the colour of the preacher's gown—when there was no triangular duel (*vide* Marryatt) as to candles, no candles, and lit candles—when, in short, if there was but moderate zeal about the substance, there was no

quarrelling about the shadows of religion; and if we were not blessed with the zeal of a Bennet, we were not cursed with the strife of a St. Barnabas. At the time the Colonists kicked us out of this place, by way of not going empty-handed, we bagged the church-bells as a trophy,—query, is not robbing a church sacrilege?—and they eventually found their way into a merchant's store in England, where they remained for years. Not long since, having been ferreted out, they were replaced in their original position, and now summon the Republicans of the nineteenth century to their devotions as lustily as they did the Royalists in the eighteenth. There is nothing remarkable in the two other buildings, except their antiquity and the associations arising therefrom.[a]

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[a] The commercial prosperity of South Carolina appears to be increasing steadily, if not rapidly. The cotton produce was—

	In 1847.	In 1852.
Bales, main land . . .	336,562 . . .	472,338
Ditto, sea islands . . .	13,529 . . .	20,500
Total	350,091 . . .	492,838

Rice in 1847 . . . 146,260 tierces.
Do. in 1852 . . . 137,497 ditto.

The average value of the bale—450 lbs.—of main land cotton is from £6 to £8 sterling; of the sea island cotton, from £30 to £36 sterling. The average price of a tierce of rice (600 lbs.) is from £3 5*s.* to £4.

One of the most striking sights here is the turn-out of the Fire Companies on any gala day. They consist of eight companies of one hundred each; their engines are brilliantly got up, decorated tastefully with flowers; banners flying; the men, in gay but business-like uniform, dragging their engines about, and bands playing away joyously before them. The peculiarity of the Charleston firemen is that, instead of being composed of all the rowdies of the town, as is often the case in the large eastern cities, they are, generally speaking, the most respectable people in the community. This may partly be accounted for by the militia service being so hard, and the fines for the neglect of the same so heavy, from which all those serving in the Fire Companies are exempt.[a] The South Carolinians, in anticipation of any insurrection among the negroes, or in case of being driven into secession by success attending the efforts of the Abolitionists, have very prudently established a little miniature West Point institution,[b] where lads from fifteen to twenty receive a thorough military education, and then retire into private life and follow any pursuits they choose. By this means the nucleus of military

[a] Independent of the enormous charge of fifty per cent. on the taxes you pay, there is also a small fine for each parade missed.

[b] *Vide* chapter on 'Military Education,' vol ii.

officers requisite for an army is obtained, and the frequent drilling of the militia forms a solid ground-work for that latter, should the hour of necessity unfortunately arrive. The gay time of Charleston is during the races, which take place in February, and have a considerable reputation, although, perhaps, not quite so high as they had some few years back. I have never seen any of their racing studs; but, as they import from England some of the finest stallions that come into the market, and as the breed of horse in America is very active and enduring, their racers, it is to be presumed, make a very good show.

Having impregnated my system with turtle, terrapin, mint julep, and Madeira, the latter such as only America can show, I bade adieu to my kind and hospitable friends, and started for Virginia. The first part of the journey—*i.e.*, as far as Wilmington,—I performed in a wretched little steamer anything but seaworthy, with horrid cribs, three, one above the other, to sleep in, and a motley mixture of passengers as usual. No particular incident occurred, and having fine weather, we escaped wrecking or putting back. On ascending the river to Wilmington, you see royal—I beg pardon, republican—sturgeons jumping about in all directions, and of all sizes from three

to five feet in length; we reached the town in time to catch the train, and off we started. When about six miles on our journey, a curious motion of the carriages added to their 'slantingdicular' position, and accompanied with a slight scream, proclaimed that we were off the rails. Thank God! no lives were lost, or limbs broken. The first person that I saw jump from the train was a Spanish colonel, who shot out with an activity far beyond his years, hugging to his bosom a beloved fiddle which was the joy of his heart, and about the safety of which he was evidently as anxious as about his own. He sat down by the side of the carriages a ludicrous picture of alarm and composure combined. He was on his way to England with the intention of presenting some musical compositions to the Queen, and possibly had a floating idea he might do a bit of Paganini before Her Gracious Majesty. Gradually all the party unkenneled, and it was then discovered that had we run off the rails a few yards further on, we should have had a nasty cropper down a thirty feet bank; fortunately we ran off on the level, and merely stuck in the sand.

Upon inquiry as to the cause of the accident, I ascertained that it was in consequence of a point for turning off on to another set of rails being broken.

Upon examining the said point, I found it was as worn and rotten as time could make it. I mentioned this to the engineer, who told me he was perfectly aware of it, and had reported it to the superintendent a fortnight before, but that he—the superintendent—had guessed it would do very well for some time yet; consequently, the engineer always went slower when approaching the spot, to avoid, if possible, an accident; by this precaution we had been saved the capsize over the bank, which otherwise would inevitably have been our fate. Thus, for the sake of twenty shillings, they had smashed an engine, doing damage to the amount of twenty pounds at least, besides risking the lives of all the passengers. What was to be done? There was nothing for it but to go back to Wilmington, chew the cud of disgust, and hope the rascally superintendent might break every bone in his body the first favourable opportunity. This done, and a night's rest over, we again tempted fate, and continued our journey, which for a long time ran through large pine forests, every member of which community was a victim of laceration, inflicted on him for the purpose of drawing off his life's blood, which dribbled into a box at the root, and, when full, was carried off to make turpentine.

Arrived at Peterborough, we found the population so far behind the American age, that they would not allow a railroad to pass through their town; we were consequently constrained to shift into omnibuses, and drive some three miles to the station on the other side. As this trip was peculiarly barren of incident, it may gratify the reader to be informed, that in the confusion of shifting from one station to the other, I lost my best and only hat. I hope this simple record will be received as conclusive evidence of the monotony and dulness of the journey. I do not mention it to excite sympathy, for I am happy to say that I have since purchased a new and better one; and in case my old one is found, I hereby will and bequeath the same to the mayor of Peterborough, his heirs and successors, hoping that they may wear no other until a railroad round or through the town connects the termini. Again we mount the iron horse, time flies, light mingles with darkness, and at nine o'clock I alight at the Royal Exchange Hotel, Richmond. Soap and water, tea, and bed, follow in quick succession, and then comes the land of dreams and oblivion.

Richmond is a lovely spot, situated on the northern bank of James River, one hundred and fifty miles from the sea, and is the capital of Virginia. It con-

tains nearly 30,000 inhabitants, of whom 1000 are slaves. Being built upon several hills, it is free from the eternal sameness of level and regularity of lines which tire the eye so much in New York, Philadelphia, &c., and its site resembles more that of Boston or Baltimore. The James River is navigable for small vessels as high as Richmond, but just above the town there is a barrier which arrests alike the navigator's course and the traveller's eye. This barrier is called the Rapids, and is a most beautiful feature in the scenery.

The rapids are about three quarters of a mile in extent, having a fall of more than one hundred feet in that distance. The stream is broad, and interspersed with endless little wooded islands and rocks, around and above which it dashes the spray and foam in its impetuous descent. The climate is lovely; the atmosphere pearly, and when, from the height above, you look down upon the panorama spread beneath your feet, it recals to the mind the beautiful view so many of us must have frequently been entranced with, while inhaling the meditative weed and strolling along Richmond-terrace on a summer afternoon, gazing on old Father Thames glowing in the rays of a setting sun, and looking doubly bright from the sombre shade of the venerable timber which fringes

the margin of this sluggish stream. Pardon this digression; those only who have wandered so far away, can feel the indefinite, indescribable pleasure, with which one grasps at anything that recals the home of one's affections, the scenes of early days, and the dear friends who are still enjoying them.

The best place for viewing the rapids is from the drive leading to the Cemetery, which here, as in most large American towns, is one of the prettiest spots in the neighbourhood; but the rapids are not only ornamental, they are eminently useful: they afford a water-power to several mills, one of which, the Gallego Flour Mill, is a splendid establishment, six stories high, nearly one hundred feet square, and capable of sending out daily 1200 barrels of flour; the flour is of very superior quality, the brand fetching a higher price than that of most others in the country. There are also rolling-mills, cotton and tobacco factories; the latter of course in great quantities, as tobacco is one of the chief products of the State, and rapidly increasing. The produce entered in Richmond which in 1851 was under 16,000 hogsheads, in 1852 amounted to more than 24,000, and is now very probably above 30,000. Virginia has the honour of being the first State that raised cotton, the cultivation whereof was commenced in the year 1662.

Let us pass on to the hill at the eastern extremity of the city, commanding a panoramic view of the river below the town, and all the surrounding country. One spot arrests the attention, a spot clothed with the deepest and most romantic interest. A solitary tree, to which no sacrilegious hand has yet dared to apply the axe, stands a few miles down the river on the same side as the town, and marks the site of the lodge of the venerable old chieftain, Powhattan, when as yet the colony was in its infancy, and when the Indian and the white man—the spoiler and the spoiled—were looking at each other with mutual distrust, deep fear on one side, and dark foreboding on the other. The Indian is no more, and nought remains as a memorial of this chief who once ruled this fertile land with absolute sway, except yon solitary tree; and what an episode in the history of colonization does that tree recal! Who can forget, that when despair was the Colonists' daily bread, when nought but the energy and genius of Smith—a man of very ordinary name, but of no ordinary character—kept hope flickering in its socket, an attack of Indians made him a prisoner, and left them hopeless. Then how romantic the tale of his captivity; he betrayed no fear, but retaining perfect self-possession, and remembering how easily their superstitious minds could be worked upon,

he drew forth, and with great solemnity commenced looking steadily at, his pocket-compass, and thence to heaven, alternating between the two, until he impressed them with a feeling of awe, as though he were a superior being communing with the Great Spirit. This feeling gradually wearing off, the captors insisted upon his death, as an expiation for the many injuries they had experienced at the hands of the whites. The tribe meet, the block is prepared, the captive's neck is laid ready, the upraised tomahawk, held by a brawny Indian arm, whose every muscle quivers with revenge, glitters in the sunbeams; swarthy figures around thirsting for blood, anxiously await the sacrifice of the victim, already too long delayed.— Hope has fled from the captive's breast, and he is communing in earnest with the Great Spirit into whose presence he is about to be so sadly and speedily ushered; — suddenly a shriek is heard! At that well-known voice, the savage arm falls helpless at its side; as, stretched upon the neck of the despairing captive, lies the lovely daughter of Powhattan, with tearful eye, and all the wild energy of her race, vowing she will not survive the butchery of her kindest friend. Ruthless hands would tear her away, and complete the bloody tragedy. Who dares lay even a finger upon the noble daughter of their adored

chief? They stand abashed, revenge and doubt striving in their hearts; the eloquence of love and mercy pleading irresistibly from the eyes of Pocahontas. The tomahawk, upraised by man's revenge for the work of a captive's death, descends, when moved by woman's tears, to cut a captive's bonds.

Callous indeed must that man's heart be, who can gaze upon the spot where the noble Pocahontas —reared among savages, 'mid the solemn grandeur of the forest, and beneath the broad canopy of heaven, with no Gospel light to guide and soften—received the holy impulses of love and mercy fresh from her Maker's hands; and how gratifying to remember, that she who had thus early imbibed these sacred feelings, became soon after a convert to Christianity. Alas! how short her Christian career. Marrying Mr. J. Rolfe, she died in childbirth ere she had reached her twenty-fifth year, and from her, many of the oldest families in Virginia at this day have their origin. Virginia, as is well known, has always been considered an aristocratic State; and it is a kind of joke—in allusion to this Indian origin—for other States to speak disparagingly of the F. F. Vs.—*alias* first families of Virginia. Let those who sneer, seek carefully amid their musty ancestral rolls for a nobler heart than that of Pocahontas, the joy of Powhattan's house, and the

pride of all his tribe. How strange that a scene so well known as the foregoing, and a life so adventurous as that of Smith, has never yet engaged the pen of a Cooper or a Bulwer.

One of my friends in New York had given me a letter to a gentleman in Richmond, at whose house I called soon after my arrival, as my stay was necessarily short. He was out in the country at his plantation. This disappointment I endeavoured to rectify by enclosing the letter, but when I had done so, Sambo could not tell me how to address it, as he was in ignorance both of the place and its distance. In this dilemma, and while ransacking my brain-box how to remedy the difficulty, a lady came in, and having passed me, Sambo — grinning through a *chevaux-de-frise* of snow-white ivories—informed me that was 'his Missus.' I instantly sent the letter in to her to receive its direction, and in lieu of my letter received an immediate summons to walk in. Nothing could be more ladylike and cordial than the reception she gave me. Shy as I am, she immediately put me quite at my ease; in less than a quarter of an hour I felt I was in the society of an old friend, and during my stay in Richmond, each day found me in the same snug corner of the sofa, near the fire, enjoying the society of one of the most amiable and agreeable

ladies it has ever been my good fortune to meet. The husband soon returned from the plantation, and then all the hospitalities of the house were as much at my disposal as if it had been my own, and one or the other of these kind friends, if not both, daily lionized me over Richmond or its neighbourhood. I feel sure, that any of my countrymen who have visited this city when Mr. and Mrs. Stanard were staying in town, will readily bear testimony to their kind hospitality and agreeable society.

There are various public buildings here, among the most conspicuous of which is the Capitol, built in the great public square, and from its summit commanding a splendid panoramic view. There are also about thirty churches, one of which, the Monumental Church —which is Episcopalian—stands upon ground of melancholy recollections; for here in 1811 stood the theatre, which during that year was utterly consumed by a fire, in which the governor and scores of other human beings perished. One great cause of the destruction of life was having the doors of the building fitted to open inwards—a custom, the folly of which is only equalled by its universality. At the cry of fire, the rush to the doors was so great that it was impossible to open them owing to the pressure. The only avenues of escape were the windows, in retreating

through which, the greater number of those few who succeeded in escaping, suffered the most serious injuries. How is this absurd practice of doors opening inwards to be stopped? What think you if Insurance Companies would combine, and make people forfeit their insurance if they entered any public building whose doors were so fitted; or perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer might bring in a bill to levy a very heavy tax on all public buildings the doors of which opened in this dangerous manner, and containing a stringent clause compelling managers, and all parties concerned, to support the widows and orphans, and pay the doctors' fees arising from accidents caused therefrom. Alas! I fear until — as Sydney Smith would say—we reduce a few cabinet ministers, and a leading member or two of the House of Peers to cinders, we shall go on in our folly, because our ancestors did so before us.

Among other places I went to was the public billiard-room, and on entering, my sympathies were immediately aroused by seeing a lad about thirteen or fourteen, with a very extensive flaming choker on, above which was a frightful large swelling. Not being a medical man, I was very much puzzled when I saw the said swelling move about like a penny-roll in a monkey's cheek; presently, the sympathy fled,

and the puzzle was solved, as a shower of 'bacco juice deluged the floor. Poor boy, it must have taken him an hour's hard work to have got the abominable mass in, and it could only have been done by instalments; the size it had reached would have broken any jaw to remove in the lump, but he seemed to have no idea of parting with his treasure, which, to do him justice, he rolled about with as much ease as if he had had a monkey-teacher before him from his cradle; nor did it prevent his betting away in a style that quite astonished a steady old gentleman like myself.

The State of Virginia, like all the other States of the Union, is undergoing the increasing pressure of democracy:* one of its features—which is peculiarly obnoxious to the more sober-minded of the community—is the new arrangement for the division of the electoral districts, and which goes by the name of Gerymander. In the early days of the Republic, all divisions were made by straight lines, or as near straight as possible; but that fair and natural mode of division is not considered by the autocratic democracy as sufficiently favourable to their views, and the consequence is, that other divisions have been substituted most irregular in shape,

* *Vide* chapter on 'The Constitution.'

so as if possible to annihilate entirely the already weakened opposition. This operation, my informant told me, acquired a kind of celebrity in Massachusetts some years ago; and, in the discussions upon the subject in their State legislature, one of the speakers is said to have compared some of these arbitrary divisions to a salamander, which in their outline they somewhat resembled. The governor of the State was of the democratic party, and therefore supporting and encouraging these changes, and his name was 'Gery;' so a wag interrupted the speaker, exclaiming, 'Don't say salamander, call it Gerymander,' —by which name it has been known since that day.

I may here as well mention a little occurrence I witnessed, which, however pleasant it may have been to the democratic rowdies enacting it, must have been anything but agreeable to those operated upon. A fire company was out trying its engine and hoses, and followed of course by a squad of the idle and unwashed. Arrived at the market-place, they tried its range; that appeared satisfactory enough; but the idea seems to have struck the man who held the hose end, that range without good aim was useless: he accordingly looked round for a target, and a glass-coach passing by at the time, it struck him as peculiarly suited for his experiment. Two elderly females

were inside, and a white Jehu on the box. In the most deliberate manner he pointed his weapon, amidst encouraging shouts from bystanders, and increasing zeal on the part of the pumpers; luckily the windows were closed, or the ladies would have been drenched; as it was, the gushing stream rattled against the carriage, then fixed itself steadily upon poor Jehu, frightening the horses, and nearly knocking him off the box. Naturally enough, Jehu was highly incensed, and pulled up; then getting off the box, he walked up to his assailants, who received him with shouts of laughter; the horses, left without a ruler, started off at a gallop, Jehu ran after them, but luckily another person and myself rushed up, and stopped them before any accident occurred.

All this took place at noonday, and not a voice was raised against it. If I had presumed to interfere with this liberty of the subject, the chances are, I should have been tied to one of the posts of the market-place and made to stand target for an hour. It must be a charming thing when the masses rule supreme. Fancy St. James's-street, upon a Drawing-room day, full of a pleasant little water-dispensing community such as this; what cheers they would raise as a good shot took off some Jarvey's cocked hat and bob-wig, or sent his eighteen inch diameter

bouquet flying into the street; then what fun to play upon the padded calves and silk stockings of Patagonian John, as he stood behind; and only imagine the immense excitement, if by good luck they could smash some window and deluge a live aristocrat. What a nice thing a pure democracy must be! how the majority must enjoy themselves! how the minority must rejoice at the mild rule of bone over brain! What a glorious idea, equality! only excelled by that gigantic conception of Messrs. Cobden and Co., yclept the Peace Society, upon which such a bloody comment has been, and is being, enacted before Sevastopol.

CHAPTER XV.

From a River to a Racecourse.

HAVING enjoyed as much of the hospitalities of my kind friends as time permitted, I obtained a letter of introduction, and, embarking in a steamer, started for Williamsburg, so called after King William III. On our way down, we picked up as healthy and jolly a set of little ducks in their 'teens as one could wish to see. On inquiring what this aggregate of rosy cheeks and sunny smiles represented, I was informed they were the sum total of a ladies' school at Williamsburg, and a very charming sum total they were. Having a day's holiday, they had come up by the early steamer to pic-nic on the banks, and were now returning to chronology and crochet-work, or whatever else their studies might be. Landing at King's Mills, a 'bus' took us all up to Williamsburg, a distance of three or four miles, one half of which was over as dreary a road as need be, and the other through a shady forest grove.

This old city is composed of a straight street, at

one end of which is the establishment occupied by the rosy cheeks of whom we have been speaking, and which is very neat and clean-looking; at the other end—only with half a mile of country intervening—is the College. On each side of the said street is a crescent of detached houses, with a common before them. The population is 1500, and has not varied—as far as I could learn—in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. I naturally felt much interest in visiting this place, as it was originally the seat of the Royal Government, and my grandfather had been the last governor of the State. The body of the old palace was burnt down by accident, while occupied by French troops in 1782. The foundations, which were six feet thick, are still traceable, although most of the bricks have been used for the buildings in the neighbourhood. The outlines of the old garden and its terraces may also be traced, and a very charming spot it must have been. There are two beautiful lime-trees in a thriving state, which I was told he had planted himself from seeds he had brought from home; his thoughts were evidently on that far-off home when he planted them; for as to position relatively to each other, and distance from the old palace, they precisely coincide with two beneath which many of my early days were passed, at the old family man-

sion of Glenfinarl, on Loch Fine, which has since become the property of Mr. Douglas.

There is an old ditch in the neighbourhood which goes by the name of Lord Dunmore's Ditch; the history which my informant gave me thereof is absurd enough, and there is a negro of the name of Isaac still living, who remembers all the circumstances. It appears that Lord Dunmore, having found fault with an Irish labourer for not doing sufficient work, Paddy replied, 'Faith, if 'twas yer 'onnur that had the shpade in yer hand, may be one-half would satisfy yer 'onnur.' The Governor, who happened to be a man of iron frame, and not at all averse to a joke, immediately took up Paddy's challenge, and replied, 'Paddy, I'll work four hours against you in a ditch, for a month's wages.' The combatants set to work the following morning, and at the end of four hours Paddy was obliged to confess himself beaten, and the result of my grandfather's labours goes by the name of Lord Dunmore's Ditch to this day.

The only parts of the old palace still standing are the two wings, one of which is now the parsonage, and the other a school, which is kept by an Englishman educated at one of our Universities, and living here for his health. This place is both a well-chosen and a favourite locality for schools, being situated

upon a high plateau of land, with James River on one side and York River on the other; consequently, the air is peculiarly healthy and pure.

The most imposing, if not the most useful, of the scholastic establishments is the College, which was founded by William and Mary in the year 1692. It contains a very fair library of old books, but comparatively few additions appear to have been made in latter years. The building bears every internal mark of neglect and dilapidation, defaced walls, broken plaster, &c. Upon entering the lecture-room, a quantity of eighteen-inch square boxes full of moisture suggest the idea of a rainy day and a roofless chamber. Be not deceived; these are merely receptacles for the discharge of the students' 'bacco juice; and the surrounding floor gives painful demonstration that their free spirits scorn the trammels of eighteen-inch boundaries, however profusely supplied. From what causes, I cannot say, but the College has been all but deserted until lately. The present authorities are striving to infuse into it a little vitality of usefulness. With these simple facts before me, it was amusing to read, in an American gazetteer of the day, that the College 'is at present in a flourishing condition.'

In front of the College there is an enclosed green,

and in the centre a statue, erected in honour of one of the old royal governors, Berkeley, Lord Bowtetort. Whether from a desire to exhibit their anti-aristocratic sentiments, or from innate Vandalism, or from a childish wish to exhibit independence by doing mischief, the said statue is the pistol mark for the students, who have exhibited their skill as marksmen by its total mutilation, in spite of all remonstrances from the authorities. The College was formerly surrounded by magnificent elms, but a few years since a blight came which destroyed every one of them, leaving the building in a desert-like nakedness. The inn at Williamsburgh is a miserable building, but it is kept by as kind-hearted, jolly, old John-Bull-looking landlord as ever was seen, and who rejoices in the name of Uncle Ben; meat is difficult to get, as there are no butchers; the cream and butter are, however, both plentiful and excellent. The house is almost entirely overshadowed by one magnificent elm, which has fortunately escaped the blight that annihilated nearly all his fellows.

After the bustle of most American cities, there was to me an unspeakable charm in the quiet of this place. Sitting at the inn door, before you lies the open green with its daisies and buttercups; horses and cattle are peaceably grazing; in the background

are the remaining wings of the old palace; to your left stands the old village church, built with bricks brought from England and long since mellowed by the hand of time, around which the clinging ivy throws the venerable mantle of its dark and massive foliage; now, the summoning church-bell tolls its solemn note; school children with merry laugh and light step cross the common; the village is astir, and a human tide is setting towards the sacred portals: all, all speaks to the heart and to the imagination of happy days and happy scenes in a far-off land. You close your eyes, the better to realize the dream which fancy is painting. When they open upon the reality again, the illusion is dispelled by the sight of a brawny negro, with a grin on his face which threatens to split his ears, jogging merrily along the street with a huge piece of sturgeon for his Sunday feast. My friends, however, left me little time to indulge in a contemplative mood, for good old Madeira, a hearty welcome, and a stroll about and around the place, filled up the day; while the fragrant weed and the social circle occupied no small portion of the evening. Having spent a few, but very pleasant, days here, I took leave of my hospitable friends—not forgetting that jovial soul, Uncle Ben—then embarking in a steamer, and armed with a solitary letter of introduc-

tion, I started off to visit a plantation on the banks of James River.

A planter's home, like the good old Highland laird's, seems made of India rubber; without writing to inquire whether the house is full, or your company agreeable, you consider the former improbable, and the latter certain. When you approach your victim, a signal is thrown out; the answer is a boat; in you get, bag and baggage; you land at the foot of his lawn or of some little adjoining pier, and thus apparently force yourself upon his hospitality. Reader, if it is ever your good fortune to be dropped with a letter of introduction at Shirley, one glance from the eye of the amiable host and hostess, accompanied by a real shake of the hand, satisfy you beyond doubt you are truly and heartily welcome. A planter's house on James River reminds one in many ways of the old country; the building is old, the bricks are of the brownest red, and in many places concealed by ivy of colonial birth, a few venerable monarchs of the forest throw their ample shade over the greensward which slopes gently down to the water; the garden, the stables, the farm-yard, the old gates, the time-honoured hues of everything, all is so different from the new facing and new painting which prevails throughout the North, that you feel you are

among other elements; and if you go inside the house, the thoughts also turn homeward irresistibly, as the eye wanders from object to object. The mahogany table, and the old dining-room chairs, bright with that dark ebony polish of time, which human ingenuity vainly endeavours to imitate; the solid bookcases with their quaint gothic-windowly-arranged glass-doors, behind which in calm and dusty repose, lie heavy patriarchal-looking tomes on the lower shelves, forming a solid basis above which to place lighter and less scholastic literature; an arm-chair that might have held the invading Cæsar, and must have been second-hand in the days of the conquering William; a carpet over whose chequered face the great Raleigh might have strolled in deep contemplation; a rug on whose surface generations of spinsters might have watched the purrings of their pet Toms, or gazed on the glutinous eyes and inhaled the loaded breeze that came from the fat and fragrant Pug; whichever way the eye turned, whatever direction the imagination took, the conviction forced upon the mind was, that you were in an inheritance, and that what the wisdom and energy of one generation had gathered together, succeeding generations had not yet scattered to the winds by the withering blast of infinitesimal division. With the imagination

thus forcibly filled with home and its associations, you involuntarily feel disposed to take a stroll on the lawn; but on reaching the door, your ears are assailed by wild shouts of infantine laughter, and raising your eyes you behold a dozen little black imps skylarking about in every direction, their fat faces, bright eyes, and sunny smiles beaming forth joyousness and health. Home and its varying visions fly at the sight, giving place to the reality that you are on a slave plantation. Of the slaves I shall say nothing here beyond the general fact that they appeared healthy, well fed, and well clothed, on all the plantations I visited. Having enjoyed the hospitalities of Shirley for a few days, it was agreed that I should make a descent upon another property lower down the river. So, bidding adieu to my good friends at Shirley, I embarked once more on the steamer, and was landed at the pier of Brandon in the most deluging rain imaginable. A walk of a quarter of a mile brought me to the door like a drowned rat, and a note from my Shirley friends secured me an immediate and cordial welcome.

Brandon is perhaps the plantation which is more thoroughly kept up than any other on the James River, and which consequently has altered less. I am alluding now to the house and grounds about, not

to the plantation at large; for, I believe the proprietor at Shirley is reckoned A 1 as a farmer. I have before alluded to the blight, which destroyed so many fine elms on both shores of the James River; the withering insect appeared at Brandon, but the lady of the house soon proved that she knew the use of tobacco as well as the men, by turning a few hogsheads of the said weed into water, making thereby a murderous decoction, with which, by the intervention of a fire-engine, she utterly annihilated the countless hosts of the all-but invisible enemy, and thus saved some of the finest elms I ever saw in my life, under the shade of which the old family mansion had enjoyed shelter from many a summer's sun. Brandon is the only place I visited where the destroyer had not left marks of his ravages. The lawn is beautifully laid out, and in the style of one of our country villas of the olden time, giving every assurance of comfort and every feeling of repose. The tropical richness and brightness of leaf and flower added an inexpressible charm to them, as they stood out in bold relief against the pure and cloudless air around, so different from that indistinct outline which is but too common in our moist atmosphere. Then there was the graceful and weeping willow, the trembling aspen, the wild ivy —its white bloom tinged as with maiden's blush—the

broad-leafed catalpa, the magnolia, rich in foliage and in flower, while scattered around, were beds of bright and lovely colours. The extremes of this charming view were bounded, either by the venerable mansion over whose roof the patriarchal elms of which we have been speaking threw their cool and welcome shade, or, by the broad stream whose bosom was ever and anon enlivened with some trim barque or rapid-gliding steamer, and whose farther shore was wooded to the water's edge. There is one of the finest China rose-trees here I ever beheld; it covers a space of forty feet square, being led over on trellis-work, and it might extend much beyond that distance; it is one mass of flowers every year: unfortunately, I was a a week too late to see it in its glory, but the withered flowers gave ample evidence how splendid it must have been.

In one of my drives, I went to see an election which took place in the neighbourhood. The road for some distance lay through a forest full of magnificent timber, but, like most forest timber, that which gives it a marketable value destroys its picturesque effect. A few noble stems—however poor their heads—have a fine effect, when surrounded by others which have had elbow room; but a forest of stems with Lilliputian heads—great though the girth of the stem may be—

conveys rather the idea of Brobdignagian piles driven in by giants, and exhibiting the last flickerings of vitality in a few puny sprouts at their summit. The underwood was enlivened by shrubs of every shade and hue, the wild flowering ivy predominating. The carriage-springs were tested by an occasional drop of the wheels into a pit-hole, on emerging from which you came sometimes to a hundred yards of rut of dimensions similar to those of military approaches to a citadel; nevertheless, I enjoyed my drive excessively. The place of election was a romantic spot near a saw-mill, at the edge of what in a gentleman's park in England would be called a pretty little lake, styled in America a small pond. As each party arrived, the horse was hitched to the bough of some tree, and the company divided itself into various knots; a good deal of tobacco was expended in smoke and juice, there was little excitement, all were jolly and friendly, and in short, the general scene conveyed the idea of a gathering together for field preaching, but that was speedily replaced by the idea of a pleasant pic-nic of country farmers, as a dashing charge was made by the whole *posse comitatus* upon a long table which was placed under a fine old elm, and lay groaning beneath the weight of substantial meat and drink; as for drunkenness, they were all as sober as washer-

women. So much for a rural election scene in Virginia.

By way of making time pass agreeably, it was proposed to take a sail in a very nice yacht, called 'The Breeze,' which belonged to a neighbouring planter. We all embarked, in the cool of the evening, and the merry laugh would soon have told you the fair sex was well represented. Unfortunately, the night was so still that not a breath rippled the surface of the river, except as some inquisitive zephyr came curling along the stream filling us with hope, and then having satisfied its curiosity suddenly disappeared, as though in mockery of our distress. The name of the yacht afforded ample field for punning, which was cruelly taken advantage of by all of us; and if our cruise was not a long one, at all events it was very pleasant, and full of fun and frolic. Pale Cynthia was throwing her soft and silvery light over the eastern horizon before we landed.

Walking up the lawn, the scene was altogether lovely; the fine trees around were absolutely alive with myriads of fire-flies. These bright and living lights, darting to and fro 'mid the dark foliage, formed the most beautiful illumination imaginable, —at one time clustering into a ball of glowing fire, at another streaking away in a line of lightning flame,

then bursting into countless sparks they would for a moment disappear in the depths of their sombre bower, to come forth again in some more varied and more lovely form. . .

Pleasant indeed were the hours I passed here; lovely was the climate, beautiful was the landscape, hearty was the welcome: every day found some little plan prepared to make their hospitality more pleasant to the stranger; nature herself seemed to delight in aiding their efforts, for though I arrived in a deluge, I scarce ever saw a cloud afterwards. As the morning light stole through my open window in undimmed transparency, the robin, the blue-bird, the mocking-bird, and hosts of choral warblers, held their early oratorio in the patriarchal elms; if unskilled in music's science, they were unfettered by its laws, and hymned forth their wild and varied notes as though calling upon man to admire and adore the greatness and the goodness of his Maker, and to

> 'Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
> To pay his morning sacrifice.'

If such were their appeal, it was not made in vain; for both morning and evening—both here and at Shirley—every member and visitor gathered round the family altar, the services of which were performed with equal cheerfulness and reverence. I felt as if I

could have lingered on and on in this charming spot, and amid such warm hospitality, an indefinite period; it was indeed with sincere regret I was obliged to bid adieu to my agreeable hosts, and once more embark on board the steamer.

The river James lacks entirely those features that give grandeur to scenery; the river, it is true, by its tortuous windings, every now and then presents a broad sheet of water, the banks are also prettily wooded, but there is a great sameness, and a total absence of that mountain scenery so indispensable to grandeur. The only thing that relieves the eye, is a glimpse from time to time of some lovely spot like the one I have just been describing; but such charming villas, like angels' visits, 'are few and far between.' Here we are at Norfolk. How different is this same Norfolk from the other eastern ports I have visited; there all is bustle, activity, and increase,—here all is dreariness, desolation, and stagnation. It is, without exception, the most uninteresting town I ever set foot in; the only thing that gives it a semblance of vitality, is its proximity to the dockyard, and the consequent appearance of officers in uniform, but in spite of this impression, which a two days' residence confirmed me in, I was told, on good authority, that it is thriving and improving. By the statistics which our consul,

Mr. James, was kind enough to furnish me, it appears that 1847 was the great year of its commercial activity, its imports in that year valuing £94,000, and its exports £364,000. In 1852, the imports were under £25,000, and the exports a little more than £81,000, which is certainly, by a comparison with the average of the ten years preceding, an evidence of decreasing, rather than increasing, commercial prosperity. Its population is 16,000; and that small number—when it is remembered that it is the port of entry for the great state of Virginia—is a strong argument against its asserted prosperity. Not long before my arrival they had been visited with a perfect deluge of rain, accompanied with a waterspout, which evidently had whirled up some of the ponds in the neighbourhood; for quantities of cat-fish fell during the storm, one of which, measuring ten inches, a friend told me he had himself picked up at a considerable distance from any water.

The only real object of interest at Norfolk is the Dockyard, which of course I visited. Mr. James was kind enough to accompany me, and it is needless to say we were treated with the utmost courtesy, and every facility afforded us for seeing everything of interest, after which we enjoyed an excellent lunch at the superintendent's. They were building a splendid

frigate, intended to carry fifty eight-inch guns; her length was 250 feet and her breadth of beam 48. Whether the manifest advantages of steam will induce them to change her into a screw frigate I cannot say. The dockyard was very clean and the buildings airy. Steam, saw-mills, &c., were in full play, and anchors forging under Nasmyth's hammer. I found them making large masts of four pieces—one length and no scarfings—the root part of the tree forming the mast-head, and a very large air-hole running up and down the centre. The object of this air-hole is to allow the mast to season itself; the reader may remember that the mast of the 'Black Maria' is made the same way. As far as I know, this is a plan we have not yet tried in our dockyards. I find that they use metallic boats far more than we do. I saw some that had returned after being four years in commission, which were perfectly sound. To say that I saw fine boats and spars here, would be like a traveller remarking he saw a great many coals at Newcastle. All waste wood not used in the yard is given away every Saturday to any old women who will come and take it; and no searching of people employed in the dockyard is ever thought of. The cattle employed in and for the dockyard have a most splendid airy stable, and are kept as neat and clean as if in a draw-

ing-room. Materials are abundant, but naturally there is little bustle and activity when compared to that which exists in a British yard. Their small navy can hardly find them enough work to keep their 'hands in,' but doubtless the first knell of the accursed tocsin of war, while it gave them enough to do, would soon fill their dockyards with able and willing hands to do it. Commodore Ringold's surveying expedition, consisting of a corvette, schooner, steamer, &c., was fitting out for service, and most liberally and admirably were they supplied with all requisites and comforts for their important duties.

During my stay I enjoyed the kind hospitalities of our consul, Mr. G. P. R. James, who is so well known to the literary world. He was indulging the good people of Norfolk with lectures, which seem to be all the fashion with the Anglo-Saxon race wherever they are gathered together. The subject which I heard him treat of was 'The Novelists,' handling some favourites with severity, and others with a gentler touch, and winding up with a glowing and just eulogy upon the author of *My Novel.* Altogether I spent a very pleasant hour and a half.

I may here mention a regulation of the Foreign-office, which, however necessary it may be considered, every one must admit presses very hardly on British

employés in the slave States. I allude to the regulation by which officials are prevented from employing other people's slaves as their servants. White men soon earn enough money to be enabled to set up in some trade, business, or farm, and, as service is looked down upon, they seize the first opportunity of quitting it, even although their comforts may be diminished by the change. Free negroes won't serve, and the official must not employ a slave; thus, a gentleman sent out to look after the interests of his country, and in his own person to uphold its dignity, must either submit to the dictation and extortion of his white servant—if even then he can keep him—or he may be called upon suddenly, some fine morning, to do all the work of housemaid, John, cook, and knife and button boy, to the neglect of those duties he was appointed by his country to perform, unless he be a married man with a large family, in which case he may perhaps delegate to them the honourable occupations above-named. Surely there is something a little puritanical in the prohibition. To hold a slave is one thing, but to employ the labour of one who is a slave, and over whose hopes of freedom you have no control, is quite another thing; and I hold that, under the actual circumstances, the employment of another's slave could never be so distorted in argument as to bring home

a charge of connivance in a system we so thoroughly repudiate.

Go to the East, follow in imagination your ambassadors, ministers, and consular authorities. Behold them on the most friendly terms—or striving to be so—with people in high places, who are but too often revelling in crimes, with the very name of which they would scorn even to pollute their lips; and I would ask, did such a monstrous absurdity ever enter into any one's head as to doubt from these amicable relations, whether the Government of this country, or its agents, repudiated such abomination of abominations? If for political purposes you submit to this latter, while for commercial purposes you refuse to tolerate the former, surely you are straining at a black gnat while swallowing a beastly camel. Such, good people of the Foreign-office, is my decided view of the case, and, if you profit by the hint, you will do what I believe no public body ever did yet. Perhaps therefore the idea of setting the fashion may possibly induce you to reconsider and rectify an absurdity, which, while no inconvenience to you, is often a very great one to those you employ. It is wonderful the difference in the view taken of affairs, by actors on the spot, and spectators at a distance. A man who sees a fellow-creature half crushed to death and crippled for life by some

horrible accident, is too often satisfied with little more than a passing 'Good gracious!' but if, on his returning homeward, some gigantic wagon wheel scrunch the mere tips of his toes, or annihilate a bare inch of his nose, his ideas of the reality of an accident become immensely enlarged.

Let the Foreign Secretary try for a couple of days some such *régime* as the following:—

5 A.M. Light fires, fetch water, and put kettle on.
6 ,, Dust room and make beds.
7 ,, Clean shoes, polish knives, and sand kitchen.
7·30 ,, Market for dinner.
8·30 ,, Breakfast.
9 ,, To Downing-street, light fires, and dust office.
10 ,, Sit down comfortably (?) to work.
1·30 P.M. Off to coal-hole for more coals.
4 ,, Sweep up, and go home.
5 ,, Off coat, up sleeves, and cook.
6·30 ,, Eat dinner.
7 ,, Wash up.
8 ,, Light your pipe, walk to window, and see your colleague over the way, with a couple of Patagonian footmen flying about amid a dozen guests, while, to give additional zest to your feelings of enjoyment, a couple of

buxom lassies are peeping out of the attics, and singing like crickets.

9 P.M. Make your own reflections upon the Government that dooms you to personal servitude, while your colleague is allowed purchaseable service. Sleep over the same, and repeat the foregoing *régime* on the second day; and, filled with the happy influences so much cause for gratitude must inspire, give reflection her full tether, and sleep over her again. On the third morning, let your heart and brain dictate a despatch upon the subject of your reflections to all public servants in slave-holding communities, and, while repudiating slavery, you will find no difficulty in employing the services of the slave, under peculiar circumstances, and with proper restrictions.

I embarked from Norfolk per steamer for Baltimore, and thence by rail through Philadelphia to New York. I took a day's hospitality among my kind friends at Baltimore. At Philadelphia I was in such a hurry to pass on, that I exhibited what I fear many will consider a symptom of inveterate bachelorship, but truth bids me not attempt to cloak my delinquency. Hear my confession:

My friend, Mr. Fisher, whose hospitality I had drawn most largely upon during my previous stay, invited me to come and pay him and his charming lady a visit, at a delightful country house of his, a few miles out of town. Oh, no! that was impossible; my time was so limited; I had so much to see in the north and Canada. In vain he urged, with hearty warmth, that I should spend only one night—it was quite impossible, quite. That point being thoroughly settled, he said, 'It is a great pity you are so pressed for time, because the trotting champion, 'Mac,' runs against a formidable antagonist, 'Tacony,' to-morrow.' In half an hour I was in his wagon, and in an hour and a half I was enjoying the warm greeting of his amiable wife, in their country-house, the blush of shame and a guilty conscience tinging my cheeks as each word of welcome passed from her lips or flashed from her speaking eyes. Why did I thus act? Could I say, in truth, 'Twas not that I love thee less, but that I love Tacony more?' Far from it. Was it that I was steeped in ingratitude? I trust not. Ladies, oh, ladies!—lovely creatures that you are—think not so harshly of a penitent bachelor. You have all read of one of your sex through whom Evil—which takes its name from her—first came upon earth, and you know the motive power of that

act was—curiosity. I plead guilty to that motive power on the present occasion; and, while throwing myself unreservedly on your clemency, I freely offer myself as a target for the censure of each one among you who, in the purity of truth, can say, 'I never felt such an influence in all my life.' Reader, remember you cannot be one of these, for the simple fact of casting your eyes over this page, affords sufficient presumptive evidence for any court of law to bring you in guilty of a curiosity to know what the writer has to say.—To resume.

The race-course at Philadelphia is a road on a perfect level, and a circle of one mile; every stone is carefully removed, and it looks as smooth and clean as a swept floor. The stand commands a perfect view of the course, but its neglected appearance shows clearly that trotting-matches here are not as fashionable as they used to be, though far better attended than at New York. Upon the present occasion the excitement was intense; you could detect it even in the increased vigour with which the smoking and spitting was carried on. An antagonist had been found bold enough to measure speed with 'Mac'—the great Mac, who, while 'whipping creation,' was also said never to have let out his full speed. He was thoroughbred, about fifteen and a half hands, and lighter

built than my raw-boned friend Tacony, and he had lately been sold for £1600. So sure did people apparently feel of Mac's easy victory that even-betting was out of the question. Unlike the Long Island affair, the riders appeared in jockey attire, and the whole thing was far better got up. Ladies, however, had long ceased to grace such scenes.

Various false starts were made, all on the part of Mac, who, trusting to the bottom of blood, apparently endeavoured to ruffle Tacony's temper and weary him out a little. How futile were the efforts, the sequel plainly showed. At length a start was effected, and away they went, Tacony with his hind legs as far apart as the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, and with strides that would almost clear the Bridgewater Canal. Mac's rider soon found that, in trying to ginger Tacony's temper, he had peppered his own horse's, for he broke-up into a gallop twice. Old Tacony and his rider had evidently got intimate since I had seen them at New York, and they now thoroughly understood each other. On he went, with giant strides; Mac fought bravely for the van, but could not get his nose beyond Tacony's saddle-girth at the winning-post—time, 2m. 25½s.

Then followed the usual racecourse accompaniments of cheers, squabbles, growling, laughing, bet-

ting, drinking, &c. The public were not convinced; Mac was still the favourite; the champion chaplet was not thus hastily to be plucked from his hitherto victorious brows; half an hour's rest brought them again to the starting-post, where Mac repeated his old tactics, and with similar bad success. Nothing could ruffle Tacony, or produce one false step: he flew round the course, every stride like the ricochet of a 32 lb. shot; his adversary broke-up again and again, losing both his temper and his place, and barely saved his distance, as the gallant Tacony—his rider with a slack rein, and patting him on the neck—reached the winning-post—time, 2m. 25s. The shouts were long and loud; such time had never been made before by fair trotting, and Tacony evidently could have done it in two, if not three seconds less. The fastest pacing ever accomplished before was 2m. 13s., and the fastest trotting 2m. 26s.; the triumph was complete; Tacony nobly won the victorious garland, and as long as he and his rider go together, it will take, if not a rum 'un to look at, at all events a d—l to go, ere he be forced to resign his championship.

The race over, waggons on two wheels and waggons on four wheels, with trotters in them capable of going the mile in from 2m. 40s. to 3m. 20s., began to shoot about in every direction, and your ears were assailed

on all sides with 'G'lang, g'lang,' and occasionally a frantic yell to which some Jehu would give utterance, by way of making some horse that was passing him 'break-up.' Thus ended the famous race between Mac and Tac, which, by the way, gave me an opportunity of having a little fun with some of my American friends, as I condoled with them on their champion being beaten by a British subject, for, strange to say, Tac is a Canadian horse. I therefore of course expressed the charitable wish that an American horse might be found some day, equal to the task of wearing the champion trotting crown (!)—I beg pardon, not crown, but, I suppose, cap of liberty. I need scarce say that it is not so much the horse as the perfect training that produces the result; and all Tac's training is exclusively American, and received in a place not very far from Philadelphia, from which he gets his name. A friend gave me a lift into Philadelphia, whence the iron horse speedily bore me to the great republican Babylon, New York.

APPENDIX.

A. (p. 212.)

The Mormon Creed.

A PRINTED 'Creed' presents the following summary of their opinions, but omits some rather material points :—

'We believe in God the eternal Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

'We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgressions.

'We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

'We believe that these ordinances are : 1st. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. 2nd. Repentance. 3rd. Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. 4th. Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit. 5th. The Lord's Supper.

'We believe that men must be called of God by inspiration, and by laying on of hands by those who are duly commissioned to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

'We believe in the same organization that existed in

the primitive church—viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c.

'We believe in the powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel—viz., the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, tongues and the interpretation of tongues, wisdom, charity, brotherly love, &c.

'We believe in the Word of God recorded in the Bible. We also believe the Word of God recorded in the Book of Mormon and in all other good books.

'We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal; and we believe that he will yet reveal many more great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God, and Messiah's second coming.

'We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the ten tribes; that Zion will be established upon the Western continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth a thousand years; and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.

'We believe in the literal resurrection of the body, and that the dead in Christ will rise first, and that the rest of the dead live not again until the thousand years are expired.

'We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, unmolested, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how or where they may.

'We believe in being subject to kings, queens, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honouring, and sustaining the law.

'We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of St. Paul,—we 'believe all things,' we 'hope all things,' we have endured very many things, and hope to be able to 'endure all things.' Everything virtuous, lovely, praiseworthy, and of good report we seek after, looking forward to the 'recompence of reward.''

A rather more specific outline of some points of their belief is given by one of their apostles. According to him, the Saints believe that all mankind, in consequence of Adam's sin, are in a state of ruin: from this, however, they are all delivered by the sacrifice of Christ, and are made secure of everlasting happiness, unless they commit any *actual* sin. Infants, therefore, being irresponsible, will be eternally redeemed; and such among the people of the earth as have not had the benefit of revelation will receive a mitigated punishment. The rest, in order to be saved from endless ruin, must comply with four conditions:—(1) They must *believe* in Christ's atonement; (2) they must *repent* of their transgressions; (3) they must receive *baptism* by immersion for the remission of sins, administered only by one authorized of Christ; and (4) they must receive the *laying on of hands* for the gift of the Holy Ghost—*this* ordinance also being, like that of baptism, only to be administered by duly authorized apostles or elders. All who comply with these conditions obtain forgiveness of their sins and are made partakers of the Holy Ghost—enjoying, too, the gifts of prophecy and healing, visions and revelations, and the power of working miracles.

Among the prominent opinions, not included in these statements, are their doctrines of the materiality of the Deity, and of the twofold order of the priesthood, viz., the Melchisedek and the Aaronic. They are also charged by their opponents with the practice and the sanction of polygamy; and evidence is not unplentiful of their allowance of something closely similar; and in their various publications very peculiar doctrines on the subject of marriage are propounded.[a] Their standard books, however, specially denounce the crime.[b]

In England and Wales there were, in 1851, reported by the Census officers as many as 222 places of worship belonging to this body—most of them, however, being merely rooms. The number of sittings in these places (making an allowance for 53, the accommodation in which was not returned) was 30,783. The *attendance* on the Census-Sunday (making an estimated addition for 9 chapels from which no intelligence on this point was received) was: *Morning*, 7,517; *Afternoon*, 11,48—; *Evening*, 16,628. The preachers, it appears, are far from unsuccessful in their efforts to obtain disciples: the sur-

[a] *Report of Judges of the State of Utah*, 1851: Captain Stansbury's *Description of the Mormon Settlement*, &c. In the pages of the *Seer*, a periodical conducted by Orson Pratt, the doctrine of plurality of wives is openly advocated. Marriage, however, is there said to be the exclusive privilege of the righteous—the wicked who marry doing so at their own peril. Whether a man is righteous or wicked is a point to be determined by the prophets of the Mormon Church: and as this can only be ascertained by the aid of inspiration, it is argued that no marriage can be safely contracted in communities which do not believe in a continuance of revelations.

[b] *Book of Doctrine and Covenants*, sections LXV. and CIX.

prising confidence and zeal with which they promulgate their creed—the prominence they give to the exciting topics of the speedy coming of the Saviour and his personal millennial reign—and the attractiveness to many minds of the idea of an infallible church, relying for its evidences and its guidance upon revelations made perpetually to its rulers,—these, with other influences, have combined to give the Mormon movement a position and importance with the working classes, which, perhaps, should draw to it much more than it has yet received of the attention of our public teachers.[a]

[a] The above is extracted from an abridged Report of Religious Worship in England and Wales, by Horace Mann. 1854.

B. (vol. ii. p. 62.)

Information respecting Emigration to Canada.

OBTAINED IN 1854.

AS the question of Emigration is one to which public attention has lately been very much directed, and as many of those who emigrate would prefer to remain under the banner of their own country, if they could do so with equal advantage, I have, through the kindness of the Canadian authorities, obtained the following information, which I give at full length, believing the Government in Canada to be the best judges of the facts which it is most desirable those who wish to emigrate should be acquainted with.

Query 1. The cost of passage from any British port to Quebec.

'The cost of passage from any British port to Quebec is generally less than that to New York, and the distance is less by about 250 miles; but the principal advantage of the former route to all emigrants to Canada and the Western States, as will be subsequently shown, consists in the inland transit after the termination of the sea voyage.

'The expense varies according to the description of passage taken—as cabin, intermediate, or steerage.' Passengers of the intermediate and steerage classes may take

their own provisions or bargain with the ship, as their tastes may dictate. In addition to and irrespective of any provisions of their own which any passengers may have on board, the master of every 'passenger ship' shall make to each statute adult during the voyage, including the time of detention, if any, at any port or place before the termination of such voyage, an allowance of pure water and provisions, according to the dietary scale prescribed by the Passengers' Act.

'The cost of a steerage passage to Quebec, without provisions beyond the legal allowance, varies from £2 15*s.* to £4 for adults. The general practice in charging for children to British North America is to compute them according to the Passengers' Act—viz., children from one to fourteen years of age, half the price of adults; under one, no charge. The cost of passage for families is generally by agreement.

'London houses have despatched, and continue to despatch during the season, a succession of fine large first-class ships, fitted with the utmost attention to the comfort of steerage passengers, from the London Docks direct to Quebec. The charge for passage, including medicines, cooking-hearth and fuel, mess-bowls, plates, hook-pots, and emigrant-tax, if supplied with full and sufficient provisions, is £5 10*s.* Emigrants must be provided with bedding, drinking-mugs, knives, forks, and spoons. Robert Carter, Esq., Leadenhall-street, and Messrs. Montgomerie and Greenhorne, Fenchurch-street, London, are extensively connected with the Canadian trade. The former is prepared to contract with emigrants for their conveyance direct from the ship on

arrival at Quebec to the following places, at the lowest charges—viz., to Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo, Cleveland, Sandusky, Detroit, Cincinnati, Milwaukie, and Chicago.

'For further information under this head, refer to the *Passengers Act* 1852 and to *Colonization Circular* issued by Her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.

'A contract for a line of steamers to run between Liverpool and Quebec or Montreal was made in 1852 between Messrs. M'Kean, M'Larty, and Co., of Liverpool, and Her Majesty's Canadian Government, in which, among other things, it is provided—"That the said steamers shall have accommodation for first and second-class passengers equal to any of the present Atlantic screw-steamers, and shall also have superior accommodation in the between-decks for emigrants or third-class passengers, which last class shall be provided with large, comfortable, and well-ventilated state-rooms, and every convenience except napery and bedding, and shall be further provided three times a-day with diet of a superior description, according to a scale to be approved of by the Chief Commissioner of Public Works, or his successor or successors in office. Charges for first-class passengers, £21 each; for second-class passengers, £12 12*s.* each; for third-class passengers or emigrants, £6 6*s.* each; and for families, by agreement.'

'These vessels make fortnightly trips during the present year.

'The necessary preparations are now being made to establish an agency at Quebec in connexion with the

Government Emigration Office, for the purpose of placing greater facilities at the disposal of persons wishing to send money or its representative to their friends in Europe who are anxious to emigrate. Under existing regulations, much of the money thus sent fails to effect the intended object by its conversion to other uses. By the form of paper given at this agency its conversion to a different use is impracticable. It will only serve to pay the passage of one or more emigrants, as the case may be, from any port in Great Britain or Ireland, and in any ship, being payable on presentation by the captain at the office in Quebec.'[a]

Query 2. The provision made by the Canadian Government for their reception and protection; if any hospital in case of sickness, and whether *gratis*, and if not, the expense?

'Ample provision is made for the reception and protection of emigrants on their arrival at Quebec. Emigrant vessels, having sickness on board, are liable to make their quarantine at Grosse-Isle, a few miles below the city. The island is divided, so as to leave one portion for the hospitals, and for the treatment and reception of those who are labouring under, or who are threatened with, infectious and dangerous diseases. The remaining portion is for the reception and accommodation of the other passengers who may be landed on the island, and who do not labour under, and are not threatened with, any disease, and no person, unless on duty, is permitted

[a] I am informed that it is advisable that emigrants proceeding to Canada, should leave England during the month of April.—H. A. M.

to pass from one portion of the island to another, unless by permission of the superintendent of emigration, or the medical superintendent.

'The establishment at Grosse-Isle consists of a superintendent of emigration, a medical superintendent, medical assistant, an hospital steward, matron, orderlies, nurses, cooks, policemen, and boatmen. The superintendent of emigration is, by virtue of his office, a justice of the peace within the limits of the quarantine station, and has full power and authority over all officers and other persons attached to the station. He sees all passengers who are landed on the island re-embarked on board any steam-boat or other vessel, upon receiving the report of the medical superintendent.

'Sick emigrants are nursed at the hospital without charge. For the support of the establishment, a rate or duty is levied, payable by the master of each passenger ship, or by some person on his behalf, to the collector of customs at the port at which such vessel shall be first entered. The rate is, 5*s.* currency for every adult passenger, and 3*s.* 9*d.* for every other passenger between the ages of 1 and 14 years, who shall have embarked from any port in the United Kingdom under the sanction of her Majesty's Government, and 7*s.* 6*d.* for every passenger who shall have embarked without such sanction.

'It is also enacted, in the laws relating to emigrants, that every passenger on board any vessel arriving in the harbour to which the master of such vessel shall have engaged to convey him, shall be entitled to remain and keep his baggage on board such vessel during 48 hours after her arrival; and no master shall remove, before the expiration of the 48 hours, any berthing or accommodation

used by his passengers, except with the written permission of the medical superintendent at the quarantine station.

'The moneys raised, levied, and received, under the authority of the Canadian Act, to consolidate the laws relative to emigrants, &c., are employed in defraying the expenses of carrying the Act into effect and of forwarding destitute emigrants to their places of destination, and in otherwise aiding, relieving, and providing for them, and in defraying the expenses of medical attendance and examination of destitute emigrants on their arrival.

'By another Act, wearing apparel in actual use, and other personal effects not merchandise, implements and tools of trade of handicraftsmen, in the occupation or employment of persons coming into the province for the purpose of actually settling therein, are exempt from customs duties.'

Query 3. If any means are available at all times for them to proceed further up, and inland?

'It may be observed, that the St. Lawrence and Welland canals complete a continuous inland navigation to Chicago, on Lake Michigan, a distance of 1587 miles from tide-water at Quebec. The length of canal in this navigation is, 68½ miles, with 550 feet in lockages. These canals admit vessels capable of conveying 4000 bbls. of flour, or from 350 to 400 tons of freight. The Erie canal, in the State of New York, which is the great rival water-route from the West, is 363 miles in length, with 688 feet of lockages, and is not capable of transporting barges of more than 75 tons burden.[a]

'At the present time, when large numbers are leaving

[a] Now, I believe, enlarging.—H. A. M.

the United Kingdom to settle in America, the following official and authentic information on the distances and cost of travelling to the West *vid* the St. Lawrence route, may be of value. The queries answered in the following communication, were officially put to several parties connected with the transit, and intimately acquainted with the details:—

Query 1. Will you favour me with a statement of the distances from Quebec to the following places: Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago?

'The distance from Quebec to Montreal, 180 miles; from Montreal to Kingston, 190 miles; from Kingston to Toronto, 180; Toronto to Hamilton, 45; or, if parties are going to Buffalo, it is about 60 miles; Quebec to Toronto, 595 miles; Quebec to Hamilton, 600, or thereabout; Quebec to Buffalo, 650; from Buffalo to Cleveland, about 200 miles; and thence to Detroit, 100 more—making 300 from Buffalo to Detroit, or thereabout; from Detroit to Chicago, by railroad, is about 100 or 150 miles; but we are not aware of the exact distance; and by water, round through Lakes Huron and Michigan, it must be 600 miles or more.'

Query 2. What are the means of conveyance from Quebec to these ports?

'When emigrants arrive at Quebec, they should take the first good steamer to Montreal. The mail-steamers leaving every night about 6 o'clock, and arriving at Montreal next morning about the same hour, are the best, and the price often as low, by competition, as 7½*d.*, and seldom higher than 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* 9*d.* currency. It is not often that any charge is made for extra luggage.

From Montreal upwards there are several lines, and it is for the emigrants, on arrival, to find out the best and cheapest.[a] First; the mail line to Kingston, and from thence on the lake-steamers to Toronto and Hamilton. Those going to Buffalo can take the steamers crossing the lake to Lewiston or Queenston, thence to Buffalo by rail, or from Hamilton to Buffalo by rail. Second; the American passage-line to Ogdensburg, at which place the emigrant is transhipped into large and commodious lake-steamers, which go to Oswego, Rochester, and Lewiston. Third; what was last year called the Through Line, large and commodious steamers, which go direct through to different ports on Lake Erie. Last; the lake freight and deck passage-boats. These steamers are very comfortable, rather more so than the cabin-passenger steamers, as their deck-room is not taken up with cabin, and the emigrants have the whole deck to themselves, which is perfectly covered and secured from the weather. These vessels take passengers a good deal cheaper than the three first-mentioned lines. They are of about two or three hundred tons burthen, and go direct through to ports on Lake Ontario, and many of them to ports on Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan.'

Query 3. What is the expense of transporting an emigrant from Quebec to these several places?

'We have given the rate from Quebec to Montreal as nearly as possible—a mere trifle when there is competition; and this is most of the time. Montreal is

[a] This inquiry is to be made through the authorized emigrant agents, who are always in attendance.—H. A. M.

the great starting-place, from which some four to six large steamers leave almost every day. The price to Buffalo ranges from 15*s.* to 25*s.*;[a] and to Toronto, Hamilton, and ports on Lake Ontario, 5*s.* to 15*s.* according to the number of boats leaving on any particular day, and the competition existing at the time. We are unable to give the usual fare from Buffalo upwards; but of course it is no more to the emigrant coming *via* Montreal, than to the one *viâ* New York; and as this is the point at which all must arrive, whether by the one route or the other, we do not see that it is material.'

Query 4. How much luggage is allowed to each emigrant free of charge?

'One cwt., of 112 lbs., is always allowed to each emigrant free; and when there is competition, a great deal more is not objected to. Steamboats are not very particular about extra luggage.'

Query 5. What is the charge per cwt. for extra luggage from Quebec to these places?

'When a charge is made for extra luggage, it is from 1*s.*, or 20 cents, to 1*s.* 6*d.*, or 30 cents, to places on Lake Ontario, and about one-third more to Buffalo.'

Query 6. Are the vessels covered, and of what capacity and speed?

'The steamers are all covered by the promenade deck, extending from stem to stern, and boarded up on the sides, so that passengers are completely protected from the weather. They are fine vessels, from one

[a] The prices given are in currency.—5*s.* currency is equal to 4*s.* sterling.

hundred and fifty to three hundred tons burthen, propelled by low-pressure engines at the rate of from eight to twelve miles per hour; some of the cabin passenger boats making fourteen miles per hour.'

Query 7. How many days from Quebec to Detroit?

'The time will vary on account of stoppages, but it is usually accomplished under five days.'

Query 8. 'Can you inform me of the facts that contradistinguish the route from New York to Chicago, as to boats, transhipment, expense, and ordinary treatment of strangers?

'It appears to us the route from Quebec and Montreal to Buffalo, the point where emigrants from New York meet those by the river route, is far preferable. In the first place, ships can afford to bring them to Quebec at a much less price than to New York, as it is well-known half the ships after landing their passengers, come round to Quebec in ballast for cargo home. The emigrant is placed at Quebec on board fine large covered steamers, travelling fifteen miles per hour, and at Montreal the change is made into equally comfortable boats, and he proceeds up the St. Lawrence and the lakes, waters pure and the air bracing, to his place of destination in the space of three or four days. There is a government emigration agent at Quebec always ready to give information, and doing his best to get the emigrants on quickly, comfortably, and cheaply. The route from New York to Albany and Troy is by steam, and at the latter place they are shifted into small canal boats drawn by horses through a narrow canal, near four hundred miles, to Buffalo, exposed to the weather, or

confined below decks in a small place almost suffocating in hot weather. It is true the emigrant may proceed on arrival at New York by rail to Buffalo; but this is very expensive, and we believe not often resorted to.'[a]

Query 9. Are you aware of any prejudice on the part of Germans and other foreigners on the subject of monarchical government, and especially relative to military and militia services?

'We are not aware of any.'

Query 10. What agency would you consider most efficient in spreading correct information, dispelling prejudice, and inducing emigration to this province?

'We would recommend the publishing a book with a map of the St. Lawrence and lakes, giving a concise description of the route, and its advantages over that of the New York one to Buffalo—the place where emigrants by the respective routes generally meet. It may be as well to point out the fact that there are often large and commodious steamers going directly through the Welland Canal to Cleveland, Detroit, and other ports on Lake Erie, and emigrants can be taken without transhipment to their places of destination on Lake Erie, without touching at Buffalo; and, when there is enough of them to load a steamer, they may make a cheap bargain, and save nearly half the amount their passage will cost *via* Buffalo.

'Emigrants should remain about the towns as short a time as possible after arrival. By their proceeding at once into the agricultural districts, they will be certain of

[a] Emigrant trains, at a moderate price, have been established.—H. A. M.

meeting with employment more suitable to their habits. The chief agent will consider such persons as may loiter about the ports of landing to have no further claims on the protection of her Majesty's agents, unless they have been detained by sickness, or some other satisfactory cause.

'To guard emigrants from falling into errors, they should, immediately on their arrival at Quebec, proceed to the office of the chief agent for emigrants, where persons desirous of proceeding to any part of Canada will receive every information relative to the lands open for settlement, routes, distances, and expenses of conveyance; where also labourers, artisans, or mechanics, will be furnished on application with the best directions in respect to employment, the places at which it is to be had, and the rates of wages.[a]

'Agents are also stationed at Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton, who will furnish emigrants with advice as to routes, distances, and rates of conveyance.

'Emigrants proceeding to the *eastern townships*, especially the populous and flourishing villages, Drummondville, Kingsey, Shipton, Melbourne, and the county-town of Sherbrooke, take the regular steamer to Montreal; and after 1st of July next railroad to Richmond, and thence by the St. Lawrence and Atlantic railroad from Longueuil to Sherbrooke, 103 miles. This district for healthfulness, cheapness of land, facility of access, and manufacturing agricultural, mineral, and commercial capabilities, is particularly deserving of the notice of emigrants of every class.

[a] I believe they may be estimated from 4 to 6 shillings per day for an ordinary labourer.—H. A. M.

'Mr. S. M. Taylor, the agent of the British American Land Company, Montreal, will furnish intending settlers with full information.'

ROUTES, DISTANCES, AND RATES OF PASSAGE FROM QUEBEC.

From Quebec to Montreal, 180 miles, by steamers, every day at 5 o'clock. Through in 14 hours.

	Stg.	Cy.
By the Royal Mail Packets . . .	£2 0s.	£2 10s. 0d.
By Tait's Line	£1 6	£1 12 6

From Montreal to Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo, and other ports on Lakes Erie and Michigan.

Daily by the Royal Mail Line at 9 o'clock, A.M.

		Distances. Miles.	Deck fare in Stg.	Cy.
From Montreal to	Cornwall, . . .	78	4s. 0d. ...	5s. 0d.
,, ,,	Williamsburg . .	104		
,, ,,	Matilda	112	6 0 ...	7 6
,, ,,	Prescott	127		
,, ,,	Brockeville . . .	139		
,, ,,	Kingston	189	8 0 ...	10 0
,, ,,	Cobourg	292		
,, ,,	Port Hope . . .	298		
,, ,,	Bond Head . . .	313		
,, ,,	Darlington . . .	317	12 0 ...	15 0
,, ,,	Whitby	337		
,, ,,	Toronto	367		
,, ,,	Hamilton . . .	410		
,, ,,	Niagara & Lewistown	457	14 0 ...	17 6
,, ,,	Buffalo, by railroad	489.	18 0 ..	22

Daily by the American Line, 1 o'clock, P.M.

		Miles.	Stg.	Cy.
From Montreal to	Ogdensburgh . .	138	6s. 0d. ...	7s. 6d.
,, ,,	Cape Vincent . .	190	8 0 ...	10 0
,, ,,	Sacket's Harbour .	242	12 0 ...	15 0
,, ,,	Oswego	286	12 0 ...	15 0
,, ,,	Rochester . . .	349	16 0 ...	20 0
,, ,,	Lewiston . . .	436	14 0 ...	17 6
,, ,,	Buffalo	467	18 0 ...	22 6

	Cy.
Passage from Quebec to Hamilton	17*s.* 6*d.*
,, ,, Buffalo	25 0

From Buffalo to ports on Lake Erie, Michigan, &c., every evening.

	Miles.	Stg.	Cy.
From Buffalo to Cleveland on Lake Erie, by steamer	194	4*s.* 0*d.*	5*s.* 0*d.*
,, ,, Sandusky do. . .	254	4 0	5 0
,, ,, Detroit direct, do. .	260	8 0	10 0
,, ,, Chicago, by railroad .	530	12 0	15 0
,, ,, Ditto, by steamer, via Lake Huron and Michagan	1075	12 0	15 0

Passage from Quebec to Chicago, 32*s.* or £2 currency.

Passengers for Cincinnati or St. Louis land at Sandusky, and proceed by railroad.

Steamers leave Kingston daily for the Bay of Quinte and the River Trent, calling at Picton, Adolphustown, Belleville, and the other landing places in the Bay.

From Toronto, steamers leave daily for Port Dalhousie, the entrance of the Welland Canal, and for Hamilton, calling at Port Credit, 15 miles; Oakville, 25 miles; Wellington Square, 37 miles; and Hamilton, 43 miles.

Steamers leave Toronto daily for Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston—passage, 3*s.* 9*d.* At Lewiston the rail-cars leave twice a day for Buffalo—fare, 5*s.*

Freight steamers carry passengers from Montreal to Kingston, for 5*s.* each adult; to Toronto and Hamilton, 10*s.* cy., or 8*s.* stg.

Ottawa River and Rideau Canal.

From Montreal to Bytown, and places on the Rideau Canal, by steam, daily. Through to Bytown in 12 *hours.*

	Distances. Miles.	Deck passage. Stg.	Cy.
From Montreal to Carillon . . .	54	3*s.* 0*d.*	3*s.* 9*d.*
,, ,, Grenville . . .	66	4 0	5 0
,, ,, L'Original . .	73		
,, ,, Bytown . . .	129	6 0	7 6
,, ,, Kemptville . (Rideau Canal)	157		
,, ,, Merrickville . (Rideau Canal)	175		
,, ,, Smith's Falls (Rideau Canal)	190		
,, ,, Oliver's Ferry (Rideau Canal)	199	8 0	10 0
,, ,, Isthmus . . (Rideau Canal)	216		
,, ,, Jones' Falls . (Rideau Canal)	226		

'CROWN LANDS DEPARTMENT.

'*Quebec, 30th July*, 1852.

'NOTICE is hereby given that the School Lands in the Counties of Bruce, Grey, Wellington and Huron, are now open for sale to actual Settlers on the following terms—viz.:

"The price is to be Ten Shillings per acre, payable in Ten equal Annual Instalments, with interest: the first instalment to be paid upon receiving authority to enter upon the land. Actual occupation to be immediate and continuous; the land to be cleared at the rate of five acres annually for each hundred acres during the first five years; a dwelling house, at least eighteen feet by twenty-six, to be erected; the timber to be reserved until the land has been paid for in full and patented, and to be subject to any general timber duty thereafter; a license of occupation, not assignable without permission, to be granted; the sale and license of occupation to become null and void in case of neglect or violation of any of the conditions; the Settler to be entitled to obtain a Patent upon complying with all the conditions; not more than two hundred acres to be sold to any one person on these terms.'

'CROWN LANDS DEPARTMENT.

'*Quebec, 6th August*, 1852.

NOTICE is hereby given that future Sales of Crown Lands will be at the prices and on the terms specified in the respective localities mentioned below:

'West of the Counties of Durham and Victoria, at Seven Shillings and Six Pence per acre, payable in ten annual instalments, with interest, one tenth at the time of Sale.

'East of the County of Ontario, within Upper Canada, Four Shillings per acre: In the County of Ottawa, Three Shillings per acre; from thence, north of the St. Lawrence to the County of Sagnenay, and south of the St. Lawrence in the District of Quebec, east of the Chaudière River and Kennebec Road, One Shilling and Six Pence per acre: In the District of Quebec, west of the River Chaudière and Kennebec Road, Two Shillings per acre; In the Districts of Three-Rivers, St. Francis, and Montreal, south of the St. Lawrence, Three Shillings per acre: In the District of Gaspé and County of Saguenay, One Shilling per Acre, in all cases payable in five annual instalments, with interest, one fifth at the time of Sale.

'For lands enhanced in value by special circumstances, such extra

price may be fixed as His Excellency the Governor General in Council may direct.

'Actual occupation to be immediate and continuous, the Land to be cleared at the rate of five acres annually for every hundred acres during five years, and a dwelling house erected not less than eighteen feet by twenty-six feet.

'The timber to be subject to any general timber duty that may be imposed.

'The Sale to become null and void in case of neglect or violation of any of the conditions.

'The settler to be entitled to obtain a Patent upon complying with all the conditions. Not more than two hundred acres to be sold to any one person.'

Montreal may be considered the great starting-place for the South and West, from which railroads run to Quebec, Portland, Boston, New York, and Buffalo. Others are at present under construction to Bytown, Toronto, &c.

The gold sovereign is at present worth 24*s.* 4*d.* currency; the English shilling, 1*s.* 3*d*; and the English crown-piece, 6*s.* 1*d.*

In connexion with the eastern townships of Lower Canada, it is important to observe, that railway communication direct from Quebec will be open in May of the present year, by the Quebec and Richmond Railroad. Sherbrooke, the district town, is characterized by a spirit of enterprize and energy suited to the exigencies of a new country. A manufacturing company has been incorporated by Act of Parliament, under the provisions of which a cotton factory has been established. There are also a woollen factory, extensive paper mills, pail factory, iron foundry, and mechanics' works of various descriptions, all driven by water power; indeed, such are the extent and adaptability of this power in Sherbrooke, that

the whole of the present population of Canada might be fully supplied by it with every description of machine-worked manufacture they require. Much has been recently said of the existence of gold in these townships; and there is no doubt but the soil is exceedingly rich in the precious metal. Valuable specimens, indicating a rich gold field, have been found; but whether future operations will realize present expectations, time alone can determine.

The St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, connecting the city of Montreal with Portland and Boston, is completed, and traverses the principal portions of the property of the British American Land Company.

It might be easily demonstrated, that every acre of well-timbered land, whether hard wood or soft, situated within ten miles of the railway, has upon its surface what may be fairly estimated as worth, at an average, $8 per acre. Some idea of the value of the timber in these townships may be had from the operations in pine alone, of which parties are prepared to send to market this year 40,000,000 feet. At $20 per 1000, this will amount to $800,000. The spruce and other timber being much greater in abundance, though not so valuable in the same quantity, may be estimated at a large amount. We have then the hard wood for firewood and manufacturing purposes. There is thus above the surface of the soil £6,000,000 in value, which may be realized within the next ten years.

An improved farm in New Hampshire or Vermont, of average quality, is worth from $20 to $40 an acre. It is well known to every intelligent farmer who has travelled through those States, that the soil of the townships is far superior to theirs.

The value of exports of timber from Canada, in 1851, was £1,515,878 19*s.* 6*d.* All the flour, beef, and pork consumed by the men employed in getting out this lumber were produced in the province. 40,000 emigrants arrived in the country, all of whom, of course, had to be fed. Notwithstanding the amount consumed, there remained for exports of various articles, produce to the amount of £1,246,427 2*s.* 6*d.* To the exports may be added the value of ships built at Quebec during the year, as they are principally built for sale in Great Britain, say, 41,655 tons, at £10 per ton, making £416,550; and to the value of the exports from inland ports 20 per cent. may be added, say, £211,470 19*s.* 2*d.*,—making a grand total of nearly three million and a half sterling.

The Government and Legislature of Canada have, by various Acts, incorporated several companies for the construction of different sections of the Main Trunk line of railway throughout the province; and Acts of the Canadian Parliament have been passed, authorizing the amalgamation of all the companies whose railways intersect or join the Main Trunk Railway with the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada. This company is at present sufficiently well known. As stated in its prospectus issued in London, the road commences at the debouchure of the three largest lakes in the world, and pours the accumulating traffic in one unbroken line throughout the entire length of Canada into the St. Lawrence at Montreal and Quebec, on which it rests at the north; while on the south it reaches the magnificent harbours of Portland and St. John's on the open ocean. The whole future traffic between the Western regions and the East, including Lower Canada, parts of the States of

Vermont and New Hampshire, the whole of the State of Maine, and the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, must therefore pass over the Grand Trunk Railway.

In all the railway enterprises undertaken since 1849 the sums advanced on the credit of the province, in furtherance of undertakings of this class, have in no case exceeded one-half of the amount actually expended on the work. The whole resources and property of the companies are pledged for their redemption, and for the payment of interest upon them. Among the railways at present completed, or under construction, may be mentioned:—

1st. The St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, running from the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, to Portland, in the State of Maine; length, 217 miles,—completed.

2nd. The Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron Railway, running from Toronto to Lake Huron; length, 90 miles,—opened.

3rd. Great Western, from Niagara Falls *via* Hamilton to Detroit; length, 228 miles, completed.

4th. Quebec and Richmond, 100 miles,—to be completed in June.

5th. Main Trunk from Toronto to Montreal, 380 miles.

6th. Quebec and Trois Pistoles, on the route to the Lower Provinces, 160 miles.

From Toronto westward the Grand Trunk passes through the heart of the Western Peninsula of Canada, having its terminus at Sarnia, at the outlet of Lake Huron.

The commerce of the lakes is increasing with a rapidity

that almost defies measurement. The first vessel launched on any of the lakes was in 1797; the first steamboat, in 1812. In 1820 the tonnage of the lakes amounted to 5000 tons; in 1830, to 20,000; in 1840, to 75,000; and in 1850, to 215,787 tons, nearly one-half of which consists of steamers. An approximate estimate of the population which may be supported in the countries bordering on the great lakes may indicate what Upper Canada may become when its forests are cleared, its broad plains brought under tillage, and its magnificent system of internal improvements, involving an expenditure of some £12,000,000, is completed. No land on the Continent is better adapted for the growth of wheat than this part of the province, and it is not at all surprising that a Canadian farmer drew the premium for this great agricultural staple at the World's Exhibition in London.

The growth of Upper Canada is not properly understood in the United Kingdom. Within the last ten years she has increased three times as much as the United States; the population of the former in 1841 being 465,357, and in 1851, 952,004, showing an increase of 104·58 per cent.; the population of the latter in 1840 being 17,067,453, and in 1850, 23,091,4,88 showing an increase of 35·27 per cent. During the ten years in which Upper Canada has thus advanced, New York has increased only 27·7 per cent.; Ohio, 30·6 per cent.; Indiana, 44·4 per cent.; Illinois, 79·2 per cent.; and Michigan, 88·9 per cent. Within the last twenty years, the united population of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois, has increased about 320 per cent. Upper Canada has increased 375 per cent. in the same period.

As an evidence of the great increase of wealth in Upper Canada, the following facts may be cited. In the ten years from 1827 to 1837, the number of acres of cleared land increased from 662,607 to 1,383,046, and in the ten years ending in 1847, to 2,673,698; and the number under cultivation, by the Census returns of 1851, was 3,697,724. The money price generally paid for clearing and fencing land is 16 dollars per acre. It may therefore be fairly estimated that capital and labour were invested in cleared land to the amount which at that price this land would be worth. Taking this calculation as a fair one, the increase in the wealth of Upper Canada in cleared land would be £2,881,756 during the ten years ending in 1837, and £5,162,608 in the ten years ending in 1847; and, by the last Census, in the four years ending in 1851, the increase would be £4,096,104. But besides this great increase of wealth among the people from the clearing of land, there has been a proportionat increase in the number of houses, mills, and in stock of various kinds, and a very large amount must have been expended in the purchase of waste lands.

Very exaggerated impressions generally prevail with respect to the severity of the climate of Canada. Although the annual range of the thermometer is undoubtedly very considerable in the eastern districts of the province, the great lakes, which cover in the aggregate an area of 91,860 miles, materially temper the extremes of heat and cold in the western parts, and increase the humidity of the atmosphere, rendering the climate especially favourable to the cultivation of the cereals. The following is a Table of the mean maximum and mean

minimum temperatures, with the range of the different months in the year, as observed at Toronto, in her Majesty's Observatory; the mean being of eleven years from 1840 to 1850, both inclusive. (Fahrenheit.)

	Mean.	Maximum.	Minimum.	Range.
January . .	24·67	45·53	4·41	49·74
February .	24·14	46·35	4·37	50·72
March. . .	30·83	53·31	7·59	45·92
April . . .	42·17	71·44	17·96	53·48
May . . .	51·84	76·76	28·82	47·94
June . . .	61·42	76·44	35·72	40·72
July . . .	66·54	88·11	44·05	44·06
August . .	65·76	83·98	45·02	38·95
September .	57·11	80·19	32·07	42·12
October . .	46·50	66·10	20·17	44·30
November .	36·37	57·03	13·33	43·60
December .	27·18	45·25	3·52	46·27

From meteorological registers kept at Toronto, Rochester, and New York, it appears that in parts of Upper Canada there is more snow and less rain than in New York, and much less of both than at Rochester, on the south side of Lake Ontario. The climate on the north of the Lake appears to be generally drier than that on the south of the same waters. It also appears from these tables that the greatest height of the thermometer in Toronto in 1851 was 86°, while in New York it was 89°, and in Rochester 94°.

The foregoing being obtained from the Minister of Commerce, Mr. Malcolm Cameron, at the end of the year 1853, may be safely relied on.

The following rough sketch of farming in Lower Canada may interest some emigrants; I therefore insert it, observing, that the land of Upper Canada is incom-

parably more productive, owing to the superior soil and climate.

LOWER CANADA.—The common practice is to work as meadow-land for three or four years, during which time top-dress with farm-pen manure. Then plough in September of the fourth year. Then in the fifth year sow oats in April. In September comes the harvest; then plough. Then, for the sixth year in April and May, harrow and farm manure; then plant Indian corn or vegetables. At the end of September, plough; no fall wheat planted. In the seventh year; after the 20th of May—for fear of flies—sow wheat and grass; cut in September, and leave land in grass for three or four years. The following is the average produce per acre:—

Of Oats	40	bushels.
Wheat	20	„
Indian Corn	40	„
Potatoes	250	„

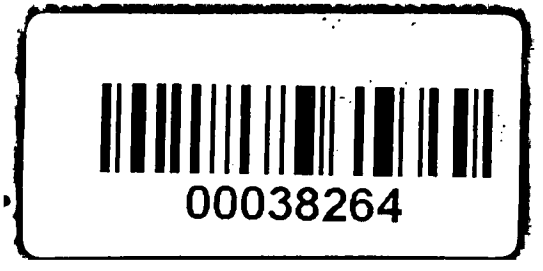
—Winchester measure.

Very little draining and subsoiling. The manuring given before the green crop is generally about thirty carts to the acre. For a farm of 200 acres, two horses and two men will be required; the wages of the latter being £20 sterling each per year.

END OF VOL. I.

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